



Collected Poems

MANMOHAN GHOSE

*Author of Love Songs and Elegies, Songs of Love
and Death and Selected Poems*

Volume IV



UNIVERSITY OF CALCUTTA

1977



BCU 684

Printed in India
Published by Sri Ranabir Das Gupta
Superintendent Calcutta University Press
48, Hazra Road, Calcutta 700 019

080C.U.
134/80
V4

G 5021

Rs. 38.00



Printed by Surajit C. Das, at General Printers
and Publishers Private Limited, at their works
Abinas Press, 119, Lenin Sarani, Calcutta-700 013.

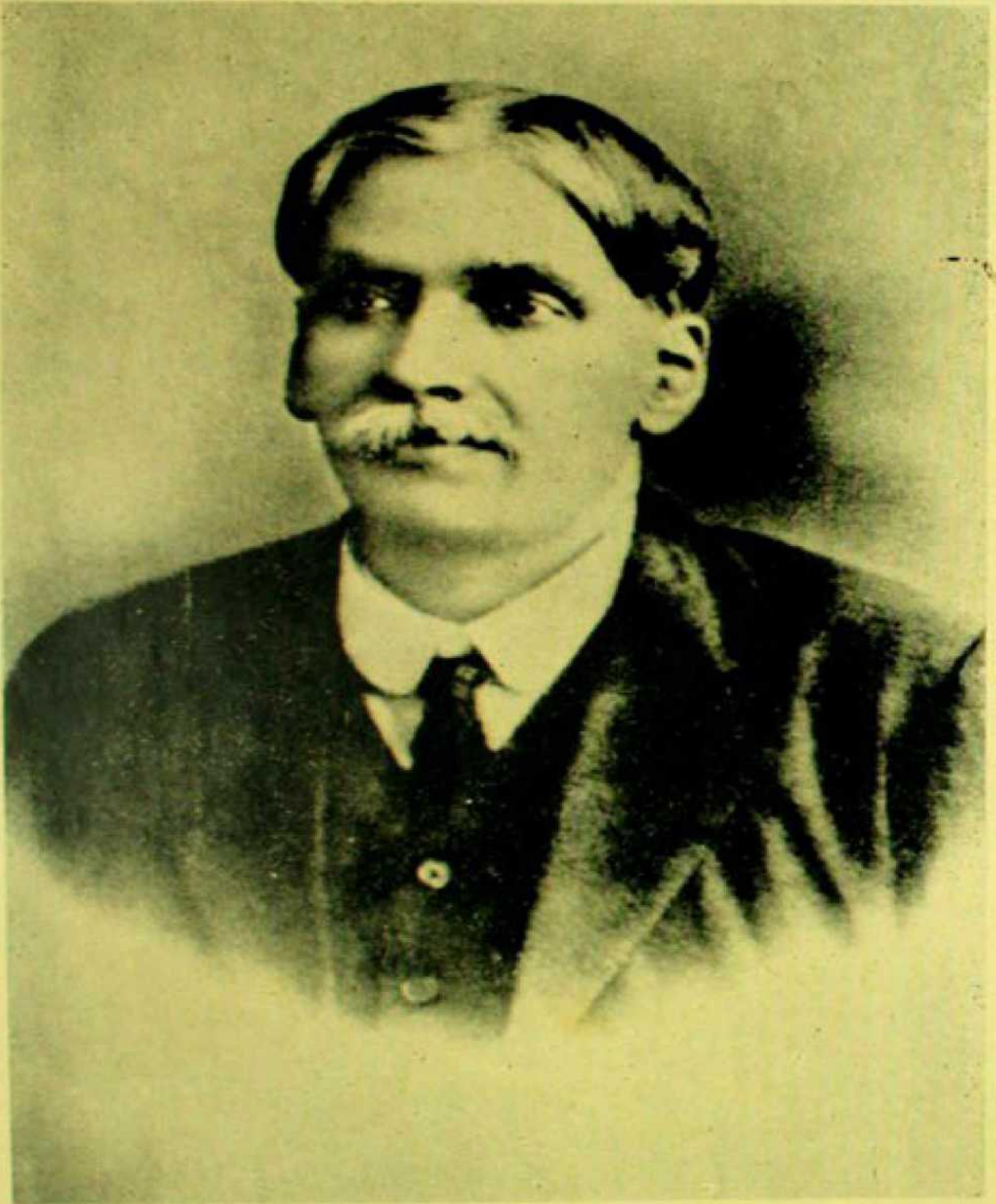


Adam Alarmed in Paradise

An Epic of Eden During The Great War

Edited by

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MANMOHAN GHOSE

PREFACE

Adam Alarmed in Paradise, an Epic of Eden during the Great War, was started some time in 1919 when the upsurge of lyric inspiration evoked by the death of the poet's wife was at its full and the poet was composing the lyrics of the two lyric series *Orphic Mysteries* and *Immortal Eve*, both series being on his wife who had died in October 1918.

The reason for starting the Epic was probably the urge to write something more objective and give expression to the emotions and thoughts evoked in the poet by the First World War. Although the epic gives expression to the agony of the poet at the wide-spread death and destruction brought about by modern warfare and is addressed to the Christian nations, whose conflicting ambitions for world domination led to the war, still this is only one aspect of the poem. The epic is also the poet's own testament of faith which was deeply influenced by Indian philosophical ideas.

In the fifties of the last century there was a deeper search into Christian doctrine and faith. Mathew Arnold and Cardinal Newman represent two facets of this deeper examination. Oxford was torn between conservatives and progressives. Spending his boyhood in the house of a non-conformist clergyman, listening to daily readings from the Bible, Manmohan Ghose was trying from early years to formulate his own religious ideas. The poems he sent Laurence Binyon in a letter written on July 28, 1887 prove this. Though the poet's ideas are confused and immature certain things stand out, namely the stress on God as love, man's godhead and man's kinship with nature through love.

It was not however till Manmohan Ghose went to Oxford and read a book on Indian philosophy that his ideas on religion took definite shape. Its impact on the poet's personality was extremely powerful as is evidenced by the letter Manmohan Ghose wrote to Binyon on February 18, 1888 from Christ Church College, Oxford. "Recently I have undergone a complete transformation. I was strangely conscious of the flowing in of unknown sources of strength and forces of change and upheaval. I had long been dissatisfied with myself and questioned everything within and around me and now

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all at once there awoke in me seething energies of mind, which drove me to strive and allay its flames in the rivers of knowledge. I am intensely in earnest. I dreamt myself a man, but find with bitter truth that I am a child. I will thirst now to know, until I am satisfied. In my folly I preferred my own idle dreams to the grave truth and reason of others; becoming wise I see that a drop of theirs is equal to seas of mine. There is another feature too about my conversion; it is the main point. I seemed all at once to fall back upon myself; to concentrate all my powers within myself; my feelings were stifled and prostrate and my heart was hardened. I felt strong and free as though I could tread mercilessly over the heads of men. Henceforth I seek no more the sympathy of others. The blind was lifted and suddenly I saw myself alone, eternally alone. **** It was a book of Indian philosophy which helped to startle me with its reiterated maxim—'Alone thou hast come into the world and thou shalt go out of it alone.' * * * * I sympathise deeply with the sufferings, hopes and happiness of all humanity and of individual humanity. But never more shall I stand like a hungry beggar, praying each passer-by for what he can give. I will stand sole and strong upon myself as on a rock; the famine of the brain after Truth and thirst of the creative energies shall be my bread and drink and immortal source of sustainment and self-evolved power."

This first impact had been smoothed over by other forces of life but the poet was faithful to the decision he took in the last sentence. In the tragedies and tribulations of life he sought no outward help or relief but faced in isolation all the sufferings and sorrows of his life, his only source of sustainment being his intercourse with the great minds of the past and his only relief being his poetry.

The evolution of his faith came later. In a letter to Binyon dated September 2nd, 1888 he writes: "I was looking over an old letter of yours the other day in which you expressed some of your views about religion. You say that your conviction is that God is—what you term—"the sum of all good." I pondered over the sentence I remember at the time. But do you know I have since then come to a very different conclusion. My conviction (and it is a very deep one) is that God is "the sum of all existence." A little later in the letter he continues: "I hold that Creation is nothing else but God. We and all the forms of life we see are but passing phases of God, the fluctuations of the eternal life. Man undoubtedly is the most perfect phase and expresses the deity most. By right of our spirits which most express the essence of the deity we are imperishable and it is natural

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to suppose that the soul when it has starved out the rebel powers that array it by its incessant growth will escape into unfettered liberty. * * * * The definition I give is not mine. It was the conviction of the Hindu philosophers. It was Spinoza's, it was Goethe's, and it surprises me that so clear-minded a man as Mathew Arnold should have thought otherwise."

These early beliefs were certainly enriched later by further and more mature thinking.

Adam Alarmed in Paradise, with its lyric appeal and the choric quality of the song of the Stars seems a far cry from *Perseus, the Gorgon Slayer* with its Homeric majesty and grandeur. But in a way the two epics are complementary, for in both the theme is the evolution of creation as it proceeds towards perfection. In *Perseus* the emphasis is on the gradual perfection of man through the ebb and flow of history and the rise and fall of civilizations plays a prominent part in the theme. Above the human the actions of the cosmic gods engender the cosmic eras as is seen by the overthrow of the Titans by Zeus and the Olympian gods. This overthrow represents the overthrow of the uncontrolled life forces by the forces of the mind and intellect, the replacement of turbulence and anarchy by law and order. Man, the creature in whom mind predominates, has been created by Prometheus and Zeus and on him lies the burden of establishing the Olympic age on earth and leading it to the next era, the era of the spirit.

The enemies to this gradual evolution are the forces of nihilism, annihilation, and stagnation represented by Medusa and her enmarbling gaze which turns all things to stone. She is checked by Zeus through man, the leader in the march of evolution, by heroes, poets, seers and martyrs.

In *Perseus* it is the Cosmic gods, Zeus along with the Olympian gods who are the guiding and guarding forces of evolution.

In *Adam Alarmed in Paradise*, however, we find Mammohan Ghose's deep faith in God, the Creator who is both transcendent and immanent in his own creation. But here too, if not more, we find the effort and slow labour as Creation evolves towards perfection. The creation of life of which man is the pivotal point, is the last act of the creative process. The Darwinian theory has been accepted. But as man has evolved from the animal so must he continue to evolve till the godhead in him is fully revealed and realised. Here there is similarity between Manmohan Ghose and his brother Sri Aurobindo. Both are pre-occupied with the evolutionary creative process and the perfection or divinisation of life, but while Manmohan the poet and thinker explores only the regions of matter, life, mind, and spirit, leading to the spiritual being in whom the son

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of man truly becomes the son of God, Sri Aurobindo, the yogi and seer-poet explores the higher regions beyond the mind up to super-mind. It is not man the mental animal with whom Sri Aurobindo is concerned nor the historical process which so concerns his brother Manmohan, for both life and mind must be left behind in the higher search for establishing life divine on earth.

The mind acts through opposites like good and evil, white and black, and all that lies between form the prismatic colours of life which are the web and woof of the creations of the artist and poet.

In *Adam Alarmed in Paradise* the difference between God and his creation is eliminated. Here God though transcendent is also immanent in his own creation and making man his instrument he uses dualities of mind to accomplish his purposes. Cosmic changes, the rise and fall of civilizations, the slow transformation towards perfection in man and the universe whose outward expression is evolution is really the play of God with himself, which in Indian thought is described as the *Lila* of the Divine. The One manifesting itself in the many, the many withdrawing into the One.

Manmohan Ghose, however, did not believe in giving poetic expression to philosophical ideas. He believed that what the poet gave expression to in his poetry must first pass through the crucible of the poet's own experience and become a part of his realisation and it is as such that the thoughts expressed in *Adam Alarmed in Paradise* must be judged. It is the poet's faith and not metaphysical thinkings. Also it must be understood that the poem is addressed to the western world and it is to this world that the poet wished to pass on his own faith and naturally this had to be done through western and Christian imagery. To the Christian obsessed with the sense of sin originating from the doctrine of original sin, with his sense of self-abasement and urge towards asceticism, penance and martyrdom as well as his dual conception of God and Satan as opposing forces Manmohan Ghose would hold up a more unitary conception.

"Hadst thou of the ages
Patience, Adam learned
Read the world's dim pages
With a soul unburnt

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Through what myriads thick
Of millenniums
My arithmetic
Adds, subtracts and sums.

Aeon after aeon
Toward the Kelt and Teuton
Vainly Galileon
Dreaming, Shakespeare Newton.

How long dumb I swayed
Shut in primal jelly,
Meek as Jonah prayed
From the fish's belly.

Vainly labouring
Upon monstrous wings
Rudely taboring
Towards Homer's strings.

In the dragon's mail
Basking, musing on
Armour that shall scale
All Napoleon.

Petrodactyl's pinion
Teeth of dinosaur
Paving power, dominion
Strode my steps before.

Strata upon strata
Keep my relics still
Of my lovely martyr
Life that strove with ill.

In the primal hurtle
When land rose from sea
The enfortressed turtle
Refuge found for me.

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Challenging those shady
 Aeons to the list
Darkness, evil made I
 My antagonist.

While the battle burned,
 Strife, extinction, death
Tooth, claw, beak, I yearned
 Towards Nazareth.

(Collected Poems Vol. IV page 291—292)

According to Manmohan Ghose, the urge of creation is to return to the original Bliss of God's being. And so the stars sing :

"Bliss we deem the goal
 Of all things to be,
For it all worlds roll
 Joy, felicity.

That far unknown bliss
 Toward which gently he
Everything that is
 Guides invisibly

Suns and planets, creatures
 Plants and beasts and men
All that issues Nature's
 Burns from now to then "

(Collected Poems Vol. IV Page 405)

And so the circle completes itself. What started with the creative process returns to the original divine nature, the state of Being and Bliss.

'Twas the world that heard,
 'Twas the Lord that spoke,
At the primal world
 At once all things woke.

All in him that was
 In conception true
Issued, gathered mass
 Motion form and hue.



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All that lay eternal
Like sweet thoughts in Him
They in pageant vernal
Saw to music swim.

(Collected Poems Vol IV page 365 – 366)

Here Manmohan Ghose differs from his brother Sree Aurobindo who conceives that the next stage of man will be the Supramental, when man will become the supramental being living the life divine in a supra-physical world. It is this stage with which Sri Aurobindo's yoga and his later poetry is concerned. Manmohan Ghose's humanism and deep sympathy for and faith in the frail erect upward striving creature that is man whom he believed to be the ladder to the divine, his love of and kinship with nature confined his vision to man and the cosmos and his faith and realisation to the transcendence and immanence of the divinity working in Nature, Man and History. But this does not debar the conception of the higher evolution of man into the supramental being. Naturally Sri Aurobindo's poetry acquires a sublimity which is not Manmohan's—or for that of any other English poet, Milton's epic poetry being more sonorous than sublime. Manmohan Ghose's poetry, however, has a gentleness, sincerity and serenity which is more appealing to the human mind as is seen by Sturge Moore's appreciation: "To be so like, yet so unlike, to espouse our ideals yet with such a profoundly different temperament, make your father quite unique in his relation to us. He has such a wonderful sense of the beauty of English words and rhythms yet remains like some statue of Buddha as foreign as he is impressive, by his profound sincerity and gentleness".

According to Manmohan Ghose, the road to perfection as divinely ordained is through struggle and strife.

The sad tree of knowledge,
Good and evil's taste
For man's painful college
He in Eden placed.

He the serpent made
Wean their man-grown sense,
Leave the cloistral shade,
Quit child-innocence.

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That their virtue might
 Sinew grow and will,
In their soul the fight
 Surge 'twixt good and ill,

For his sake to battle,
 For his sake to grieve,
Do what his hests rattle,
 All must Eden leave.

(Collected Poems Vol. IV page 402)

The prominence given to the Bible and to Christianity might lead to the superficial conclusion that Manmohan Ghosh subscribed to orthodox Christian beliefs. This prominence had to be given because Adam, the protagonist of the epic is a Briton, a Christian, and a deeply religious soul. Besides, of all the founders of great religions, because of their humanism, the poet was most attracted to Buddha and Christ. A deep compassion was the basic feature of the teachings of Buddha and Christ but it is natural that with his emotional and poetic nature, the Sermon on the Mount and the teachings of Christ, clothed in parable and poetry should be more appealing to the poet than the eightfold Path and the more elevated, universal and serener doctrines preached by Buddha. It is the aspect of Christ as Love that is emphasised by the poet :

Love it seemed arose
 From the feet of patience
To unthorn earth's rose
 Balm the bleeding nations.

For it seemed the word
 Which the great world made
As it were a bird
 Sang out unafraid.

From the sad blue skies
 As 'twere thy compassion
Dropped, a paradise
 Out of earth to fashion.



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Love, the eternal very,
Love it seemed on wings
Came down of the weary
Broken heart of things.

(*Collected Poems Vol. IV Page 259*)

Due to the poet's blindness during which the major part of the Epic was composed, the poem had to be dictated. Under the poet's instruction the dictation was taken down on loose sheets of paper so that any additions made later could be shuffled into position. It was also the poet's habit to compose his longer poems in passages, not necessarily consecutive. His sudden death left the poem in the form of stray passages, some related to each other but without their consecutive order being indicated. In the case of others there was no indication as to how these could be fitted into the poem. Fortunately a little before his death, the poet had started dictating the final version and had completed dictating what appears in the published version as Part I, Books I and II. Book III was also copied out with the poet's approval and is to be found in MSS Volume IV. This indicated the form the poem was to take. The poem naturally fell into the three Parts into which the Epic has been divided in the published version. Part I—Adam's agony at the death and destruction of the First World War and the vision of Christ. Part II—Adam's broodings on man's guilt from the time of the Fall in Eden and man's untransformable nature as also Adam's dialogue with God. Part III—the Song of the Stars who sing to him of the creation of the universe, man's evolution from earlier forms of life, the growth of society and religion and God's ways of working and guiding the universe towards that unknown Bliss which is the true nature of man and the universe as God is immanent in the universe.

A first attempt to edit the epic was made by the present editor sometime in the Nineteen-forties, but many passages now included in the Epic was not then included because of the difficulty of fitting in the passages. Part II Books IV and VI are new additions and many stanzas in the rest of the poem are also additions. This first attempt at editing was not published but is preserved with the MSS as three volumes of Typescript (Serial 7, 8 and 9). Some passages which could not be included in the published edition will also be found as typescripts.

The question might be raised why the poet who had such command over the Homeric form of blank verse as is evident in *Perseus, the Gorgon*

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Slayer, adopted the trochaic trimeter and quatrains for writing *Adam Alarmed in Paradise*. The reason for choosing the lyric form becomes evident from the subtitle which shows the Epic was not an Epic on the Great War but was an Epic of Eden during the Great War. Thus story, objectivity, action and dialogue suitable for blank verse are absent, yet the poem partakes of the nature of an epic because of the elevation and scope of the subject-matter. The scene is Adam's garden, which is his paradise. Here he, a Briton and a Christian, lives the life of a religious recluse tending his flowers and plants till a great catastrophe, the First World War falls upon the world and alarms, agitates and agonises Adam. For sole characters in the Epic there are the flowers and trees round him who sometimes become vocal and advise, encourage and comfort him. There are also the stars above who sometimes intervene and in the end in the Song of the Stars, the Stars being the recorders of events since the creation of the universe like the Greek chorus, comfort Adam and explain to him God's ways and purposes. Most important of all there is the Divine Presence who holds a dialogue with Adam and whom Adam feels, though invisible, as

"Blackness yet a face,
Pure as heavens august,
Out from boundlessness
Looked upon my dust.

Silence, yet a sound
Vast with all that is,
Nature, thrilled, profound,
'Twas the primal Bliss.

(*Collected Poems Vol. IV* page 281)

And because God is both transcendent and immanent Adam feels God as,

One whom I had known
Even since a child
Whose thoughts were my own
Wept with me and smiled.

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That majestic other
 'Twas who is not I
 Yet my soul's felt brother
 In earth, ocean, sky.

(*Collected Poems Vol. IV* page 273)

In such a poem blank verse would be out of place. Its subjectiveness lends itself to the lyric rather than the epic form. Besides its emotional nature and inspired utterances are best expressed in the more stressed and musical trochaic metre. The trimetre and short self-complete stanzas, of which there are many, are suited to the expression of the poet's testament of faith with their absolute rather than reasoned statements, which are in the nature of inspired or prophetic speech unlike the echo of the *mantra*, self-realised utterance, which we find in the end-stopped blank verse lines of *Savitri*, Sri Aurobindo's great epic, which give expression to his yogic realisations and have therefore the calm sublime candence of the *mantra*.

In conclusion it might be said that Manmohan Ghose's epic, *Adam Alarmed in Paradise* is unique in that it attempts to re-interpret Christianity not only in the light of modern thought and science but also in the light of the realisations of the Indian rishis. Man when he realises and identifies himself with the immanent divinity in himself and in creation as well as the transcendent divinity, becomes the self-realised soul. Christ, the missioned spirit, is born as the son of man to carry out his mission, is claimed by God as his own son at his baptism, passes through the temptations in the desert which would wean him to a worldly life, fulfils his mission through his preachings and miracles. He suffers persecution and denial by his co-religionists. There is a conspiracy to kill him. Through the agony in the garden his humanity is shed. Then follows his crucifixion or martyrdom and resurrection or rebirth into the life divine.

Manmohan Ghose recognises the necessity of the crucifixion and the resurrection.

"But for elevation
 Of that shameful cross
 Gone were man's elation
 All his gain were loss.



PREFACE

Vain were Egypt's fire
From the bones of kings
Soaring to aspire
Upon mountain wings.

On that hope sublime
Every pyramid
Dumbly points to, Time
Had pressed down the lid,

Had not from the cover
Of that holy tomb
Mankind's bleeding lover
Burst in suffering bloom

Had he not made Thomas
Search his ghostly wounds
Doubting were not from us,
Gone the joyful sounds

We from Egypt heard
From old kings turned clay,
The Memnonian word
Harp at dawn of day

With an accent thrilling
Join our spheral tune
Heart-sick hopes fulfilling,
Joy that struck the moon.

(Collected Poems Vol. IV page 407-408)

Manmohan Ghose prized Christ and his teachings because of the more personal and human appeal of his teaching of love, forgiveness, non-retaliation, as well as of his glorification of the meek, the humble, the poor and the peace-maker. These teachings bore in them the seeds of the individual transformation without which the larger transformation was not possible.

Adam Alarmed in Paradise therefore bears a message both for humanity and Christianity.



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PART I BOOK I

Argument

BOOK I

Canto I—As the time of sunset approaches Adam goes out into his garden to commune with Nature as well as with his Maker. He recalls the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the garden of Eden, holding in their hands the flowers of the garden of Eden which they later planted before their first homestead, which recalled Paradise.

Canto II—Adam sees in his mind's eye the angel guiding Adam and Eve to their first home. On the way he tells them of the birth of the Saviour who would redeem their sin. All Nature awaits for his coming. He tells them of the giants that will be born from them and their excesses as well as of Noah and the Deluge and the rainbow, the symbol of peace.

Canto III—the angel describes Palestine where the Saviour will be born and said he would show them the country but they are delayed by the sight of bleak Assyrian valleys, a mighty plain and two rivers struggling through. At Adam's request a vision of Babylon is granted him with its towers, palaces and hanging gardens which the Angel describes as the hostelry of sin, where man's pride, oppression and strife will rage but its doom is already ordained.

Canto IV—Adam in his garden in the Himalayas wonders why the ancient smart of blood first spilt should claim him as its own. And still the cry of Abel as he fell fills the banks of the Marne, Maine and Somme or why should the cannon's roar disturb him at his prayer, his work or his meditation on the saints. Yet the battling nations are all Christian. Is doomsday approaching? If so let it come and let him busy himself with his work and steep himself in meditation of the lives of the saints which will bring peace to his mind.

Canto V—With a will Adam falls to his work, linking his roses and lilies with the names of the saints. His lilies encourage him and ask him to think of the long gradient of souls who have made man's path to salvation easier.

Canto VI—So his flowers encourage Adam and lure him from his troubled thoughts. The Madonna lilies recall the Annunciation and what followed. But still before Adam's eyes the doleful centuries rise and sink bearing on their backs the crimes of history. He thinks of the crucifixion of Christ and its injustice, of the sufferings of the infant church followed by Europe's denial of Christ and the glorification of the Renaissance. But even as he despairs he sees a vision of Christ stretched on the cross yet full of forgiveness for those who had wronged him.

CANTO I

Now the western flush
Fades on evening's cheek
In adoring hush
The great skies are meek.

Now God's boundless palace,
Pure, hypaethral, blue
Drinks, from sunset's chalice,
Holiness anew ;

And the ancient earth—
Earth, His footstool sweet—
Wakes to humble worth,
Feels her Maker's feet ;

Now the solemn air
Bows itself and kneels,
And from flowers in prayer
Fragrant incense steals ;

All things up to heaven
Thanks and worship pay
For his darkness given
And his glorious day.

Now when starry eyes
Of the silence speak,
While the daylight dies—
Soul, thy Maker seek.

Though thou hear afar
Rattle sounds of fear
And mad impious war
Makes the world one tear ;



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Though for sounds of slaughter
Thou this tranquil eve—
Red earth, crimson water—
Scarce in God believe ;

Turn and seek in Nature
His prime lovely feat,
Lose, forget the creature,
Seek his footprints sweet.

Enter thou thy garden
Of the flowers and trees ;
God is still the warden,
Feel His stainless breeze.

'Neath the married kiss
Of the earth and skies
Still a garden is
God's first paradise.

Where are whispering trees,
There 'tis Eden still
Rustling soft surcease
To our every ill.

Where are breathing flowers,
Perfume's wafted wing,
Tells us of the bowers
Where 'twas endless spring.

Innocency there,
Truth, simplicity,
In the quiet air
Might rebloom and be.

Purity and pardon
For the primal moan
Only in a garden
Seemeth to atone.

BOOK I, CANTO I.

For the passion flower,
There in sun and rain,
Showeth, every hour,
Our Redeemer's pain

On its bosom wan,
That example high
Lifting up, for man
To reach heaven by ;

Of a love past telling
All day to our eyes
Springing, ever welling,
That pale flower cries :

How to chrysalis
Every worm that goeth
Dies reborn to bliss
Fledged to soul it showeth

From those nail-pierced hands,
From that thorn-crowned head,
Showeth how, for lands,
Paradise is bled.

For the primrose there
And the pansy sweet
God's great hand declare
And his praise repeat.

Where are shining lilies,
Pure Eve's spotless care,
Nature's virgin will is—
Eden should be there.

And the jocund rose,
There in fragrant row,
Doth the soul dispose
To adore and glow.



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Not one blossom small
In my garden is
But doth here recall
The first fadeless bliss—

As when Eve in dew
First with awful eye
Saw the speed-well's blue
Glass infinity :

To her lord in wonder
Cried, "Another heaven,
Adam, see, from under
Earth to us is given !"

Ere the snake and she
From the primal sin
Gave mortality,
Tears to us, and teen

With far bode perhaps
With a presage dim
Of the mundane lapse,
Paling, turned to him ;

"See", she said, "the skies
Fallen in this dot
Lost on earth it cries,
Lord forget me not :"

As when Adam first,
To his Maker's praise
Saw the sunflower burst
Out in living rays ;

Ere his rash fault broke us,
Ere he tasted ache,
Saw from earth the crocus
Like a sunbeem break ;

BOOK I, CANTO I

Saw the eldest daisies,
To the Maker wise
One star-shout of praises,
Ope their maiden eyes.

Trancèd and surprised
Adam walked, and Eve,
Thrice imparadised
Nor once thought to grieve.

"See, 'tis heaven's door"
Our first father grand
Spoke, "On heaven's floor
Eve, behold we stand ;

We from earth have risen
Up to angel state,
Burst our nature's prison,
Griefless and elate.

Heaven's great day to dial
Yonder flower God's face
Follows, glory's vial ;
Upon stars we pace."

O how brief that boast
Of their rapture stirred.
Innocence they lost ;
Grieved, they hugely erred.

How soon those exiling
Fiery faces bright
Drove them from their smiling
Flower-sword of delight.

Pale with haggard face,
Their own tears to blind them,
Bowed, with laggard pace,
Paradise behind them ;

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Out into the vast
 Empty desert drear
Our first parents passed,
 Dropping tear on tear.

Was it winter grey,
 Were there dripping trees
Round them, and did they
 Feel the cold wind freeze ?

In their hearts it rained,
 In their souls it snowed ;
Abject, self-disdained,
 Went they on their road :

Adam forth to dig,
 Sow with sweat earth's face ;
Eve with sorrow big,
 And the coming race.

Yet I deem not wholly
 Reft of bliss, and mad,
Crushed with their own folly,
 Went those exiles sad.

For they brought from blissful
 Lost bowers, from the sap
Saved, in their amissful
 Ruined clenched grasp,

Flowers, fair, awful memories
 Of the deep content
Where no cark nor tremor is—
 Weeping as they went

On before those fiery
 Flaming sword-points, out
From man's blissful eyrie —
 In their fingers put

BOOK I, CANTO II

God's own covenant
With thee Eve, to fruit
From thee as the plant
Burgeons from the root

For tossed man's relief
Mary's blissful child,
Christ, the olive leaf
Fetched o'er waters wide.

O'er the billowing rude
Watery heave of time,
Show thy fearful brood
Mother hen sublime

Which when that sweet dove,
God's own spirit shall bring,
To the ark, God's love
Wide the windows fling ;

Daughter unto daughter
Let hand down that bridging
Of the weary water
By the homing pigeon.

Meek in humble ruth
Let them weep and pray
Wise in simple truth
Keep the snake away ;

Lessoned in thy shadow
From the shine to be
Toward the blissful meadow
Hasten history.

CANTO III

"And thou, mighty sower
Of the round earth, going
With sad looks that lower,
Toward the bitter sowing ;

Glorious in that relic
Of thy, now at length
Ruined, half angelic,
Noble grace and strength ;

Beauty marred by eld
Now, but then superb ;
Whom, when we beheld
Laid upon the herb,

Saw thee nature's flower,
Eden's demigod,
From the hand of power
Breathing on the sod

Fair in weakness even,
In birth's langour dew,
We, the sons of heaven,
Who the marvel knew,

Through the awful cloud
Thronging came to gaze on
Thee, creation's proud
Summing act and blazon.

When the eternal hand
Stretched a finger to thee,
Up to stature grand,
Will and power, to woo thee ;



BOOK I, CANTO III

When thou sprang'st up fearless
Smiling in God's face,
Glad, erect in tearless
Tall majestic grace ;

We to see that sight,
While the heavens rang
Shouted, cherub bright,
Seraph tall, we sang.

Handfuls of God's lilies
And the hyacinth fair
And the amaryllis
In thy clenched despair

Grasping, thy flesh tasking
For mortality
Of the lost bliss asking
What thy race shall be.

Once the great world's garnish
Over every creature
Lauded, now the tarnish
And the stain of nature.

Thou, who madly pacing
Through a world snow-blank,
All thy pride abasing—
But thyself to thank—

Rueful and alarmed,
Sombre, self disgraced,
Of all pride discharmed,
Mournfully abased,

Every step, behind thee
To lost happy Eden,
Through the tears that blind thee
Lookest fast receding,

ADAM ALARMED PARADISE

Rueing thy behaviour,
Wildly every way
Looking for a saviour
Who restore thee may.

Hearken while to thee
I announce what place
Shall nativity
Give to every grace,

Every lovely virtue,
All perfection sweet,
For the blots that smirch you
Counter-blanch complete.

Littlest of all lands
Shall this be, the lowliest
O'er which heaven expands
God's blue arch, the holiest.

Sung in heaven already,
Famous and foreknown
Whither all eyes steady
Down from heaven are thrown ;

For a soft elation
And a more and more
Happy expectation
Sentinels the shore,

And the blue sky dreams
Over it and yearns,
Every star it streams
That way, softly burns

And the moon's eye tender
Half suspects it sealed,
And the sun in splendour
Lights it half revealed,

BOOK I, CANTO III

And all vast futurity
Murmuring, withstood,
Pent in loth obscurity
Humming in thy blood.

Chiding time's delay ,
At thy heart-strings bleeds
On that pilgrim way
Tugs at thee and leads.

Thither where rejoices
History's tide to go,
Hear'st thou not those voices,
Burns not thy heart too,

To thy ear importunate
Be it I proclaim
Its disastrous, fortunate
Dear unhappy name.

Name it, tell it thou
To the patriarchs good
Who with thee shall plough
Earth, and fell the wood.

Let the far, sweet promise
Crown the deep world's prayer—
Eve's seed who to come is,
Sire to son declare.

With the earth plot arable
With their flocks, herds wandering,
Be a solemn parable
For the world's deep pondering.

Of their tents the pole,
Of their hearths the fire,
Of their wealth the soul,
Mankind's dear Messiah.



ADAM ALARMED : PARADISE

Till it shall allure
One last man of God,
Its possessor sure,
To the destined sod—

South by west it lies ;
Hence from Ararat
And lost Paradise
O'er the mighty flat

Yonder,—Wherefore halt you,
What pale exultation
Doth abstract, exalt you,
What strange expectation,

To that plain, 'tis not
Mankind's better way
The soul's garden plot
What would ye survey ?"

So the angelic splendour
With celestial beaming
Pity, ruth, how tender
From his countenance streaming.

What compassionate
Sympathy august
With our fallen state,
With our ruined dust !

'Twas a precipice
Of that snowy pass
Which from Eden's bliss,
The lost joy that was,

Led, those happy hours
Yet remembering,
Holding still its flowers,
Eden's realmless king

2197 BOOK I, CANTO III

To a fate that frowned,
Gently ruddering
Him and that discrowned
Fair queen shuddering.

While it cut their feet,
Bleeding at each stone,
Listening to that sweet
Far surcease of moan.

To that re-embowering
Of dim Eden furled
Now it oped the towering
Sheer gorge to the world,

Suddenly, abrupt,
Our first father's eyes
Gazing vastly supped
'Twas no paradise.

Bleak Asayrian valleys,
Rugged uplands rolled,
Streamed with torrent sallies
Down to foot hills cold,

And beyond two rivers
Struggling as with pain—
Naught else, nothing shivers—
One grand awful plain.

Did the desolation
Sink on Adam's heart ?
What prophetic passion
Made him forward start ;

Made him, eager, tristful,
Catch at Eve's dear hand ;
Made him tragic, wistful
Stirred, ecstatic stand ?

ADAM ALARMED PARADISE

Was it mankind's doom
And its mystery,
The sad pomp and loom
Of all history ?

Well their escort knew
What their hearts did freight,
What they guessed was true—
Yet no word could mate

Of our dolorous
Proud eventful story,
Our shame valorous,
Our disastrous glory.

'Thou, of aspect regal',
Said the angel then,
'Whose far glance the eagle
Envies, first of men,

Seek not from this summit,
Nursery of pain,
With sheer gaze to plummet
That lugubrious plain.

Hostelry of sin
Wherefore would'st thou scan,
That much-peopled inn
Of the swerve of man.

Even now with bode
To thy heart it sings
History's dreadful load,
Lamentable things.

Fertile though its soil,
God's own granary,
Ripple for man's toil
Gold from sea to sea,

BOOK I, CANTO III

Yet far more prolific
Shall it be to gristle
Conquest's foot terrific,
War and warrior bristle

In the blow of anger
Flowering up in spears,
In the trumpet's clangour
Fruiting tumults, fears,

Pass it by, the grammar
And the school of crime
Whose stupendous glamour
Shall pervert all time."

"Nay", said our first father,
"I the fruit accursed
Plucked ; the seed I gather,
Let me know the worst."

Afterward the angel
Answered, "Seek to know
First the dear evangel,
Balm of human woe,

Salve to mortal's sorrow
In what place shall dawn,
Gloriously shall morrow
Mankind's heavenly morn.

Thither long ere now
Had I wafted thee
Straight as flies the crow,
Sure as homes the bee,

Had no blast from yonder
Evil champaign wide
Interposed with thunder
Of man's power and pride,

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Blurred the vision sweet
Of the blissful child
Unto whose dear feet
I had thee beguiled.

What, its splendours haunt thee—
That injurious plain
With the pomps they vaunt thee
Built on mankind's pain ?

See'st thou those palaces
Which in throng gigantical
Charm thine eye from chalices
Of illusion mantical ?

Verily, I say
All those towers august—
Long though last their sway—
Are already dust.

Adam, vain to weep !
God's wrath of its slime
Shall thoroughly sweep
All that house of crime—

Hear my prophecy—
And thou mankind's mother—
Not one stone shall be
Left upon another."

"O celestial guide
Shall not God's sweet pardon,"
Our first father cried,
"Spare his erring garden

If for naught else caring,
Nations born of me
Stained, O wherein erring ?
For, those orchards see—

BOOK I, CANTO III

Olive, palm and myrtle
Fig, pomegranate, vine,
Which with soft shade kirtle
That long river's shine,

And those gardens low
Whence my eyes recapture
Through the falling snow
Eden's primal rapture,

Rose and amaranth blowing
To the water's edge,
Pink and peony glowing
Mingling with the sedge ;

And yon walls behold —
O what angel hands
Reared them, toil untold
Round what queen of lands ?

That imperial city,
Humming capital
Rampired, oh the pity !
Must they, can they fall ?

Terraces of gloom,
Hanging gardens high
Suppliants against doom
Smiling at the sky.

Over what sage people
Of my faultful stock
Shall the grey wastes ripple
Shall the dark clouds mock ?

O'er what kings earth's helm
Shall the waters play
Shall the lord o'erwhelm
As in Noah's day ?

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Thence what ancient woe
Splits my heart in twain ?
As mankind were two
Striving on that plain

Victory these reverse ;
Those or crush or raise ;
Whom is it they curse ?
Whom is it they praise ?

Such a cry, so dark
At my looming shadow
As I speak thrown stark
O'er the vasty meadow

Comes my cheek to pale
With mankind's affliction,
Triumph at once and wail,
Blessing, malediction.

With so huge a moan
Knocking at my heart
Since it is my own
Let me know my smart".

And that shining one,
While a frown severe
Darkened on the sun
Of his countenance clear :

"Doth the relish yet
Of the fruit of pride
In thy bosom's seat,
Adam, so abide ?

Thou dost pause to hearken
The exulting cries
Which from that plain darken
Round thee, fiercely rise,

BOOK I, CANTO III

Shame-faced consanguinity
Own with shouts that cloud
Earth, and claim affinity
To their father proud,

Their source. O, sublimity
Fallen, alas ! how low
From the magnanimity
Eden saw aglow.

Whether in victorious
Tramplers thou take zest
Or their weak inglorious
Suffering pitiest.

Millions quivering
Neath the yoke and rod
Of the proud they king
Of the strong they god.

Better not to know
That imperious will,
Which from thee will flow
And toward thee still

Walks with pace so furious
O ! thou prime simplicity,
Adam over curious
Of thy infelicity.

Would'st thou have me name
What shall there be done
Of millenial shame—
Call it Babylon.

Or if thou would'st dolour,
Add to that the blur
Of one fearful colour—
Name it Nineveh.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Thy first children's home,
Cradle of mankind,
Through whose fertile loam
Two great rivers wind —

Tigris see, whose torrents
From lost happy Eden
Foam, as in abhorrence,
By the Lord God chidden.

Down ravines they race —
Sorrow-rent, the latest
Change on nature's face
When thou plucked'st, atest—

Haste to join that other
Mightier stream, man's college
Which shall science mother
From thy tree of knowledge ;

Its majestic stream
Men shall call Euphrates,
Its on-flowing dream
History's very spate is.

Through guilt-conscious arteries
Swells it, dark and solemn,
Where its seaward charter is
To increase in volume.

All too soon to mirror
On its waters wide
Man's luxurious error,
Man's self-glory, pride.

That vast meadow see
Which the Lord God's palm
Smoothed, pressed flat for thee,
Clothed in forests calm.



BOOK I, CANTO III

Yea, the wise Creator
 Auguring thy amiss
Against thou should'st traitor
 Prove to Eden's bliss,

In the day that he
 Massed and globed the earth
Bade the mountains be
 Brought the valleys forth,

He, the prime compassion,
 Seed plot to contain
Fallen mankind, did fashion
 That majestic plain.

Woods primeval darkle
 There the elephant
Tuskèd, patriarchal
 To thee hierophant

Of God's power precedes thee
 Thither lion, pard
Follow, see, it bleeds thee
 Those beasts to regard.

How estranged from amity
 They with furtive eye,
Father of calamity,
 Glare and pass thee by.

Thither thou must wend
 Earth to till and sow
Lest she lose her end
 Great with tigers go.

Grieve not, ancient fear
 Shall in forests shady
Make them yet revere
 Eden's lord and lady.



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Nor for Eden's tree,
Once thy solems awe,
Grieve, necessity
Now to thee a law.

'Gainst the summer's heat
Winter's cold and frost
Storm and hail and sleet
Eden's sweet clime lost

Shall the thousand years
Of the mighty oak
Make thee lop with tears
Fell with rueful stroke.

Planks to prop and station
Roof thee thy rude hut
Man's first habitation
From its glory cut.

Let not thy simplicity
Make thee sorrow for
The tall grove's felicity,
Grieve not, Adam, nor

Curse the one tree bad
Which the calm serene
Broke and knowledge sad
Gave to Eden's queen ;

Gave the glittering, cunning
Axe into thy hand —
Sound appalling, stunning
Crash of tall trees grand,

Sound which never frightened
Thence the shy sweet dryad,
Never green glooms nighted
Nor made plunge the Naiad.

BOOK I, CANTO III

O'er thy children, rather,
Whom the centuries stern
Wait, unhappy father
Let thy bowels yearn.

Though it should unmarrow thee
To foreknow their fate
Lift thy hair and harrow thee
Yet must I relate.

Adam, see that plain
Which God's granary
Shall with golden rain
For thy progeny

Ripple, from this summit
Humbly, not in pride,
Let your sheer gaze plumb it
O'er the champaign wide

Which the Lord God's hand
Thy sons to receive
Marled so rich, that land
See majestic Eve !

There shall Babel high,
Built by Nimrod flower,
Spit against the sky
Its disastrous tower.

Nimrod the first captain
The first warrior
Who bright armour lapt in
Sicker, sorrier

Shall the sweet earth turn
For the lance, the shield
For sharp swords that burn
And the gory field.



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Gate of God misnamed,
Babel built upon
Mankind's tears, misfamed,
Misproud Babylon

Named indeed a babble—
That tower to the skies
In ascension stable
Ere half way it rise

Shall its cloudy masons
Stop as in a dream,
Blanked in sore impatience
To each other seem

Suddenly to speak
In an alien tongue ;
Frustrate they shall break
Off the clouds among.

Wonder not admiring,
Adam, while I tell
Of that sky-aspiring
Blood stained citadel,

Girt with spacious walls,
Flung up to the star,
Whence the trumpet calls
Evermore to war.

Through whose million streets
Horse and chariot hie
And the war-drum beats
And the banners fly.

Even from its hanging
Garden it alarms
Earth with pomp of clanging
Striding men at arms—



BOOK I, CANTO III

Babylon, whose glory
 Shall with blood and crime
Cast a spell on story,
 Haunt the ear of time :

Every brick shall speak
 To the pride of man
"Trample on the weak
 Plunder, kill who can.

He is he, the hour
 This, and fate is fate
She another's flower
 Plunder, desecrate."

Like a dream, a fable
 Seemeth it, my tale ;
Scarce imaginable
 That your cheeks not pale

Though your speechless wonder
 Marry looks unstirred—
As a peal of thunder
 Only ye had heard

This disastrous wave
 Almost at your doors,
Doth it seem to rave
 Upon far off shores ?

All this pomp of tears
 From the fall to be—
All this feast of fears
 Which is history—

Soon upon its way
 Shall this horror knock
At the heart and say
 'Adam, ope, unlock'.



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

War, ancestral bane
 With the fruit sucked in,
When thou plucked'st pain,
 When thou atest sin.

Even now sad mother
 Strive they in thy womb,
Brother smiting brother
 In prenatal gloom.

Start ye as I had
 Named some terror sleeping
In your bosom sad,
 Bursting into weeping.

Far from this immense
 Fertile flat whose loam
Shall with cities dense
 Hum, the hive and home

Of man's first ascent
 In the arts of war—
Arts of peace, intent
 To begaze the star—

Wise to know the walk
 Of the constellations,
And the sun's course chalk
 With laborious patience,

Name the months and days,
 Calendar the year,
Nor their maker praise,
 Nor the Lord God fear ;

Worshipping the planets,
 And the moon and sun,
Let Chaldea span its
 Long course to be run."

CANTO IV

O what ancient smart,
 Primal and august,
Of Eve's mighty heart
 Cradle of all dust !

Here, amid the roses,
 And magnolias,
Sobs and interposes
 With the woe that was,

That I seem to see her,
 Sorrowful and grand,
With the fruit to fee her
 Ever in her hand,

And the man first born
 Wander by, a shade
Branded with God's scorn,
 Evermore afraid.

In my garden why
 Should the ancient guilt
Claim me, as though I
 Had the first blood spilt ?

Ah ! what nameless trouble
 Here mid peaceful mountains
Here mid flowers that bubble
 From what far deep fountains !

What primeval anguish
 From the human soul
In me, seems to languish
 Past cure, past control ?



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

That in God's own garden
Under tranquil skies
I nor peace nor pardon
Find, nor paradise.

Nor my soul can turn
Seeking to adore
Him who mountain, burn,
Made, and tree and flower.

What crime, eldest horror,
Earth-remembered yet,
Like a brand before her
Like a birth mark set

That from thence the rose
Takes a deeper hue
Than sweet nature knows,
Yea, a crimson dew—

That from it the air
Ever seems to redden
Round us with despair,
Man's soul to dis-Eden—

That the sombre cedars
From the primal stroke
Are as memory's bleeders
And the ancient oak—

'Tis the second fall,
First fruits of the rind
That embittered all
Worse than Eden sinned.

'Tis the cry and blow,
'Tis the slain and slayer,
'Tis the primal woe
Aches through earth and air.

BOOK I, CANTO IV

Those sounds that earth's dotage
Yet may hear unstilled
Which by Adam's cottage
Rang out in the field

When two brothers strove
One the other slew,
Unto death bled love,
History split in two

Blow whose memory sings
Since the world began
Makes turn as on hinges,
Moves millennial man

One smote and the other
Fell. The death-cry wild,
Our first sire and mother
Piercing, twice exiled.

Now the world it fills
But Marne, Meuse and Somme
Most makes childless, thrills
Through France, Belgium.

From Verdun to Ypres
Curdles it, that cry
Which the shivering cypress
Blackened, that stood by.

Makes it mourn thus dyed
And the ilex, sun
Banish, still to hide
The first murder done.

'Tis the primal matricide
Eve's heart at a blow
Broke with the first fratricide,
Man's primeval woe,



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

O Uranian gash
Which through nature's frame
Weeps, can nothing wash,
Nothing salve that maim ?

Can no footprints sweet
Left by saint or sage,
That red mark, defeat,
Blot from history's page

That time-bloodying
Eldest track of Cain—
For my studying
Written deep and plain ?

Awful Himalaya
Say when first I rise,
See thy morn-flushed prayer
Westward pierce the skies,

Why should my awakening,
First sight of thy snows,
Catch a fearful blackening,
See a dreadful rose ?

From beyond thy far
Mountain-silences
One vast sound of war
Hurtles when I dress.

At my bedside down
When I kneel to pray
Cannon-thunders drown
All I wish to say.

When I sit and read
To begin my hours
With some glorious deed
Which forever flowers.

BOOK I, CANTO IV

Something, while with canker
And with slug I wage
War, my thoughts may anchor
Upon saint or sage —

While my flowers I tend
Something to reverse,
While I dig and bend,
Labour, Adam's curse.

Holy pain rewarded
Acts of martyrs dear,
Noble lives recorded
Virgin to God's fear.

While my thoughts I warm
'Neath the cloak he gave
Martin, in the storm
To poor beggary's slave ;

Jerome in my cavern,
Lion-guarded there,
Fasting, spare my tavern,
My companion prayer.

My thoughts busily
Bent on Dorothea,
Agnes, Cecily,
While I strive to see her

Every lovely saint
Who my soul would teach
By example paint
How God's love to reach.

Wherefore suddenly
While I read should I
Hear, through maidenly
Morning sounds, that cry

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

As of one who cowering
 Fell upon a plain,
While his brother towering
 Struck and struck again.

Through the hum of bees
 In my garden heard,
Through the rustling trees
 And the singing bird,

Shrapnel shriek I hear it
 Rend the air, man's strife,
Through the shining merit
 Of each holy life

Burns and bleeds for me,
 And the slaughterous roar
Then of history
 Thunders as before.

With the primal Scyth
 I am back again,
With the Paleolith
 Branded wandering Cain.

Can no Howards, Vincents
 Wilberforces good
As with lovely incense
 Drown that smell of blood

Nostril shuddering,
 Hair erect, I wake
To that puddering
 There of blood, that brake

With the slain man in it.
 Miles where not a flower
Peeps, nor sings a linnet,
 That shell-shattered moor.



BOOK I, CANTO IV

Which was Belgium
 Called once the advance
Of man, Christendom
 Called delightful France

From the face of God
 Hidden now as 'twere
That wide waste of Nod
 Only Cain's steps bear

Where the ruined wood
 Its shell shattered boles
Lifts, a solitude
 Pitted with shell holes

All that dreadful line
 With shell fragments strewn
And the blown up mine —
 Ypres to Verdun.

All day long I see it
 Like a glimpse of hell
Caught, would vainly flee it,
 Known alas, too well,

Learnt by heart, those places
 Ypres to Verdun,
Heaped with dreadful faces
 Shining in the moon.

Adam all alarmed,
 Rising then I pace
Forth, of hope disarmed
 Fearful for my race.

In God's garden about
 Cloudily I go
For the self-same shout
 Follows me, the blow.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Round me still, the revelry
Of the bursting shell
Rages and man's devilry
Makes the earth a hell.

Blushing then and stooping,
Shamed for human kind,
I with hot brow drooping
Go my tools to find.

Adam torn and tumbled
Down from where the cross
Lifted me, all humbled
Back to Eden's loss.

Shame which even the faces
Of my hoe and spade,
Smiling from their places
In my garden shed,

Or the pruning hook
Wildness' holy ban,
Or the jocund look
Of my watering can,

Cannot quite dispel
Nor my spirit raise
With inviolable
Honest looks ablaze.

Each a happy relic
Though I know they are
Brought by hand angelic
When bliss faded far ;

Still of Eden bleeding,
Each a memory
Of the peace exceeding
Joy, simplicity.



BOOK I, CANTO IV

Though I know the carpenter
Long since, with his passion,
Eden's disinterpreter,
Did my tools refashion ;

Bade me with them labour,
No more dust to dust,
But, the skies my neighbour,
Still to toil and trust.

With what looks unblithe
Do I lift them now,
And my mower's scythe ;
With what burning brow

Since in Europe dark
That wild Serb his bomb
Flung, and lit the spark
Which rent Christendom.

Yet 'tis not the Tartar
Slays there, or the Kurd or
Barbarous Turk to martyr
Laughs, exults to murder.

Slav, Kelt, Magyar, Teuton,
In Lord Jesus one
While the star shells shoot on
Kill beneath the sun.

Out of cavern dim
Paleolithics still
Peer, or limb from limb
Torn, the branches fill.

And my fancy sped on
Wings of prophecy,
Whispers Armageddon
The world's end to me.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Comes it now, the Doom
Sings it on its path
Quickly let it come,
Lord, thy day of wrath.

And are these thy doomers
Signs and wonders telling—
War-rent earth and rumours
Yet, of war's uprolling.

Breaks thy ire to birth
When the moon shall burn
Blood-red and the earth
Up to cinders burn.

Doth the world's sword-temperer,
Even now in Berlin,
Anti-Christ, earth's emperor,
Build his reign of sin ?

Sighing, 'I too sad am'.
To myself exclaiming,
'Wait on Gods will Adam',
My impatience blaming.

'Like the virgins wise
Trim thy lamps', I murmur,
'Wait on duty's eyes
Work, be stronger firmer,

To the soil he bound thee
With familiar things,
Nature's glory round thee
Trees and rocks and springs.

Earth he bade thee till,
Wean from wilderness,
Make laugh valley, hill,
Up God's garden dress,

BOOK I, CANTO IV

Labour, and while airs
Fresh airs fan thy brow
Dig down thy despairs
Bloom to God's own how,

Work the while endeavouring
Back to call to mind
Rare souls, Europe's severing
From the evil rind,

From the storaging
Rich, be treasured up
Sweet Jacques Voraging
From the martyr's cup,

Rare souls who each decade
Shine and blossom out
From the license wicked
And the battle shout ;

They thy thoughts that ache
From machinery,
From death, wounds shall take
Hush in greenery.'

CANTO V

So mid rustling trees
 God-appointed toil
Slowly, by degrees
 Pours on me its oil ;

My brow with its chrism
 Bathing, honest sweat
With its toil's baptism,
 'What thou eatest get'.

Exercise the glow
 Of strength used, the guerdon,
Balms for me the blow,
 Lifts from me the burden.

Bird's song, morning air
 And the virgin sward
Yield the debonair
 Punctual reward.

Gladness which in man
 Springs from touch with nature,
For the Christian
 Duty's cheerful feature.

To my gardening
 With a will I fall
At my work I sing
 Striving to recall

From the just read page
 Every herione
Who from age to age
 Did in Christ's love shine.



BOOK I, CANTO V

Every rose I dew
 With my watering can
Laughs out to renew
 All my hope in man.

Burning Catherines
 And Teresas sweet
With whose name earth greens,
 Brides of God complete.

While with watering can
 I my roses spray
All Idalian
 Glad I grow and gay,

And the barbed wire barrier
 Dims away in distance
And the encased warrior
 Fierce assault, resistance

As I think of them
 Who with hands so sure
Man's soul, branch and stem
 Watered fresh and pure.

Every lovely servant
 Not of Aphrodite
Who in Christ glowed fervent
 Were in Mary mighty ;

Who were Europe's rain
 Almost to our day
Showering arid Spain
 Sienna, Genoa

Through the rose bushes
 Though in under tone
While my heart hushes
 Battle's angry moan

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Comes to thorn my finger
 Sharp to rose stems prickly.
Vex with leafy linger
 Bowering all too thickly.

Yet when comes their breath
 On me, their perfume
Borne through war and death,
 Comes their lovely bloom,

All those brides of Jesus
 Who mid sickness, anguish
Amid thorns that tease us
 Never once did languish.

In the human love
 In the heavenly hope
When those buds above
 Round me smile and ope ;

Joyfully I seize
 Ply my pruning hook
Through the centuries
 From God's golden book

Such a glorious bevy
 On man's flowering tree
Shouts and laughter leafy
 Makes each rose to me

'Adam, the precursors',
 To myself I say,
'See the puissant nursers
 Of the happier day ;

Pruning hooks of purity
 In God's hand they are
Who shall of a surety
 Lop the leaves of war,



BOOK I, CANTO V

That high nunnery
 See each rose in Christ
To the gunnery
 Saying, "Hush, be whist".

To my lilies go I
 Watering as my use is
My Madonnas snowy
 Martagons and Lucas ;

While their roots I dig,
 Searching for the killer
Of their life each big
 Crawling caterpillar.

I with radiant virtues
 Then my lilies link,
Saints who not for Church use
 Were of them I think ;

Heroes, far flung clarities,
 Of the shining deed
Who so glowed in charities
 Did in Jesus bleed ;

Scarcely pangs me then
 All the squandered cost
Of those lovely men
 Prodigally lost,

Far blood-streaming Balkans
 As they never were
Fade and those two falcons
 Grappling in the air ;

Europe spacious
 Grown from now to then
With Ignatius
 Francis, Damian.



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

On my fingers I
 Count those precious names
Who are of the sky,
 All that earth re flames ;

Who are of the glories
 Whom the Perfect Blossom
Seeds, with what before is
 To renew earth's bosom ;

So into earth's bone
 Bred that in their shine
Must the world be sown
 Flower-souls argentine.

While I work my lilies
 Round me glory them
Every amaryllis
 Shouts to story them,

Saying, "Brand and ban on
 War and strife are these
They shall spike the cannon,
 Christ's own Fleur de Lys,

He still like a wind is
 Man's behaviour
Showering through the Indies
 Francis Xavier ; "

With a golden shout
 That clear lily, "Jesus"
Cries a trumpet out
 Through gold Chersonesus ;

Nor through ancient China
 Listening to his "Hark",
Any less diviner
 Shines the second Mark.

BOOK I, CANTO V

He whose lily sheen,
Far as to Japan
Maketh Asia green
With the hope of man.

"Oh ! but think of them"
Shout my lilies still,
"Every link of them
Down the rugged hill

Down the long gradient
Steep with history's rages.
Lily upon radiant
Lily crowds the ages.

Virginal and lovely
White souls who in cloister
Sickened to be only
Christ's like pearling oyster

Who to be his ape
Like A-Kempis sweet
Pearl the perfect shape
Fall down at his feet ;

And not only they
But who ritual cant,
Spurned, in reason's ray
Burned, were protestant ;

Conscience, candour holy
Lily they as thick
Flower renouncement lowly
Love as Catholic ;

Out of Joan's death-pyre
Golden tongues aflame,
Out of Huss's fire
Shout one perfect name.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

From those nail-pierced hands
From that thorn-crowned head
Yet shall be for lands
Paradise out-bled.

While thou hedgest, ditchest
Heaven's realm, willy-nilly
Cometh—while thou witchest
Eden and the lily."

CANTO VI

So the hosts angelical
 Scarcely flowers they seem
White wings flown a relic, all
 Blanch of Eden's dream.

Shining memories
 Of the sweet content
Where no tremor is,
 Cark nor dreariment.

Out of black thoughts lure me,
 Loud war, anarchy
Hush for me, assure me
 Of the bliss to be.

Shaking, as they hover
 Round me, wings of day,
They the carnage cover,
 Hush the loud affray.

Mask the cannon's roar,
 Dull the bullet's ping,
They like saints adore,
 They like angels sing.

And the imperial
 Crown lily, the notes
Of the trumpet-call
 Bleaches out and blots.

And she of the valley,
 And she called of light,
Rout, assault and rally,
 Muffle out of sight.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

And the shining plenty
Which Japan's flower shows,
And the fingers dainty
Of the tuberose.

Arum perfume-heavy,
And the large lit canna,
Amaryllis leafy,
Drop on me like manna.

And the martagon
And the shapely, maidenly,
White clear bells that shone
Like a snow-shower, suddenly

From before wings rushing
Down, the high news urging,
To the paling, blushing,
Meek astonished Virgin,

Gloriously upon her
Streamed, 'twixt heart and eyes
Of awe struck Madonna,
Those held out lilies.

As the angel rushed
Down, and up a-start
From her pridieu blushed
Mary, hand on heart.

As down-lidded she
Stood and snowed and glistened,
Every shook lily
On her as she listened

Heavenly flowers immaculate,
To speak out not chary,
Ere he did ejaculate
His all hail glad Mary,

BOOK I, CANTO VI

To speak out and tell,
 Ere the shining grand
Herald archangel,
 Of the joy at hand,

Of eternal love
 From whom all worlds hover,
Of the mystic dove
 Brooding her heart over,

Of the sinless, white,
 Babe conceiving bliss,
Which should bleach out, quite
 Cancel Eve's amiss,

Of the crib and stall
 And the lowly inn
That should change the ball
 A new earth begin.

Gradually the past
 Clean wipe out, and old
Flaw-cracked time recast
 In a better mould

Trampling Rome imperious
 Down the hookèd chariot
Untied, down Tiberius
 Lewd, and false Iscariot.

Hypocrite, harsh, thundering,
 Israel, gone as well as
Intellectual, foundering,
 Beautiful dead Hellas.

As on her the aeon
 Of her own sweet babe
Burst, the lauding paeon
 And the astrolabe,

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

By those hierophant,
 Heavenly lilies sung,
With annunciant,
 Maiden-petalled tongue.

So in lovely laughter
 Lilies sang to me
Nineteen centuries after
 Of red history.

While I delved and hoed,
 From that day to this,
All the onward road
 Laughed me, my lilies

To the shining cradle,
 And the glorious star,
And the Mages' saddle,
 And the bliss afar.

O'er that fierce page shone it,
 Cleo with sad pen
Writes her tears upon it,
 And holds up to men

That memorial,
 Two milleniums
Of earth's tragic ball
 Shows her and she sums.

Bright it shone o'er every
 Shameful act she clothes
For us in such livery
 As remembrance loathes,

Lovely o'er the drift
 Of wild deeds how sweet
Did it seem to lift
 Man's heart up to it ;

BOOK I, CANTO VI

From the pit despair
 Flung me in, I gazed
Glorious in air,
 In full day it blazed.

Seen o'er flotsam past me
 Borne, that shipwrecked time,
History to aghast me,
 Drifted years of crime,

Decades, that capsizing
 Bore their weeping backs on,
Charlemagne baptizing
 In his blood the Saxon.

Lustres which displayed,
 The reopened wide
Gaping wounds France made
 In the crucified

With the Huguenot
 When she drenched like dew,
Paris streets made float
 With Bartholemew.

Italy the lettered
 Painted, sung and learned,
They Galileo fettered
 They Giordano burned.

Over Munster mild
 Streamed man's lovely gain,
Peasant orgies wild
 Rebaptized with pain.

Magdeburg, when Tilly
 Kneeling to his Maker,
Soiled the German lily,
 O'er the bitter acre

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Heavenly fair it beakoned,
Still that Germany
'Twixt Rome, Luther, sickened,
Bred from lea to lea.

All the dreadful furrow
France ploughed, all that Spain
Sowed sad Europe thoro'
Big with mankind's pain.

All the wrongs and shames
When the Spaniard
Antwerp gave to flames,
Reeked his wrath nor spared

When to Phillip Alba,
Kneeling while he prayed
Offered on a salver
Holland's bleeding head.

'Twas four centuries
Since the Borgia
Once more with a kiss
Did his lord betray

And those loving hands
With a rope behind
Did the balm of lands
Machiavelli bind.

From that sore Gethsemane,
By his own forsook.
When the world's anemone
Priest and soldier took.

O how long it was
Our rejected bliss
Did through judgment pass,
That mock trial of his.

BOOK I, CANTO VI

From the court of Catherine
Back to Frederick's hall,
Voltaire his gibe spattering,
Rousseau judged withal.

Cold, hard, selfish reason
Judging him to die,
All our passions treason
Crying crucify.

But a thing to smile at,
Love's divine truth tender
Was by jesting Pilate
Sentenced in his splendour.

Once more from the column
Europe's soldiery
Bound him to the solemn
King-farce mockery.

Pelted, pushed with jeers,
Every dreadful station,
These four hundred years
Of his suffering passion.

'Twas the red mob fury
Once more which to doom,
As long since in Jewry,
Hailed the world's fresh bloom.

Vile Barabbas noteless
Chosen in his stead, we
Nailed the sinless, spotless
Sweet Power to his tree.

Even when Luther purged,
Trimmed the sacred fire,
Sternlier Calvin urged,
Then did he expire.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

That long blast who blew
 Evil's halloli,
All wide Europe through,
 Out of Gallilee.

Holy hunter dead
 By his own hounds torn,
On Actaeon's head
 When we saw the horn.

Too high for our stature
 Dogs on him we turned,
When all naked nature,
 Dian upon us burned.

We in hot impatience
 Did our lord devour,
From Rome's dust renaissance
 Pageantry to flower.

This fair face of things
 Dazed us sky and earth,
We forgot what sings
 Through him of our worth.

Our half animal
 Which forever fruits,
His high rational
 Man's perfection shoots.

We our heavenly morning,
 From his fair face drank,
On his footsteps fawning
 By field, flowery bank.

Our dear lord and master
 Whom we did adore,
Unknown, O disaster !
 Ignorant we tore.

BOOK I, CANTO VI

Bigotry and error,
Fear of his bright head,
Superstitious terror
Slew him, he is dead.

To our glorious vomit
Hellas we turned back,
Science towering plummet
Felt not his dear lack.

In his own words later
Shrouding we him laid,
Priestcraft's swathing fetter,
To his tomb conveyed.

Science bored the planet
Under many a strata,
Dead in eldest granite
Laid man's holiest martyr.

He who sunrise-fire is,
Resurrection's bone is,
More than slain Osiris
More than dead Adonis.

No more mounts his morn
Out of Palestine,
Syrian stars folorn
O'er his dumb grave shine.

Whom the Sadducee
Slew, hard unbelief,
Pride,—the Pharisee,
Either hand, a thief.

Whom centurion-like
Modern thought transfixed,
With a spear did strike
Either thief betwixt.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

With a spear thrust flashing,
Saw put out of pain,
Our high dreams abashing,
Can he rise again ?

When in his place we
Our cain-envy, fret
For rights, liberty
Have self-righteous set.

And imperialism,
And Napoleon,
With anointing chrism
Set his throne upon,

In those nineties sad,
And his eighteen hundred
Marred years, when so mad
France and Europe blundered.

And when now our beleeding,
Wild self-guidance bends,
Kaiser Wilhelm leading
In this world-clash ends.

Over that abysm
Battling nations sheer
Furled in cataclysm,
O the vision clear.

O divine compassion
Of creative power,
Who the dawn doth fashion
From the darkest hour,

In the world's worst peril
Makes some prophet eye
Be the chrysoberyl
Of the mercy high,

BOOK I, CANTO VI

As a catacomb
Hid the infant church,
Saw her Saviour loom
Even through Nero's smirch.

Or her dreadful umber
Diocletian,
When with blood-stained cumber
The arena ran.

Infants lit for torches,
And the beasts among,
Sight that memory scorches,
Girlhood's glory flung.

I, that maiden martyred,
Naked cowering woe,
Shiveringly bartered
For a cruel show.

To the lion thrown
While his eye of flame
Crouching me upon
Near and nearer came.

Given to Prussian steel,
To the Bulgar's fire,
Bound in Austria's wheel,
Boild in Turkey's ire.

I, the apprehension
And the orbèd whole,
Stretched in anguished tension
Of man's tortured soul.

While Italia ruddering,
Wrenched joints to the rack,
Serbia paling, shuddering,
Ere the headmen hack.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Russia ere the ice
 Crash, and down she slip
Britain in the vice
 Held through every ship.

Belgium neath the marcher,
 Toothed flesh-tearing harrow,
France before the archer
 And the final arrow.

I, with uplift eyes,
 O'er my martyrdom
Coming in the skies
 Saw already come.

In a cloud did vision,
 In a glory clear,
My dead, sweet arisen
 Long wished Saviour dear.

When the Assyrian
 Flayed, despoiled, unhomed,
All that then was man
 Far as ocean foamed.

From where Tigris ripples
 Threshed like chaff abroad,
Israel least of peoples,
 Israel lamp of God.

Mid commotion worse,
 Cruelty and war,
To fire prophets, curse
 Wrath oracular.

Strife and hatred furied,
 Gorgoned worse than that
Whose combustion lurid
 Scourged the Asian flat.

BOOK I, CANTO VI

In a time which back
 Lapses to the Scyth,
In a mundane wrack
 To the Paleolith.

While in pageant stormy,
 Ruined epochs flowed,
Past the bright sign o'er me
 Sparkled still and glowed.

I in my mind's eye
 In wild cinemas
Saw those pomps go by
 Fleet and fade and pass.

As around peaks candid
 With eternal snow,
To and fro the bandied
 White clouds come and go,

Drift, shift, ah, no longer,
 Pageants round the crest
Of white Kunchingjunga,
 Sovereign Everest.

So o'er Europe's hurricane,
 Vallois tempesting,
Bourbons fast as flurry can
 Hapsburgs, Kaiser, King.

And the legioned tramp
 Through her, which to chart
Freedom did encamp
 Crying Bonaparte.

O'er the jacqueries,
 Dragonnade, noyade,
Or what blacker is
 In the crimson trade.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Over the mad surge
 And the cloud above
Yearning to emerge
 Beamed the star of love.

In the blackest hour,
 In the darkest year
Of the stride of power,
 Of the loom of fear.

When her huge powers rallying
 Almaine's massed advance,
Death or all, no dallying
 Swooped on war spent France.

And in either's talons
 To and fro were hurled
Trembling in the balance,
 Europe and the world.

I, a prophet, wrung,
 Anguish-torn, the chasm
O'er where Europe hung
 In the world's death spasm,

End it seemed of story,
 Nineteen seventeen,
Love the founding glory
 Saw shine out serene.

'Twas the glorious babe
 On his mother's lap,
History's astrolabe,
 Who man's way doth map.

Haloed mild and awful,
 Tender like a moon's
Shone the light whose lawful
 Man to man atunes.

BOOK I, CANTO VI

On compassion's knee
 Laughed out and did shine,
Love's eternity
 Its fresh infantine.

And both ways extended
 From love's ageless youth
Bleeding, burning, splendid
 On the lap of truth ;

Two wings like an eagle
 To whose tips the hands
Nailed were of the regal,
 Thorn-crowned hope of lands.

Like a banner shone,
 Riddled, scarred with loss,
His dear shoulder on
 That ensanguined cross.

'Twas that wood of shame
 Timbered from our deeds,
Whereon still the name
 Agonises, bleeds.

Yet triumphant, mild,
 As the world were his,
Bleeding, burning, smiled
 Our rejected Bliss ;

Wide his arms he stretchèd
 From his tree of pain
As to haven, wretched,
 Fallen mankind to gain.

O forgiveness sweet,
 Love, we ne'er forgave,
O pierced hands and feet
 Comest thou to save ?

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

So with hope self thieving
Looking up afraid,
Scarce the sight believing
To myself I said

At the glory gazing,
'O 'tis fantasy,'
Saying my heart amazing
With the mystery

Of the lovely visit
Which revived
All things ; 'Is it, is it ?'
To myself I cried

Thinking, questioning,
With myself incredulous,
Wild hopes on the wing
Wild doubts playing sedulous

PART I BOOK II

Argument

BOOK II

Canto I—Adam thinks it inconceivable that such mercy could be vouchsafed him when war and bloodshed filled the world. Inspired by prophetic zeal he curses Europe for her conquests and cruelties. Then comes to him the consoling thought that it was in the darkest days of Israel that the vision of Christ had appeared to Isaiah who declared to his people the true nature of Christ, the Redeemer, who would rule not by imperial power but by love.

Canto II—Adam the child of the Hebrew scriptures and the European renaissance, joyfully recognises his Saviour but the millennial old doubter in him rebukes his eyes as being credulous fools, traitors to all scientific knowledge for had not man outlived the concept of God, the reality of the soul and the belief in the Resurrection. So Adam upbraided his eyes but his eyes replied that the vision Adam had beheld transcended all creeds and had dated history. For eighteen hundred years Europe had been led by the light of Christ inspite of her failings and it was only during the last few decades that Science and Reason had unseated Christ from her heart. Adam now challenges his intellect as the infernal creator of all the deadly instruments of war but his intellect replies that the probe of the intellect into Nature had added to man's knowledge. It was man who used this knowledge for evil purposes to feed his pride.

Canto III—Adam hears the voice of Christ as he tells his disciples of how his teachings would be carried to the ends of the earth. First Europe would be converted to his message and three European nations would bring it to India. But it was Thomas, the doubter who would prepare the ground for this. Thomas promises zealous obedience. Adam prays for the world-wide rule of saints but despairs because though Christ had banned war Europe, who should be Earth's peace-maker, was now herself barbarous with war and it was a Christian emperor who was trying to establish German rule over the earth instead of the rule of God. Adam appeals to Germany to recall her great past, when she was holy, wise and good and an example to Europe, and to desist from war and conquest.

CANTO I

O compassion beauteous,
O thou love elate,
Passionately duteous
To keep tryst with fate.

Yet though high in air,
Strangely so it was,
Lilies round me were,
And I lay in grass.

History's crown and scope,
Thirty years too fleet,
Lit for me earth's hope,
He to me was sweet.

In a lily blaze
Lay I wonder whist,
Up, my heart to craze
With God's amethyst.

He who like a charm
Had in quiet furled,
Amid strife, alarm
A war drunken world.

I no prophet fiery,
When in sunset ran
Irael the eyrie
Of the wing of man.

Him on Asian rafter,
Here on Himalay,
The world's coming laughter
Saw as clear as day.

BOOK II, CANTO I

Even as eagle sighted
 Prophecy in youth,
O'er dark Asia nighted
 Glimpsed the world's dear truth.

O what lily vision
 Suffering shines through me,
Murmured misprision,
 Madness agony

Makes me past things auger,
 With Isaiah kindle,
Earth's fresh rapture maugre,
 Two milleniums dwindle.

When the world from gold
 Faded is to lead,
When the head is cold
 When the heart is dead.

And the world's bliss boded,
 And the king who came,
Gone in insult loaded
 Blotted is the Name.

Years two thousand hath it
 Man's way starred before,
He has ceased to path it,
 He is shut, the Door.

'Tis a lily daze
 Glorious and wild,
Hath distraught my gaze,
 And my heart beguiled.

Yet a glow to heat me,
 See this crash of empire,
Prophet here to seat me
 Upon vision's rampire.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Pluck from torment's middle
 Dream Virgilian lovely,
Glad Arcadian idyll
 O'er crag and above lea.

Prophet flame to fuel
 More than purple Tyre
Nineveh more cruel,
 Pride than Babel higher.

Though the high inspired
 Burning page to write,
I be not that fired
 God moved Israelite.

Whom the sin of nations,
 And his own, to rage
Righteously passions
 To the grieving page.

Yet of race God favours
 Yet, a Briton I,
Nation, no enslavers,
 Half beneath the sky

Queen from down the frozen
 Ice fields, from the polar
To the torrid chosen
 Half mankind's consoler.

Where she had back slid,
 I with angry moan,
Weeping what she did
 As it were my own.

Britain yet ensteemed,
 Less for all her power,
Pity, shame, withheld
 Earth's face to deflower.

BOOK II, CANTO I

Less in guilt steeped ruddy,
 Than when Teuton, French
China's flowery body
 In her blood did drench.

'Tis a lily blanch,'
 Thought I, 'tis their light
Doth the world's wound stanch,
 Makes me see all white.

In a silver vision,
 'Tis delirium,
Dead Christ re-arisen
 Once more to see come.

That Endymion,
 Be the Patmian,
To man's heavenly moon
 Grow thus Latmian.

Judged accounted dead,
 Earth forget him he
From our hearts is fled,
 And from history,'

For those crimes remembered,
 Tripoly shell-shattered,
Poland fair dismembered,
 Algiers fury battered ;

For the staining blot,
 France, upon thy shield,
For what Almaïne wrought
 In her Afric field ;

For the blood in channels
 Poured these hundred years,
Congo's tarnished annals
 Putumayo's tears.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

In my indignation
 All with grief transfixed,
In my prophet passion
 Anger sorrow mixed ;

In my woe to Germany,
 Be thou humbled Gallia,
Let divine wrath summon ye,
 Muscovy, Italia.

Saying, "Robed in scarlet
 Of man's agony,
Babylonian harlot,
 Europe, Woe to thee !"

O'er a continent
 Fearfully self scourged,
Piteously rent
 With the arms she forged.

Such stupendus mercy
 Suddenly I saw
Interrupt my 'Curse ye !'
 As perplexed with awe

Nineveh the erring
 Spared of doom assured,
Jonah, grieved, demurring,
 Neath his withered gourd.

Such apocalypse,
 Of the arm that healed,
As from prophet lips
 Never burst, revealed,

Of the vast above
 Was awarded me,
Streaming down in love
 On humanity.

BOOK II, CANTO I

Only by the crushed
 Contrite soul of her,
Once the vision rushed
 Zion's lorn daughter,

Of the bleeding, bursting
 Love rent heart of power,
From her anguish thirsting,
 From her tears to flower.

As her harp she hung,
 And sat down and wept,
Willows grey among
 Where Euphrates crept,

Not of David thinking,
 Nor of Solomon,
But her own tears drinking
 Babel's strand upon.

Only to her sitting
 Those sad waters by,
Like bread sorrow eating,
 Rushed the vision high.

Of her soul's deliverer,
 And the sad worlds door,
Lamblike, sheeplike shiverer,
 Dumb the shears before.

'Twas love's star that shone
 Yearning earth to save,
Mirrored Babylon
 Trembled in the wave.

Towers of solid masonry
 O'er that lordly stream,
Tears and blood's emblazonry,
 Trembled like a dream.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Zion's captive daughter,
 Head on hands empillowed,
Saw it on the water,
 Weeping there, enwillowed.

Through her tears he beamed,
 Out of her to come,
All that her soul dreamed,
 Who should crown and sum.

Then her sunk head sorrowing
 Heaved she, and afar
Saw that heavenly morrowing
 Of her captive star.

On the harp hung stilly,
 Drooping boughs among,
Glad notes willy nilly
 Woke and breathed and sung.

Won by her who watched,
 Heard the quivering
Sweet chord, rose and snatched
 Every warbling string.

He that prophphet rare,
 Sweet-souled as a lyre,
Visioned past compare,
 Smit with heavenly fire

Saw aloft the glorying
 Sadness, nor abashed,
All the bright wound storying
 On the harp strings crashed.

“Virgin of my people,
 By Euphrates river,
Sitting, with its ripple
 Wan to weep and shiver

BOOK II, CANTO I

Humbled by the nations,
Princess of the dust,
Crowned with desolations,
Put in me thy trust.

O thou flower of man,
False gods bought and sold,
From Bethel to Dan
In calf-worship old.

Nay, since Sinai riven,
When in lightning-flashes,
Thunder first was given,
What man's heart abashes.

Back to nature's never,
Prone from me to start,
Swerve, the voice for ever
Speaking in the heart

Nature's false faces
Worshipping, the tree
Sun, moon, high places,
Ever spurning me.

Zion my delight,
Who for me didst burn,
Saw an inward light
O to me return.

I the one and hoary
While my spirit gazed,
In a bush of glory
Have too fiercely blazed.

I with pen appalling
Writ, thy granite awe
Broke, on thee am fallen,
Moses fiery law.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Thou thy captive winters
Drunken hast thy cup,
And thy crushed heart splinters,
Weep not, to piece up.

I who power am, see
Mercy from above,
Gently drop on thee
In a rain of love.

I, whom mankind lost
The way everlasting,
Thy missed inn and host
Unto thee am hasting.

Than all wild hopes madder
I, from heaven who frown,
Jacob's topless ladder,
Am to thee come down.

Cease thy seething troubles,
For the grapes are trod,
Red the good wine bubbles
Saith the Lord thy God.

O thou maid exiled
See where comes, (he sang),
Born the conqueror mild,
On thy pang on pang.

No avenger stern
Such as thou wast sigher
After, who should burn
Thy power-clad Messiah.

Wishing mid thy moans,
Wronged maid cityless,
Babel's babes on stones
To dash pitiless.

BOOK II, CANTO I

No grand Shalmaneser,
Proud Nebuchadnezzar
For thy sore heart's easer,
For thy angry treasure.

Comes he homeless, plain,
Poor, despised, the glory
Who by love shall reign
To the end of story.

He is crowned with thorns,
Who shall be earth's bliss,
He is king of scorns,
Insult, shame are his.

In the strength of meekness
Mighty shall he be,
Tower triumphant weakness
Over land and sea.

Sing no more of Solomon,
Chant not David great is,
Lo ! Thy strength to column on,
Who thy star and fate is.

Thy contrition sweet,
This majestic smart
Buds this man complete
After my own heart.

Long time travailing
Bowed, of comfort shorn,
Lift thee up and sing
See the manchild born."

CANTO II

"Since that dawn, that shivering
Frosty winter ray
Through the oxstall, quivering
Which began love's day.

When it seemed the sun,
That the east might rose,
Heavenlier had come down,
Lay in swaddling clothes.

In the babe the man
Orbing full, unfurled
His triumphant span
Streaming on the world

On the masts the sails were
For his side the spear
Bore, in both hands nails were
Thorned, the brow's calm sphere."

Here he ceased and turned
And with floating hair,
With a face that burned,
Fired prophetic air.

He the glorious lyrist
Like an astrolabe.
Pointed panegyrist
To the shining babe.

Toward whom continents,
Nations, bridles ringing,
Gold myrrh frankincense,
Bear, *Lux Mundi*, singing.



BOOK II, CANTO II

Time's perfecting mystery
Toward whom *salus homini*
Chanting winds all history,
Every Anno-Domini.

As I Zion were
Or my heart Isaiah,
Up I gaze in air
At the mundane fire.

What in Babel high
She a prisoner
Saw, of that was I
Time's last visioner.

She upon the fell, huge
Watery surcease
Of sad Asia's deluge
Prism to perfect peace,

Saw it, from it heard,
Through sad Asia's night,
Love the primal word
Say, "Let there be light."

Crying down to her
Love the soul's new bias,
Come to crown to her
Moses and Elias.

I, the child who toddled
Out of Hebrew Greek
By Love's star remodelled
Yet how far to seek.

In the ray redounding
Blooming paradise,
too—O abounding
Sweet ruth of the skies.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

And when Asia half
 And all Europe ran,
Neath the shell bursts laugh
 Red with fallen man.

Hearing, to the pileory
 Pinned, of evil knowledge
Round me, death's artillery
 Cain's and Nimrod's college.

Thrall to strife ancestral,
 And my evil will,
That millennial wastrel
 Ancient Adam still.

Flashed with shrapnel blind,
 Deafened by the cry,
Of the evil rind
 I, poor Adam I,

In my garden labouring,
 Dripping, toil my curse,
Saw with glad heart taboring
 Gem the universe.

In a noonday sky
 Stream and re-embower
The world's tragedy
 And its simplest flower.

What no age can wizen,
 What stars angels venerate,
Did my eyes rechristen,
 Did my heart regenerate.

To my laughing eyes
 All my heart leaped up
While to recognise
 Sorrows heavenliest cup,

BOOK II, CANTO II

The sad cup Gethsemene
Drank looked down on me,
Every shook anemone
Every rapt lily.

My eyes, ' 'Tis the Saviour I'
Cried with one accord,
My heart's beating haviour
Fluttering, ' 'Tis the Lord !'

But with my heart wroth,
Chiding my glad eyes,
Vexed, stiff-membered loath
To bud paradise.

I milleniums old
In the doubt that sears,
To hope's whisper cold
Ever wise in fears.

Still with joy at variance,
My blush guilty cheek
Red at each experience,
Frailty, conscious weak.

Spoke unto those laughing
Brimming ecstasies,
Rapturously quaffing
Heavenly things, my eyes.

'O, earth circumscribed,
Visionary fools
By a heart-leap bribed
To be fancy's tools.

Run two thousand years,
Back the happy child
Of sweet blurring tears
In faith's eye gone wild.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

O be not such traitors
To wise Celt and Teuton,
Mankind's new creators
Galileo, Newton.

In a golden treason,
Brankrupt make today
Science, culture, reason
To an ancient ray.

Once more with that tortured
Thorn crowned head to make
Your soul worship, orchard
That celestial ache.

With a joy like Bunyan's,
Or like Francis dancing,
Make your orbs the onions
Of a sweet entrancing.

On my hands the print
Of ecstatic nails
Feel pierce, which the glint
Were of heavenward sails.

Long with Huxley Schooling,
Grammaring with Pasteur,
We the plasm saw ruling,
Saw the germ our master.

What the rock layers flashed,
Death's depositary,
In our hearts abashed
Jesus' lovely story.

Not of love's exemplar
Strife's heaven, stern Valhalla,
Science is the Templar,
And the Hospitaller.

BOOK II, CANTO II

What the eternal hand
Lingering there did scribble,
Truth's austere grand
Last word is our Bible.

Science' eye hath steeled us
Adam, Eve to slight,
Our fore-father sealed us
In the Troglodite.

Long with Darwin ruminant,
Not God's image tall,
We are but the dominant
Terrene animal.

Only stars in millions,
None to hear us call,
Only guideless brilliance,
Law mechanical.

In a heaven grown cold,
What would ye surprise
There of glory old,
O my eyes, my eyes !

To what time is slattern,
Now is obsolete,
Mankind's perfect pattern,
Make our hearts grow sweet.

To the perfect life
Laddered over time,
Vain the effort, strife
Could we hope to climb.

Little salve the thorning,
Barren are the nails,
We ensoul no morning,
Nought the cross avails.



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Ripe the head and cold is,
Which death's apple slow
Ate and now as bold is
As the worm below.

Knowing creation's rafter,
We as God's are wise,
Yet, oh dust pealed laughter ;
'Tis a God that dies.

That appealing passion,
Why are ye so mad
To regraft and fashion
Show the cradle glad.

We have immortality
Outlived, Eden's bloom
And the soul's reality
And Christ's empty tomb.

Nothing is but nature's
All kinds, wave on wave
Sink down, foiled beseechers
Of one gulping grave.

As in fossil species,
Neath successive strata,
Lies in death-choked wishes,
Life that lovely martyr.

So neath layer on layer
Of forgotten time,
We have Lord and prayer
Laid in eldest slime."

So almost in terror,
Spoke I tempest tossed
On that wing of error,
Glorious which did host.

BOOK II CANTO II

My eyes, reason cold
 Flamed through, and the mesh
Round me, Adam old
 Of mistrustful flesh.

My sad heart to banquet
 With the all too edible
Ancient feast, the junket
 Of a joy incredible.

On an earth now iron
 Science' flashing scan,
Sabre toothèd lion,
 Shows us mammoth man.

She from truth's own eyrie,
 Odin's heaven again
Shows, and the Valkyrie
 Strike, select the slain.

Fight, mow down the rival,
 Cannons every where
Roar us, save survival
 Nought is, they declare.

The machine gun, hark !
 Laughs us, and the bomb,
Back to cunning dark,
 Savageest aplomb.

Hail me not away
 Back two myriad years
To the flowers of May,
 Childhood's laughing tears.

When imagination
 And the heart supreme
Built for earth's elation
 That stair-way of dream.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

While the lordly rational
In my brain demurred,
All the tender passional
Of my heart it stirred.

For the more disdainfully
I looked down, and dug,
Pruned, manured, more painfully
Sweet, the more did tug

At eye, heart, the burning
Old celestial hoary,
Through all time's returning,
Thrice millenium's glory.

Down through all the deadly
Blazing archer aim,
All combustion's medly
Made to kill or maim,

Maxim, mauser, rattle
Of machine gun fire,
All that makes of battle
Wings to Cain's desire,

Shone the sacred ruby
Earth's blood-bath across
Ah ! such should its hue be,
That ensanguined cross.

Down to me the visiting
Splendour, man's lost comet
With ray, love soliciting
So my heart did plummet.

While my brows I shaded
From the glorious flare,
I my eyes upbraided
Crying out, forbear.

BOOK II, CANTO II

Hurt with joy, doubt, shame
Through my earth of pride,
I my eyes did blame,
And my eyes replied :

“What behold’st thou else
Adam but this shine
Which for ever dwells
In the heavens divine.

Love, hope, immortality
Shine there, Eden’s bloom,
And the soul’s reality,
They can have no tomb.

Risen interstellar,
What transcendeth Jew,
Christian, to earth’s dweller
Shines forever new.

From the dance and chime
Of its ray afar
History and time
Cast their calendar.

In it new born millions,
Either hemisphere
Dripped are, and its brilliance
Names the coming year.

From its birth-day natal
Each new year emerges,
To the happy, fatal
Tristful Friday surges.

Christmas eve to Easter
Sorrowing, rejoicing,
Even in fast a feaster
Thou dost hear its voicing.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

And the week's first day
Lest the seven smirch,
In its font and ray
Christian go to church.

For the day and week
And the moons but climb,
Of its beam to seek
Haloing sublime.

Thou all stars that wander
Which the astrologer
Named, the day be grander
'Tis man's colleger.

Planetary pattern
'Tis to the all nine,
Wide in sweep as Saturn.
Venus in its shine.

More than Mercury fortunate,
Kinglier than Jove,
Half mankind importunate
And its name is love.

'Tis the Acturus steady
Guide to thy sea farings,
By it, through time's eddy
Thou dost take thy bearings.

'Tis the only Sirius,
Rages not through heat,
Midsummer's delirius
Fever keeps thee sweet.

Thou hast years two thousand,
Than Orion's belt
Brighter, in its house and
Swordless influence dwelt.

BOOK II, CANTO II

But ten decades now,
 Thou hast turned away
Seasonably to plough
 To reap in its ray.

Why dost thou upbraid us
 That we break the embargo
Of ten decades, lade us
 With that heavenly cargo.

What years eighteen hundred,
 We, if error 'tis,
Have to worship blundered,
 'Twas for thy heart's bliss.

We for her the rapturous
 Bright star, cradle bright,
So their charm did capture us,
 Showed for her delight.

Such a joy to us
 Did her joy impart
To make luminous
 Either orb the heart.

Soul, thy larger self
 Who thy body burns
And the world to pelf
 In a moment turns.

Soul from whose commotion
 Colour takes the rose,
Earth is green, sky, ocean
 Sapphire all there shows.

Soul the nurse of beauty,
 Conscience' clarifier,
Altar flame of duty,
 Than my best thought higher.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Feelingly we felt
 With her to adore
What she gazing knelt
 Singing bowed before.

He whom thou seest bleeding
 O'er us, man's advance,
And god's love exceeding,
 Christ the soul's romance.

Since the day thou showd'st him
 She her spur and bridle
Felt him, and thou knew'st him,
 Adam, thy heart's idol.

Christ whose life outran
 Earth, heaven's escalade,
One consummate man
 In God's image made.

Adam thou as well
 Fell'st before his feet,
Man's adorable
 Crown's perfection sweet.

Jesus history's tidal
 Ebb turn who his worth,
Acts, words made the bridal
 Of the heaven and earth.

Glad years fifteen hundred
 Was he spite of Caesars,
Wars, thy souls unsundered
 Bridgroom and Teresa's.

Fifteen cycles thou
 Spite of seiges, battering,
Battles fierce, did'st glow
 In his love with Catherine.



BOOK II, CANTO II

Then in heaven archangels,
Hierachies heard,
Thrones and powers and angels,
Speak the omnific word.

Then did'st thou a boy
Lifting cherub eyes,
Upward 'gin to cloy
In thy paradise.

So ! in ripe youth crescent
In her garden grows
Adam adolescent
He and Eden's rose.

Thy youth 'gan to harden
In church hush a-fire,
Narrow seemed the garden,
Lost in blue the spire.

Thou and thy soul, children
In Christ's lovely wood
Heard far sounds bewildering,
Uproar harsh and rude.

Out of Rome's dust clamorous,
Out of Babylon,
Greece gone, woo thee amorous
Every fallen stone.

Antique old that fathered thee,
That pre-Adamite
Lost world, whence Christ gathered thee
Did thy youth invite.

All the evil apple
In thy blood, the tree
Which the pristine grapple
Sowed, man's anarchy.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

All that in her loam
Carthage overthrew,
Sapped Assyria, Rome,
Like far trumpets blew.

Conquest, riches, pomp
All that our orbs lost,
After every trump
Spake unto the dust.

Through thy reins those dancers
Lovely challenges
Blew, thy blood in answers
Musical cried yes.

Power's delirious cup
Did with pleasure mix,
And thy soul looked up
From her crucifix.

She too heard the call
At her prie-dieu,
She, the virginal
And the pure of thee.

From her hand the rosary
Dropped, the world's alarm,
Through pleased ear and grosser eye,
Smote her like a charm.

From her suffering saviour,
From his stricken body,
She with blushing haviour
Saw the apple ruddy.

From without wealth fretted thee,
Lured the stride of power,
Cloistral quiet sated thee,
Worship and the flower.

BOOK II, CANTO II

Must we all the mystery
Tell, how renegade,
To the star of history
Thou grewest— Art afraid ?

Thou since Robespierre, Marat
Did'st Christ's seat upon,
Decked with crown, tiara,
Naked Reason throne.

With his brain Napoleon
Sowed that iron field,
Made the cannon volley on
War its harvest yield.

And thou, Adam, too
With the lordly head
Knowledge did'st pursue
In its eager tread.

Upon Science lap,
Thy majestic nurse,
Did'st the heaven's map
And with stars converse.

We to fledge thy hope
Willingly did sight
Through the telescope
The vast fields of night.

Made the anatomy
Largely through a glass
Of the worm and bee
To thy vision pass

Through a crystal portal
Showed as 'twere a gorgon
Worm and bee laid mortal
To their littlest organ.



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Now when he returns,
Dost his star to see
Which above thee burns
Adam doubt 'tis he,

Who to save the lost as he,
So swift does it then
Pang thee, thy apostacy
To the flower of men.

We have heard thy heart
In confessional,
At God's throne apart,
Oft narrate her fall.

Suffering, hurt within,
Grieving yet uncrushed,
She, that glory's inn,
In thee paled and blushed.

In thee pined and languished,
Near to angels sib,
By the proud head anguished,
Beating against thy rib.

Cabined in the kingly
Palace prison generous,
Which the brain did singly
Intellectual forge us.

Now the brazen bound
Breaks, that steely ring,
Where the head sat crowned
Tyrannously king.

By the smelted ore,
Thunder's arsenal,
By the twelve inch bore,
Tank, machine gun, all.

BOOK II, CANTO II

Battered down the portress,
Science weeps at gate,
Razed is now the fortress
Which proclaimed thee great.

Ruined lies the palace,
Round thee but a falter,
She hath caught the chalice,
She hath clasped the alter.

Why dost thou complain
That we show to her,
What man's heavenly gain
Once did glow to her,

And the oratory
Where she knelt, the chapel
And the nail-pierced glory
To her gaze unstaple.

Blame us not, blame rather
Thy proud intellectual,
Greece reborn, thy father
Frustrate, ineffectual.

Ask him the cold lord
Whom thou did'st elect,
King with pen and sword,
Ask thy intellect.

Sitting, abject, torn,
Ruined, despot hurled
In the dust forlorn
Of a fallen world.

Ask of him what fevers,
What distracts his power,
To make us deceivers,
Show to thee that flower.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Grass and rustling tree
Have, these two hours past,
Whispered unto thee,
Is thy First and Last.

What each burning rose,
Every lily bright,
In thy garden knows,
Is the world's delight

Ask of him the story,
Why from thy despair
He creates the glory,
Adam, in the air.

So with heavenly fuel
Kindled, such as cleanses,
Turns to spiritual,
Our gross mortal senses."

Unto Adam spake,
Unto me my eyes,
Words that each a snake
Stung me serpent wise.

Old in memory,
They, what they had seen
Told, unblinding me
To what I had been

And what now was ; ending
Truculent aspirant,
Let his own defending
Speak, thy lordly tyrant,

And each lily fair
That in noon did bask
Nudged me as it were,
Saying, 'Adam ask !'



BOOK II, CANTO II

Lilies all in chorus,
Challenged me to trust,
With a voice canorous,
What outflames the dust.

And the humble ground,
Every grain of earth,
With a stilly sound
Groaned in my rebirth.

Ask what made earth solid
And now flames above,
When our atoms volleyed
Each to each in love.

Flowers and leaves and mothering
Ancient earth with me
In one holy brothering
Aweful sympathy.

'Speak', I cried, 'thou knower
Of all stars that camp,
Art thou then resower
Of man's ancient lamp.

Offering to my vision,
As the heavens boast,
What thy bright derision,
Laughing, snuffed almost.,

Saying, "To be candled
Cease by that vain tree,
Which thy childhood dandled,
Nursed thy infancy.

No bright healing ache
Hang the clouds among.
Hug thou Eden's snake,
Fear not to be stung.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

In that innocence,
Naked nature's all,
Clothed, thou can'st dispense
With temptation, fall.

For sin's taint apology,
Those rich wounds to shape,
No need, Physiology
Quits thee and the ape ?—

Monarch as thou deemed'st
Of earth's fierce hid strength
Over which thou seemed'st
Sovereign, crowned at length.

Thou did'st break their fetter
Which the Lord God's hand
Bound, oh how much better
Left in quiet grand.

Oh what direful lightning
Hast thou caught and yoked,
What ear-splitting, frightening
Thunder voice invoked.

Foiled magician thrall'd
In thy magic ring,
By dread powers appall'd
Of thy conjuring.

By what backward muttering
Say, can'st thou uncharm
Spell-words of thy uttering,
These undo their harm.

Elemental, terrible
Aweless earth-freed forces
By a law inerrable
Storming on their courses,

BOOK II, CANTO II

Whence was forged the steel,
And the canon cast,
Which the earth made reel,
Made the heavens aghast.

Serpent wisdom flowering,
Coiled around the tree
Of man's knowledge, towering
Twentieth century."

To that mighty ruling,
Sovereign intellect,
Our sad epochs schooling,
Our time's architect.

To him in his tower,
Man's imperial,
Lonely thinking power,
Did I cry and call.

Troubled he within,
Even as I without,
At the battle din
And the cannon shout.

Tell me who so mad am
To interrogate
Thee, thou lord of Adam,
Towered once and elate.

Dynamite and powder
By thy art released,
To storm ever louder,
Earth, make terror's feast.

Say what wizard waves,
Of thy rod's reverse,
Those two powerful slaves,
Now can'st thou disperse.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Harmless deep salt petre
Mine back, battering sulphur,
Now thy own defeater,
And the world's engulfer.

By what magic, say,
Thy deep cannon's roll
Can'st thou silence, lay
Trinitrotoluene.

Hear'st thou mid shell-thunder
And machine gun's scoff,
What around and under,
These accuse thee of.

Is it lie or truth
Yonder blazonèd,
Oh for shame and ruth
Tell me, thou my head.'

Then from what far height
Pinnacled with day,
And creative light,
In the primal ray.

In his watch tower specular,
Inned with glory vernal,
With the glory secular
Housed with mind eternal.

Down to me earth's dotage,
Through my body's rind,
Through that creviced cottage,
Answer flashed the mind.

"Thou millennial tempted
Erring Adam, thou,
Ever self-exempted,
Wast thy ruin's plough.

BOOK II, CANTO II

What of Europe's woe,
Asia's bleeding pain,
Which thyself did sow,
Would'st thou me arraign ?

Those words thou to me
Giv'st I never spake,
'Twas the fruit hung tree,
'Twas the primal snake.

Pride that Satan in thee
At thy ear and Eve's
To thy fall did win thee,
Pride that all sin weaves.

CANTO III

Then more sweet and solemn,
 Wafted down the valley,
From the blow pipe's column
 Music's soul doth sally,

Thrilling to my ear,
 O'er the garden sward,
Comes the answer clear
 Of our risen Lord.

"Blessèd be thou Thomas,
 Glow in faith serene,
Even thus become as
 Thou hadst never seen

From the all too facile
 Touch and sight of me,
Armed in faith go wrestle
 Death on land and sea.

Face in arid Persia
 The Hyrcanian
Tiger and yet worser,
 Yet more tigrish man.

Trusting in my arm
 Telling of my love,
Thou, as with a charm,
 Shalt the Parthian move.

When their fearful saraband,
 Robber horsemen, weave
Round thee, lonely caravan'd,
 In the camp at eve.

BOOK II, CANTO III

Blown through peril's sky
Go thou windier,
Than the butterfly,
On to India.

Thither thine to burn is
With the Gospel's flute
Cruel Gondophernes,
Texila confute.

That which was thy shame
Shall thy glory be,
Reason halting lame
To make leap with me.

Mankind's meek adoring
Of the righteous power,
Who no bound, no shoring
Knows of place or hour.

Castes that man's divine
Oneness rend and shiver,
Gods that stain the shine
Of the good All-giver,

Shatter that vain prism,
Tearful break of light,
Steep them in the chrism
Of truth's utter white.

Crushed with cureless smart,
Bruised with Eve's amiss,
Man's repentant heart
Baptize into bliss.

Deep in ocean swirling,
India, God's daughter,
Unto brightness pearling
Plunged in sorrow's water.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Through her every palm
 Leaned against the blue,
Sighing for earth's Calm,
 Weeping for earth's Dew.

That vast millioning
 Torture home, that fen
Satan's inky wing
 Dusks, that lake of men.

For a sweet sunrise
 God has sent a ray,
India to baptize
 And prepare my way.

For no blank Nirvana
 Steering from annoy,
Cosmic woe my warner,
 But to life and joy.

Once more men shall see
 Mahavira lonely
That man's soul may be
 With the sky clad only.

By seas cocoanut coasted
 Shalt thou wait for me,
In fair valleys hosted,
 'Neath the pepper tree.

Tarry till I come
 Like a wine long vinted
One millenium
 Only, and the quinted

Of a century brief,
 Shall not vex, I say,
Thy sore-tried belief
 Ere I streak the gray.

BOOK II, CANTO III

Till my Peter here,
Till my church's rock,
In remorse austere
Fiery from the cock

Shall on seven-hilled
Great imperial Rome,
Chair me, thence my field,
Europe, my rich loam.

Briton, Goth and Gaul
Through the waste unruly
Woods Hyrcanian all
Fall to utmost Thule.

Shall the mighty furrow he,
Europe's acre sown,
Reap that world, and thoroughly
Make the west my own.

When by those blue skies
Thou shall scan from far
Every sail the breeze
Brings to Malabar.

Haply thou shalt scanning.
In the bronzed tan,
See the bearded dreaming
Grave Iberian.

When three ships that hanker
For the rich east's more,
Random blown shall anchor
By the Indian shore.

Look thou in the wake
Of emporium,
Conquest, war and ache,
Then to see me come.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Or behind a calm
 Rugged blue-eyed face,
Neath Tangora's palm
 Shalt thou see me pace.

A Batabian,
 Happy he, whose toil
From the wild waste ocean
 Wins a watery soil.

In futurity
 Thomas I behold
All God giveth me
 Shepherd, sheep and fold.

Him a splendid helot,
 Risen from his fetters,
Shall the scripture's zealot
 Wise in arts and letters

Lure the corded bale,
 And God's hand entice,
To shake out his sail
 For the isles of spice.

He that son of labour,
 Third, the sanguine fiery
Brilliant Gaul, his neighbour,
 Both shall thatch thy eyrie.

Yet shalt thou the sower
 Of my orient field,
Tarry for a mower,
 Harvest full to yield.

One who richly shall,
 God's grain ripening blithe.
Swath by swath make fall
 To thy flashing scythe.

BOOK II, CANTO III

Wait in every breeze
For an island queen,
Mightier far then these,
In whose eye and mien

Is unbreathed tranquility,
Ocean's calm and power,
Prudence, wise docility
To the schooling hour.

Temperate and firm
As the Roman now,
Peace her empires turn,
Justice strong her plough.

She with peace her shadow
Shelter shall my vine,
Wide o'er India's meadow
Plant her calm benign.

Hold for God in trust,
Far from o'er the ripple,
India's plain adust,
Guide her sunburnt people.

Not a finger stirred,
Letting but my leaven
Work and God's own word,
Speak to men of heaven.

Gently, softly she,
Shall my India,
Guide invisibly
By the cross's way

Back into that golden,
Sweet age where her wish is,
By that peace enfolden
Hermitage of rishis.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Naked, stripped of vice
In the primal wood
Laugh in paradise
Simple, gentle, good.

Not until I come
And from pole to pole
Reign when Christendom
Earth is, shall man's soul,

Back through all the Babel
Of the tongues, through slain
Martyred, bleeding Abel,
Red, remorseful Cain,

Following me the way
Through renunciation
Conscience purge of clay
Meek through suffering passion.

Adam, Eve, God's garden
Through the soul's gate bliss
Enter, and in pardon
Weep out their amiss.

Why do your looks fall so
At my promises ?
Are ye others also
Doubting Thomases ?

Doubt not, verily, verily
Unto you I say
Not one word shall sterilely
Perish by the way

Of my prophecy.
Peter, thou my rock
Shalt in Rome for me
Make the West my flock.

BOOK II, CANTO III

And thou of my bosom
Best beloved, my John
Shalt make Asia blossom
With my words and sun.

Not alone, one schools
At Gamaliel's feet,
Hates you now as fools,
Shall in me grow sweet.

Fiercest persecutor
Hailing you to death,
Shall my post and footer
Be, my gospel's breath.

Half the world to scour
With you and make Rome
My eternal flower,
Asia, Greece, my home.

Rest you, well assured,
Not one age shall pass
By, but nations lured
Shall to me draw nigh.

Pray to be ensouled,
From the wolf and leopard,
In them, of the fold
Be where I am shepherd.

Joy I see is darting,
From the ten of you,
Faith that needs no charting
But thou Thomas dew

Of the drought of Ind,
Once more doubt bedazed,
Dost thou lag behind,
Wonderest thou amazed ?

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Thou whose finger pressure
Hath these wounded palms
Probed, and felt the blessure
That creation balms.

Whether in my power
Is it harder, say,
Out of dust to flower
Vivify my clay,

Break, for I am risen,
The devouring grave
Shatter nature's prism
Death my crouching slave.

Or to say, "Barbarians
Of the crimson set,
Where great waves at variance
Clash at ocean's feet

Dwelling, rise, obey
Thou Iberian maid,
Thou of fog lands gray
Daughter unafraid.

And thou Britoness
Virgin of the ooze,
Who the wave throngs press
Walk'st on wingèd shoes.

Rise ye from your far lands,
Gaul, and blue eyed German,
Christ's you are, his garlands
Roses out of Hermon.

Rise and in your ships
Haste, a torch race run
Where such long eclipse
Darkens dawn begun.

BOOK II, CANTO III

Thomas, my apostle,
 There my long-nursed candle,
Through the shouldering jostle
 Of rough years doth dandle.

O'er the tremulous
 Sparkling ocean heave,
Run ye emulous
 To come first and weave

Coronets composed
 Of souls emerald fresh,
Rubies I have rosed,
 Opals that I mesh.

Through the centuries,
 That with me are humming,
Your adventure is
 To await my coming.

Wilt thou Thomas anchor
 First in heaven cast,
Or with caution canker,
 Doubter to the last ?"

So in awful tone,
 Organ music grand,
Thrills me to the bone
 Pealing o'er the land

That prophetic sentence
 Of our risen Saviour,
Sobbing sweet repentance,
 Then, for his behaviour,

"Lord the doubting treason
 Of my wavering,
Crutched and limping reason
 See, away I fling.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

In the glorified
Holy passional
Of thy palms and side
Merge and lose it all.

Knowing invulnerable
From wounds, crucifixion,
Thee my master stable,
Rooteth, my conviction.

We from noble deeds,
Effort, aspiration,
Shall reflower like seeds
Through death's holy passion.

Such a faith I study
From the finger feel
Of thy blissful body,
School in such a zeal.

From the healing ripple
Of thy heavenly touch,
I my senses cripple
Throw away my crutch.

Leap and laugh and sing,
Yea, on wings I fly,
To do anything
That is hard and high.

Wise to go and lonely
In the high and far,
Faith's eye follow only,
Vision's glorious star.

Blown through peril's sky
Go I windier,
Than the butterfly,
On to India.

BOOK II, CANTO III

From the chrysalis
Of my brown despair,
I a fluttering bliss
Am already there.

Gaiety and hope as
Bright to flash and garnet
In the fiery topaz
Of thy love incarnate

To the Indian,
Sampling, will I show
How the soul of man
Can in Jesus glow.

On through desert Parthia,
On through rich Carmania
Toward faces swathier
And hot lands rainier.

O'er the river's five
Preaching will I go,
Make their waters wive,
All the gospels glow.

Take ship thence o'er Asia,
Seas that Malabar
Wash where souls, thy treasure,
In the spice-lands are.

Where the pepper dropping,
Clove and cardamum
Spice the air with hoping
Till their saviour come.

Smile not Lord that trouble
Danger flouting now
I shall froth and bubble
Never grasp the plough.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Plant the soul's infinity
In the lands of pearl,
Banner man's divinity
Over Indus swirl."

So triumphant pealing,
Organ music holy,
Through the rich air stealing
Through the melancholy

Pensive evening hush
Cometh to my ear,
In that angry flush,
In that sky of fear.

Seeming to repeat,
What St. Thomas said
To his master sweet
Risen from the dead.

O majestic organ,
Thunder winged with pain
Till thou slay the Gorgon,
Beauty's wrist unchain,

O triumphant tear,
Laughing out in glee,
Weeping in my ear
Christ's sweet prophecy,

When shall that day come,
Orb-wide rule of saints,
Glad millenium,
Which thy music paints.

O peal out the paeon
Of the high adventures,
Half run through Persean
Glorious tale of centuries.

BOOK II, CANTO III

When shall more than Danae's
Mighty son petrific
Looks from over Tanais,
Bring that stare terrific

With the horror dead,
With the lifeless face
Snake entempested,
Which heart-froze our race.

Slay the life devouring
Monster of the sea,
Human nature flowering
Toward perfection free.

Chosen elect of heaven,
Her the powers decide,
From her cradle even
Perseus' holy bride.

Cassiopeia's sin,
And her people's doom,
She is tangled in,
And her own sweet bloom.

Cepheus' daughter fair,
Nature's starry vaunt,
In whose proud compare
Sea-nymphs wail and want.

All that loveliest
Broods in man, she marries
Human nature's best,
For her Christ she tarries.

Not in China only,
Nor with Ethiop smirch
Stains she, stands she lonely,
Man's far soul, his church.



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Pale by every spray,
Lone by every rock,
Her the surges play,
Winds and waters mock.

Chains of rusting unbelief
Gall each lovely ankle,
Round her fair wrists fear and grief
Chafe, corrode and wrangle.

Every surge appals her
As with sickening pause
Time's long billow falls her
Those devouring jaws.

While beseeching eyes,
That lone beach upon,
Lifts she to the skies
For a champion.

Glides he to deliver her,
Steering on the breezes
Man's forlorn soul, a shiverer
Blown round with her tresses.

Speeds he on his way,
Wind wings shoe his heels,
When shall come the day
Shout ye organ peals ?

In the garden lingers he,
Near the dusking, say,
Shield far seeing fingers he
Hat that blinds the day,

Have the Hesperides,
Have those tall fair ladies,
Suffered him to seize
Hell's hat up from Hades.



BOOK II CANTO III

Ye in trust O serious,
Pensive nymphs of evening,
Apples' guard mysterious
Gray time's golden leavening.

In the fair fruit's shine
Ye have for mankind,
Greece, Rome, Palestine,
Sunned the golden rind.

Well have your fair eyes
Sentinelled the gleam,
Which from paradise
Hues Perfection's dream.

One side ye with beauty
Sunned, with Greece did steep,
Stern shade, Roman duty,
Made the other keep.

Chastened it with law
Lest it rot ere ripe,
Moses thrilled, and awe
Through the golden stripe

Tempering dark barbarity
Let the gospel's rain,
Shower in Christ's sweet charity
Alfred, Charlemagne.

Oft have your wise hands
Turned the globe of bliss,
O sagacious lands,
Toward the Gospel's kiss.

Francis burning love,
And Loyola sweet,
Streamed in from above,
Wesley's, Luther's heat.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

O what pagan gloom,
 What barbarian might
 Lurks to disillume
 In your hearts the light.

Wherefore, suddenly
 Break ye off your old
 Vigil maidenly
 O'er the globes of gold ?

Sparkles the old hate,
 Rancour, rivalry,
 Once more to frustrate
 Christ, Rome, Chivalry ?

Why ! the holy Canticle
 Of the Gorgon slaying,
 Hush ye now the frantical
 Western foam allaying

Hands and voices sisterly
 Interlinked, unweave ye,
 Where the waves dash westerly
 In grove, gardens leafy.

That the Goth his sandal
 Bind once more, and Hun
 Mount horse, and the Vandal
 Europe over run

Cities crash and fall
 Charles, Adolphus, Tilly
 Soil the virginal
 Christ-announcing lily.

That Napoleon, Louis,
 Earth with shuddering strain,
 Dye with man's blood'dew
 Europe drench again!

BOOK II, CANTO III

Hath the Gorgon gaze
Which man's orient rise
Eastward, darkling stays,
Peered into your eyes?

That ye drowse nor fee
Irretrievable
Ancient darkness steal
Over heath and fell,

When that pitchy umber,
O ye evening lands,
Will ye roused from slumber
Give to Perseus' hands.

And the sword of might
Blade of craft and power,
Which is your delight,
Yield to Danae's flower.

Sister sentinels
Who the way unknown
Where Medusa dwells
Know, and guard, alone.

History past things glassing,
Reason's mighty ray,
Hand to grey hand passing
In your eye of day

Graiae in the mist,
Science your one eye,
When will ye to Christ
Give that he go by.

Find her out the hard
World enmarbling stare,
Past the dreadful guard
Of the Gorgons there.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

And the blinding, blazing
Adamantine blade
Lifting, backward gazing,
Guided unafraid

By that far foreseeing,
Mirroring shield of Pallas,
Chase the horror fleeing,
Cruel, sensual, callous.

And that face heart-freezing
At the core of things,
By the hard net siezing,
Sever on wind-wings.

Unto man's race stooped
'Neath stupendous weight
Of millenial propp'd
History, our fate.

Unto us who pillar
Up the globe our doom
Glorious Gorgon-killer
When O when to come ?

Thrilling through the air,
We who pine, who break
With the world's despair
Organ music, speak !

To the world's dim edge
Either mighty wing
Steering, that heel fledge
When shall Perseus bring ?

Dead the serpent mystery
Beautiful, who hissed
Into Eve's ear history
And the bliss unblissed.

BOOK II , CANTO III

Lift before the tired
Waiting Titan's eyes,
Show the all desired
Admirable prize.

From the shoulder take,
From the straining knee,
All the Atlas ache
Of man's misery.

Thine the glorious office is
O thou bleeding spire,
To Christ's heavenly prophecies
Our sad earth to fire.

Chancel of St. Thomas's
And the peeling nave,
O ring out those promises
To our "Save, oh save".

To our misery
Bring down from the skies,
Over war-sick weary
Torn earth, paradise.

O peal out thy dream
Transept window blessed,
Though thou drip and stream
The ensanguined west.

From that blood-bath gory
Still 'tis Christendom,
The Hesperian story,
Can it, will it come ?

When shall Christ our Heracles,
Blot the monstrous past,
Out his crown of miracles,
Labour through at last.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Hath he yet descended
 Into pitch murk Hades,
Where each patriarch splendid,
 Where each mighty shade is,

From the nether night
 War, Plutonian hound,
Muzzled to the light
 Brought up chained and bound.

He with one word starry
 Banned the primal curse,
Battle, "Blessed are ye"
 Saying, "Ye peace makers".

They the sword who seek
 Shall by swords that burn
Perish, 'Nay your cheek
 To the smiter turn.'

Like the flowers that dress
 Fields with simple worth,
Blessed be and possess
 O ye meek the earth.

Yet as din and war
 Never yet had hushed,
'Neath his natal star
 At his coming crushed.

Those two serpents, battle,
 War, that earth alarms,
Spear and chariots rattle,
 Strangled in his arms.

When 'twas joy to hear
 Peal from hill to hill
Angel voices clear,
 'Peace on earth good will'.

BOOK II, CANTO III

With the bark of Cerberus,
With the hell hounds din
All that west is barbarous,
Pluto's bleeding inn.

As though warfare wild
Ne'er had found surcease,
In his grasp who smiled
Once on Mary's knees.

Europe, earth's peacemaker,
Strife and slaughter fill,
Over Christ's own acre
Sounds but one cry, 'Kill.'

Hoards more fierce than Attila's,
Harry, waste, o'er run
Europe's meadow battailous
Toward the dipping sun.

Goths yet more barbaric,
Heel o'er Danube's foam,
Crueller alike
With the shout, "To Rome."

Huns for death and plunder
Wild, yet now the archer
Shoots not, with him thunder
Foot for foot is marcher.

'Tis the Christian emperor
Now with pious sermon
Steels them, their sword's temperer,
Preaching God is German.

O great Germany
Science', learning's house,
Who earth's harmony,
Earth's peace didst espouse.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

God's profoundest scholar,
Nature's deepest eyes,
Surgeon of man's dolour,
Plummet of the skies.

Toiling brain of patience,
Hive of industry,
Pattern to the nations,
Who was like to thee ?

Thou with Goethe wise,
Beethoven sublime
Listening with rapt eyes
To the spherul chime.

O thou mighty eagle
Who on wings of fire,
Those two pinions Hegel,
Kant, did so aspire.

Thou baptised in pain,
First Christ's eaglet callow
Wast when Charlemagne
Ploughed thy heathen fallow.

In the morning shine
Of the first age rude,
Thou wast infantine,
Docile, serious, good,

And more glorious still
Did'st religion's eye
Europe's conscience thrill
With thy probity.

Argument

BOOK II

Cantor I--Even in the garden Adam seems to hear the longing of another who
 the power of soul and shell. He cries to his Master who bids him to be
 Yea! Suddenly he hears the deep, low voice of God calling him to
 name but he shrinks back in shame, conscious of his guilt. And he
 Adam that nothing takes place on earth without a word from God. The
 Whence comes and answers him in the name of the Lord who has always
 led in the name of truth. In the garden of Eden he is the first to
 know and good words. Adam might not be tempted by the serpent
 because for soon the tree of life will give him the knowledge of
 good. As evening comes and from the West the sun sets in the
 the deep night comes with the stars.

PART II BOOK III

Cantor II and III--Adam doubts whether God will be with him beginning and
 end can be moved by his will. The birth of Christ was
 come under the sign of the cross. Adam and Eve were in the garden
 with him, still, peace and love. The knowledge of the truth of nature
 God's presence. The words, the clouds of the sky, gold and
 precious stones from the depths of their minds are signs of their
 light and dark, their obedience and disobedience. The power of the
 spirit is shown in their hearts of truth and love and all that they do
 patiently waiting for the day when they will be with him in the
 extension of man.

Cantor IV and V--The two angels, Michael and Gabriel, are sent to
 man, warning him of the danger of disobedience. They come to him
 and to him and tell him that he must keep the commandments of God's word.
 This is the first time that the angels appear to him. He is told that
 he must keep his heart pure and his thoughts free from all evil. He
 must not let his eyes be drawn to the things of the world, but to the things
 of the spirit. He must not let his heart be divided, but must be whole.
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 of the spirit. He must not let his heart be divided, but must be whole.

Argument

BOOK III

Canto I—Even in his garden Adam seems to hear the jostling of armies and the scream of shot and shell. He cries to his Maker to hide him in his Vast. Suddenly he hears the deep creative voice of God calling him by name but he shrinks back in shame, conscious of man's guilt. God assures Adam that nothing takes place on earth without divine participation. Whatever kings and emperors might make of the earth man has always lived in gleams of eternity as his soul aspired towards his Maker through religion and good deeds. Adam should not be troubled by the battling nations for soon the fury of battle will give place to one tranquil sheen of peace. As evening descends and blots the world from his eyes let him in the deep hush converse with his Maker.

Cantos II and III—Adam doubts whether God who is without beginning and end can be moved by his foolish cry. Even after the birth of Christ man cowers under his tree of hate and pride. Adam asks God rather to commune with Nature, still, pristine and pure. The Himalayas, the tallest of mountains, declare God's greatness. The winds, the clouds of the sky, gold and precious stones from the depths of their mines are eager to greet their Maker and declare their obedience and innocence. The beasts in the forests complain to their Maker of man's cruelty and tell him that they are patiently waiting for the day when world-wide fratricide would lead to the extinction of man.

Cantos IV and V—Even the trees complain against man though they serve man, teaching him the sane wisdom of commerce as they carry him from land to land and lend their heart's pulp for inscription of God's words. They will tell their Maker how Christ the divine carpenter fashioned their wood into form and how his teachings were rejected by sinful man. But they still long for the unity that was theirs in Eden before separation came through Eve's disobedience. Adam tells God how the cicada calls to him and the fire-fly flashes its twinkling light, the birds sing and the flowers and butterflies display their colourful beauty to greet him. It is for them and not for man to sing the praises of their Maker, for though fashioned with love by his Maker through aeons of labour, man today flashes his sword at his Maker in defiance.

CANTO I

Through the cedar's rustle
O'er my orchard plot
Armies, armies jostle,
Scream of shell and shot.

Can the starry hush
Refuge none afford ?
Darkness owns to blush
War's ensanguined cross.

In that West I gaze on
I behold with pain
No unsuffering blazon,
Sunset's crimson stain.

Europe there and Asia
To kill, slay on fire
Burn as in a brazier
For thy coming ire.

O Thou first and last
Primal mystery,
Hide me in the Vast,
In the hush of Thee.

Where shall I him find
In this garden plot,
Nature ? Man were blind
Could he find him not.

From the garden mould
He my body framed,
With his thoughts ensouled,
Me his own child named.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

'Twas for me he made
Earth a Paradise,
Dappled sun with shade,
Canopied the skies.

With its myriad stars
Night he made for me,
Burst are daylight's bars ;
Soul, thy Maker see.

Over Eden fast
Falls the darkness now,
O Thou first and last,
Maker, where art thou ?

Thou didst star the heaven,
Didst Orion belt,
In the Pleiads seven
Thou art seen and felt.

Every star I see,
Trembling owns thy hand,
Thou infinity
Hast with glory spanned.

Worlds that dust the skies,
These my Father made,
One Creator wise :
Soul, be not afraid.

Stars with branches talk
Under cedars dim,
In the garden-walk
All things speak of him.

All things to proclaim
His approaching feet,
Their Creator's name
Breathe in whispers sweet.

BOOK II, CANTO I

Eden, as when first
Adam walked the sod,
Pure and unaccursed
Thrills to meet her God.

I, of Adam's seed,
O how simple, weak I
Shall I dare indeed
With my Maker speak ?

We with branded Cain,
Man's long fallen race,
Back to God would fain
History retrace.

Through the waste we roam,
Seeking from blood spilt
Paradise, our home,
And surcease of guilt.

Like his dreadless trees
Could I grandly tower,
Murmur like his breeze,
Smell sweet like a flower I

Yet the holy hush
Woos me to his feet :
With a virgin blush,
Soul, thy Maker greet.

As the first man heard
Speak through solemn shade
The creative Word,
Hid and was afraid,

Then, when tempest lours
Muttered, when to hear
Thunder first, the cowering
Guilt-confounded pair

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

In the conscious gloom
Of the fig-tree, bated
Breath, their awful doom
And mankind's they waited.

So with war's tornado
Tempesting the world
I in evil's shadow
In my guilt self-furled,

Heard in deep gloom hidden
Calling me, how sweet !
Through the trees of Eden
The Voice Infinite.

I in sore repentance
Naked, shorn of worth
Mankind's dreadful sentence
Looked for, nor came forth,

'Tis my Maker's voice !
Prostrate, meek I bow
Worship, quake, rejoice :
"Adam where art thou ?

Thou hast called me. Fear'st thou
Thus to feel me nigh,
Thy Creator, hear'st thou
Adam it is I.

Deep, majestic tones
Call me by my name.
Fear through all my bones
Shudders, joy and shame.

What sweet thunder calleth
Through the wood. Such terror
As Cain felt appalleth
Me for mankind's error.

BOOK III, CANTO I

'Trees, my heart empower I
Shield me, humble dust I
Give me little flower,
Thy unfearing trust.'

So I cry. And nature's
Solemn soul the trees
Flowers my fellow-creatures
Dust, the wandering breeze,

Sky and earth and air
Moved, or is it fancy,
All God's garden fair
Every rose and pansy,

Trees and flowers and grass
Seem to soothe my fear,
Softly comfort pass,
Whispering, 'God is here.'

Sure with peal stupendous
Thunder now did roll,
What sweet untremendous
Whisper shook my soul ?

Yet, while heart, brain staggerd
And the tongue froze dumb,
Every limb a laggard
Proved, with terror numb.

From my perishing
Members, one by one
She, a newborn thing
Struggles toward her sun,

As from long exile
Glad to reinsphere,
Woo her Father's smile,
Be to him how dear.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

I, in body dark,
 This main part of me,
Will, the active spark,
 Reason, memory,

All this doubting flesh
 Which all day at school,
Gropes in folly's mesh,
 Knows itself a fool.

I, God's gardener,
 Who to evening's end
Soul and body fair
 Weed and hoe and tend.

I, this upward sovereign
 Stature, all but wings,
Skyward, Godward hovering
 Adam, crown of things.

Flat on earth down-smitten
 With self-conscious stain,
That wild apple eaten
 That red fall of Man,

With blood, battle blind
 I can scarce for fear
To my Maker kind
 Answer, 'I am here.'

'Adam', thus it rang
 The creative word
As when light first sprang,
 As when darkness heard.

Chaos trembled then,
 The void universe
In melodious pain
 Woke, renounced its curse.

BOOK III, CANTO I

Aching all the formless
Atom world obeyed,
Into order stormless
Mustering, arrayed.

Through my aching, fluttering
Wild-shock world of man
Cosmic music uttering
Even so it ran ;

"Hear'st thou Adam ? Lonely
I from starry space
Stoop the One and Only
To behold thy face.

Upward sole of creatures,
In my image fashioned,
To behold those features
With my thoughts impassioned,"

Wisdom high and holy
Spoke to me, his gardener,
Adam, full of folly
Weeping without pardoner.

For God's Eden fair,
Sterile run to seed,
Roses in despair
And the clambering weed.

Since fresh dawn began
From the Saviour,
Since that morn of man
My behaviour,

All day loitering idle,
Letting leaf desires,
Slack the thorn to bridle,
Or suppress the briars.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Hoeing, loth to stoop, as
Digging, pluck the tare,
Now this giant upas,
This red sprout of war.

For my race in mourning,
Black from heel to head,
Swathed in sorrow, scorning
To be comforted,

As He spake exalting
In man's history, me,
All our huge defaulting,
All we ought to be

Rushed on me : Earth's story
Writ in blood and tears.
While stars, 'Glory, glory'
Sang and all the spheres.

Love's self from on high,
Pity infinite,
Strove to balm me, I
Wept to think of it.

All these nineteen hundred,
Blood-stained years, nay,
Since the Baptist thundered
Through the waste 'Repent ye.'

Every centuary,
Annodomini,
Robbed my tongue of speech,
And no answer I

Made, myself abbhorence,
Leper-loathing felt.
And sore-shamed in torrents
Of new tears I melt.

BOOK III, CANTO I

In the moss-grown place
Fallen, where afraid
Of God's face my face
I on earth had laid,

He the eternal Maker
In whom death's self lives,
Who that pearly nacre
To the morn-sky gives.

Whom to hear storm stilleth,
Sunset flameth, who
Flesh to me, my lillith
Gave and heaven's blue.

He eternal love,
Wounded to the core,
My sad spirit strove
But to balm the more.

"What, thou dreamest ? colour
Eats thee for I see
Through and through thee, cholor,
Shame, thyself to be.

What thou art these ages
Twenty, conscience-smitten,
Nineteen hundred pages
Not without me written,

Angel-wings on duty
Eden visiting
Ever more, its beauty
To declare and sing.

Of my gardener telling,
To recount thy ways.
All thy toils excelling
Loud are in thy praise.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Labouring, hedging, ditching
In the primal close,
Out of wildness witching
Eden and the rose.

These millenniums twain
In the light that beams
From the holy pain
Thou hast lived in gleams

Of eternity.
Out of bloodshed, strife
Stormy history
Led by Christ's sweet life.

Yea these ages twenty
Thou hast sword, spear, helm
Slighted, thy soul's plenty
Found in inward realm.

Whatsoever kings,
Emperors might make
Earth of, thou on wings
Adam, art awake

In cathedral spires
Yearning toward my skies
In the white-stoled choirs
Lifting cherub eyes.

In rich windows painting
Sweet religion's story,
Day's light dimly sainting,
Streaming Heaven's glory.

Sweet religion solemn,
Mother of man's soul,
Awe thou gav'st for column
Fear that makes man whole.



BOOK III, CANTO I

Whether London roar
Round thee, Paris, Rome
Thou hast taught to soar
Dreaming spire and dome

Toward infinity
Sighing which in stone
Dreamed imperishably
Shall for thee atone.

All the crimes of history
Madness, vain turmoil
Which around thee mystery
Rattle and recoil

There through vaults that tomb
Vanity, through nave,
Aisles of pillared gloom
Music wave on wave

Doth in anthem sweet
Pealed in litany
Prayer, the infinite,
Of thy soul's deep sigh

There in penitence,
Kneeling, thou didst oft
Self-scourged for thy sins
All thy spirit waft

Burning up to me
From the censer swing
Of soul agony
Incense rich and strong,

All thy acts of charity
In my treasury
Stored, thy pearls of clarity
Must I show to thee ?

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Thou to blind men letters,
Hast to poor men bread
Given, the slave from fetters
Hast enfranchisèd.

Thou with Howard soughtest
Out the prisoner sighing,
Thou with Damian broughtest
Love to lazars dying.

To the world's end fervent
Missionary thou,
Hast the Word's own servant
Been, its fruitful plough.

Whether Europe dasier
Green my Eden,
Or vast Pacific, Asia,
Christ for conqueror

Owens, the incense sweet,
Lovely candle yearn,
Strengthening Buddha's feet
Softening Islam stern,

With mild lustre streaming
In on the abodes
Of a thousand dreaming
Calm majestic gods,

Dark shapes, symbols crude
Of man's hopes and fears,
Faith's millennial wood
Sows from Asia's tears.

Idol forms that hazier
Glimmer, gods out-worn,
As religious Asia
Undusks towards morn.

BOOK III, CANTO I

As she seeks to nerve her,
That sunk Titaness,
Catch from Europe fervour
Out of passiveness ;

Westward glad to lean
As upon her vast
Thoughtful face the sheen
Of the cross is cast.

With Asoka's stupas
Working, fain to free,
Under hate's dark upas
Sitting, Adam thee

Truth, which now no Pilate,
Hard, clear-headed Roman
Turns from, jests to smile at,
Conquering all that's human,

No, nor murder red,
Caiaphas binds the girth
Of those arms outspread
To enclasp the earth,

Hope to circumscribe,
Quench in blood anew,
It hath caught the scribe,
It hath claimed the Jew.

Through all schools, philosophies,
Streams the man of sorrows
Love, whom no church ossifies
Kindleth man's tomorrows.

Kant his impress takes,
Comte but sings athrosthle
After him, he makes
Darwin his spostle,

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Whatsoe'er is proven,
 He through all things bleeds,
Jesus self is woven
 Through all climes and creeds.

Christ a ferment tender
 Works, a secret merit
Steers, an inward splendour,
 Helms the human spirit,

While her great heart dares
 In the cause of man
Arming unawares
 Beautiful Japan.

Through wise ancient China
 Making wlt h his dew
Laotsu diviner
 And Confucious true.

It hath worked, that leaven,
 Grown that mustard seed
Overshadowing heaven
 Filling every creed.

Since two arms outstrechèd
 Nailed upon a tree
Haven'd strife-torn wretchèd,
 Fallen humanity.

Doubt not from Atlantic
 Wave to Austral, he,
Soon that sky-bowed antique
 Son of Clymene

Stooping Atlantean
 Shoulders shall behold
Earth Hesperidean
 Bloom the age of gold.

BOOK III, CANTO I

Wherefore should'st thou sterile
Deem thy paradise
Through the chrisoberyl
Look of angel eyes.

Sheer down from the stars
Thou shalt see serene,
Battles, furious wars,
Grow one tranquil sheen.

From that sky peak specular
Listening thou with ears
Purged shall hear auricular
Chime the singing spheres.

As when angels sang
And from hill to hill
Their sweet anthem rang
'Peace on earth, good-will ?

Since my peace Britannia
O'er all seas doth banner,
Making isles and many a
Tropic shore 'Hosanna'

Shout for joy ; since France
Hath her wiser heart
Weaned from War's red dance
Either Bonaparte.

Wherefore should'st thou fear
For mankind, with these
Great Columbia
Sitteth o'er the seas,

Or if power-clad Germany
Europe's balanced calm
Arm to break, earth's harmony
Once again alarm,

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Once again Sadowa
To repeat Sedan
Europe's peace deflower
Make a Fall of man,

Why should that thy wonder
Breed ? Napoleon
Once like vollyed thunder
Flashed and he is gone.

That Cadmean field
With the dragon's teeth
Sowed by him must yield
Armed hosts beneath.

Tarry still in patience,
Tend thy Eden thou,
Let the battling nations
Hurtle. What if now

For a sign and wonder
Like a robe I doff,
Shake from my feet under,
Dust, the Romanoff.

Hapsburgh, Hohenzollern
Root up utterly,
Memory their sole urn,
What is that to thee ?

If old empire's crowns
Hurled be to the ground,
As Belshazzar once
Weighed and wanting found,

Heed not. Peacefully
Under cedars lonely
Take my hand and be
With thy Maker only.

BOOK III, CANTO I

Far from war's mad riot
In my garden plot
Nature, in the quiet
Thou for me hast sought.

My foot prints to meet
In tree flower that lurk
Of me tokens sweet,
In my handiwork.

In the solitude
With thee lo, I am
Let no thoughts intrude
Here of sword and flame.

Fear not O my son,
Feel thy Maker high
In the glade is none
Only thou and I ;

Betwixt thee and me
Now let nothing stand,
Day I bolt for thee,
Veil with darkness grand.

That no sight nor sound
Now betwixt us come,
I bolt out all bound
Bid the world be dumb.

Blank at my command
Without bound or shore,
I the simple, grand
Ancient dark restore.

Through a thousand eyes
Now I look at thee,
Bid thy soul surmise
My infinity.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Day I take that bars
From thy vision space,
Through a thousand stars
Bid thee see my face.

Gloom and hush I weave
Here where cedars talk,
That in cool of eve
Man with God may walk.

CANTO II

As a child through error
Of some feared disgrace
Cannot lift for terror
His fear-guilty face.

So from that communion
Which all wisdom is,
Mercy, Power,—in union
To be lost in bliss.

Down into my dust
Crawl I like a worm,
Blind to the august
Primal love, infirm.

Red earth, crimson water
Drag me down the stain
Of world-blushed-for slaughter,
Flanders, France, Louvain.

Struggling, writhing, weak
With my load of man,
Thus to him I speak
Who all knows and can :

"O my Maker wise
Sovereign, good and just,
How shall I lift eyes
Up to thee from dust,

From the vast of thee
All my senses reel
Thy infinity
Crushes me to feel.



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Wherefore for what cause ?
Thou who everywhere
Workest without pause
Making worlds thy care.

In repose unhasting
To a shout of stars,
Joy creative tasting,
Scope that knows no bars,

Casting and recasting
All things never summed,
Brooder everlasting
O'er thyself unplumbed,

Unbeginning, endless,
Self-sufficient, thou,
One alone, nor friendless
Maker, wherefore now

Hast thou here this night
To behold earth's face
Bared thy infinite
Eyelid which is space ?

Hast thou all the paeans
Of thy praise forsook,
So long after aeons
Upon earth to look ?

On a planet sad
That has lost its way
From the primal, glad
Morning of its day,

Earth, for good to seed in
Sterile and accursed,
Earth, thy tarnished Eden
Blackening to its worst.

BOOK III, CANTO II

Like ten thousand flashing
Suns, thy holy ken,
Angel brows abashing
Sips the souls of men.

Whom then seekest thou
With thy searching scan ?
Me, whom passions bow,
Me, who am but man ?

Me, whom earth my mother
Birth-marked did conceive
Spotted, Cain's own brother
Through and through with Eve.

On a wild prayer muttered
Lord, did thou not miss,
Light words, idly uttered,
To lay emphasis.

Maker, can it be
That my feeble cry
Foolish, frail to thee
Trembled up on high.

O thou pure and wise,
O thou good and just,
Turn away thine eyes
From my quaking dust.

Concious, troubled at
Power that knows no shore,
Earth-bound, fallen flat
Goodness vast before.

Wherefore dost thou bid me
Rise and walk with thee ?
I who shamed hath hid me,
Trembling, talk with thee ?

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

In the cool of even
Frankly meet thine eye ?
With thee, Lord from heaven,
Hold sweet converse, I ?

I, who past the ape
Forest and in brute,
Lose the sovereign shape
Tasting evil's fruit.

Adam, cowering
Still to hear thee call,
Eve, embowering
In a blush her fall.

Would'st thou summon me
From the world-old shade
Of temptation's tree
Shuddering, both afraid ?

O pass by, where Nature
Our lost paradise
Waits with every creature
Thy pure holy eyes :

Trees of thee applauded,
Flowers of thee approved,
Mountains thou hast lauded
Valleys thou hast loved.

Since creation's day
When the fifth was ended
And before thee lay
Thy fair world commended,

In the searching beam
Of thy scrutiny,
Perfect like a dream
Ere men's mutiny.

BOOK III, CANTO II

Ere thy after-thought
Adam stepped elate,
In thy image wrought,
With his lovely mate.

Eden sweet ere man
Did pollute, intrude,
Virgin to thy scan
Bloomed and all was good.

Wherefore this black year,
Nineteen-seventeen,
Reeking blood and fear,
Eden once so green,

Would'st thou from above
Visiting thy garden
Scan the Cedar grove
Where with crime I harden ?

Would'st thou O Creator
Walking Paradise,
Bring me forth the traitor
To thy glorious skies ?

Me, who sunshine blotch,
Stain thy maiden moon,
Adam, earth's reproach,
Who the brooks untune.

Jest of beast and bird,
Mockery of the flower,
Who when thee I heard
Hid me, shamed to cower,

Marry flat my face,
These blush-guilty cheeks
To the conscious place
Where my frailty speaks

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

As the man first-born
 Know me who shall fare
Branded with thy scorn
 Cain, my brother's slayer.

From the watery close
 Of the world long sunken,
Cursing I arose,
 Noah, naked, drunken.

Jacob in my cottage
 Know me who can thiefe
With a mess of pottage
 Esau's birthright, weave

Subtle, smooth the leasing
 Of the hairy arm,
Fetch my father's blessing,
 Filch and think no harm,

See me, thine own people,
 Jacob's sons, a dart
Shoot through my own feeble
 Doting father's heart.

Jealousy's corrosive
 Rankling, see my knavery
Well-belovèd Joseph
 Selling into slavery.

From a fountain muddied
 So I blotch and speak
Down to brother bloodied,
 Hard Abimelech.

David, sensual, cruel,
 Yea and canst thou, Lord,
As the man thy jewel
 Name me and record

BOOK III, CANTO II

After thy own heart,
Warrior, singer, doer,
Who can Ahab's part
Play to rob the poor,

Solomon, the glorious,
Israel's palmiest day,
I drag down uxorious
Back into my clay.

Down from heaven beholding
Me, thy planets curse,
With thy gaze emboldening
Better, Lord, not worse ;

Think'st thou me to find
Happier, wiser, milder,
Since my spirit sinned
Since the snake defiled her.

Since thy love arose
From the stern power's patience
To unthorn earth's rose,
Balm the bleeding nations,

Since thy pity's well
Gushed with heavenly breach
Us who make a hell
Of thy earth to reach,

Since the lovely visit
Did revivify
All things, (was it, is it ?
Annodomini ?)

Thinkest thou to see
"Neath millennial shade
Of temptation's tree
Less with guilt afraid

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Adam cowering,
Aught less terrified
Neath his bowering
Tree of hate and pride,

All is good before thee
As thou passest, see
Each fair thing adore thee
Saying, "He made me".

Each shall sing and say,
"Lord, thy holy will,
From my natal day,
Joying I fulfil."

Tallest of thy mountains
Pass, where Himalaya,
Sheer heights, forests, fountains
Thy great hand declare.

Hills thy heavenly finger
Raised, the eternal rest
Of white Kunchunjing,
Sovereign Everest.

Dazzling-peaked consistory.
Each its billowing roll
Shall show thee, the mystery
Of its moutain soul.

Thy creative hand
Rocks shall, without shame,
Towering gorges grand
Gloriously proclaim.

Valleys shall flower vernal
As thou passest by,
Ever-green eternal,
Pinewoods know thee nigh.



BOOK III CANTO II

Oak to elm thy praise
Whisper, and the fir
Of thy glorious ways
Be remembrancer.

Cloud out-topping candid
Pinacles of ice
Say, "He made us splendid
We are his device."

And the virgin snows
Shall confess to thee
Their divine repose
Naked purity.

And the winds shall windier
Speak in solemn tune ?
"We o'er sun-baked India
Shepherd thy monsoon.

We, thy hounds of air,
Our flocks hither thither
Drive, the cloudlets fair,
Lest creation wither."

Roaming the blue ranges,
Clouds shall sing in rain,
"We replenish Ganges,
Lord, we drench thy plain.

We thy Eden water.
Pour from plenteous urns.
Rain, thy lovely daughter.
When the parched land burns.

We thy firmament
Wash pure, beautiful
Make, with colours paint
Morn and evening cool.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Exhalations thin,
Mists diaphanous,
Drest that glory in
Thy hand clothéd us.

We our gorgeous solemn
Architecture beautiful
In the west up-column,
In the east build dutiful."

Rattling thunders clamorous,
Shaking the gloom'd land,
Shall with flashes amorous
Lick their Maker's hand.

Saying, "Through the pride
Of the topmost oak
Still for thee we guide
Lord, thy sulphurous stroke.

For a terror, menace,
Unto man's heart proud
We our fearful tennis
Bandy through the cloud.

Yet to souls that fear
Their Creator show
We but purge the air
Harmlessly below

Sheath thy crooked sabre,
Lightning, safe in earth
And thy groaning labour,
Tempest, bring to birth,

Walk where Eden's founts
Purest glory wind us,
Ganges from the mounts,
Pison, ancient Indus,

BOOK III, CANTO II

Pison thou shalt see it,
That majestic river
Which to thy great "Be it"
Sang and shone a-quiver.

O'er Havilah's land
Walk, the onyx-stone,
Bdellium, at command
Shall thy glory own.

No such smouldering fagot,
As they show to man,
Brighter there the agate
And cornelian

Kindle shall, the garnet
And the topaz be
In such hues incarnate,
As but thou canst see.

And the moonstone fair
Shall be twice her glow,
And the opal rare
All her sea-moods show ;

Show the secrecies
Of their being's bliss
To their Maker's eyes
Hues our frail eyes miss.

Such bright looks of glory,
As but angels raise,
When they flashed to story
Forth their Maker's praise,

Shall the diamond,
Fallen Eve's vanity,
From earth's gloom profound
Sparkling lift to thee

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Facets more in millions
Unto thee disclose,
In her uncut brilliance
Than the goldsmith knows.

There the emerald
Shall a lovelier green,
Than our eyes have spelled,
To her Maker mean

Such glad vivid freshness
Show as Eden's glade,
As ere leaves that neshness
Learnt and grass to fade

Eden's verdure fair,
And the balas ruby,
Priceless grow and rare,
Pigeon's blood in hue be,

Crimson deep to know thee,
And her sovereign sister,
Such glad smile shall glow thee,
As when day hath kissed her

Dawn shows : and the sapphire,
Amethyst and turquoise
Heavenlier shall laugh fire,
Dwelling where no murk is

In their Maker's eye
Whence a memory
Shines the morning sky
And the noonday sea.

There too glittering shining,
By Havilah's flood,
Gold without refining
Shall to thee seem good.



BOOK III, CANTO II

Gold, which Adam saw
Gleaming in its bed,
And to Eve with awe
Turned and smiling said,

"See a thing that blesses
Eye and heart with light,
But thy holy tresses,
Eve, are far more bright.

And a ray more tender
From thy gaze there darts,
Than that heartless splendour,
Laughing out of quartz."

So he spoke, and Eve
Sighing turned away,
For her heart did grieve
Why she could not say.

So he spoke, the hideous
Bane of all his children,
Auguring,— perfidious
Gold, mankind's bewildering.

Gold in paradise,
Once more virgin cold,
In her Maker's eyes,
Shall exult, be bold.

Guiltless, no more laden
Man's scape-goat, to thee
Saying, "I am maiden,
Lord of history.

Virgin to my God,
Since the seed of Cain,
In the land of Nod,
Murdered me again.



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

From the mine to bring me,
Ruffian ingots red,
Through the world to wing me
For corruption bred.

For old age's wrinkle,
Youth's umblushing riot,
Miser's fast, the tinkle
That is death to quiet.

Gold the unkingly bargain,
Conquerors drove the fate,
Thothmes, Rameses, Sargon
Earth to desolate.

Thou who gavest me,
As the touchstone sure
Of man's heart, to see,
Test, if that be pure.

O my Maker wise
See me, how I keep,
Still the secrecies
Of my elder sleep.

Where thy waters flow
Unknown subterranean,
Deep I hide my glow
Under rock and canyon.

Glorying to sun,
In thine eye alone,
Million seamed I run,
Through thy mountain's bone.

Past the utmost reach
Of man's avarice,
Rock-blast, boring breach,
I, thy bright device,

BOOK III, CANTO II

Where thou hiddest me
See, with silver pale
How I keep for thee
Lord, thy glory's trail.

That conception pristine,
Which thy sun's gold shine,
Flamed so clear, doth mist in
Moonbeam argentine."

CANTO III

Virgin Nature's Eden,
Whereso'er thou goest,
Shall her Maker's hidden
Works and wonders boast.

All the thronging team,
Of rich life and breath.
Which would half redeem
With their beauty, death.

Though her cheek to blush,
Old infection paint.
Though her holy hush
Tingle with our taint.

Eden's battered bliss,
Shipwreck'd paradise,
All the vast amiss,
Saddening in her eyes.

She shall fall before thee,
Shamefaced thee to know,
Humbly kneel, adore thee
All her marvels show.

All she strives to mend,
Following in awe,
Wonder without end.
Mercy's heavenly law.

What creative patience,
Thy world-hindered hands,
Thy slow wisdom fashions,
And to her commands.

BOOK III, CANTO III

Marvels which despite
All Eve's sin results in,
Maugre lost delight
Glorying she exults in.

Miracles to right
That world wrong of Eve,
Maugre lost delight
She would half retrieve.

How she strives the horrors
Of the primal curse
Babels huge, Gomorrahs,
Softly to reverse.

All the devilry,
Bloodshed, cruel strife
Which the revelry
Of the man and wife

'Neath the tree of sin
Opened eyes to know,
One's self-joy to win
By another's woe.

As beneath some banyan,
Many-daughtered fig,
Californian Canyon,
Knows no tree so big.

Adam rose and Eve
From the joyless surfeit,
Which mankind doth grieve,
Knew their bliss was forfeit

When in shame they cowered,
Shorn of innocence,
And through Nature loured
Storm and gloom intense.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Lightning flashed and thunder
Broke, the sign to give,
Concord, peace should sunder
From all things that live.

Adam to Eve pointing,
Sadly in the sky
Showed that first disjointing
Of world-harmony.

From that fig-tree shroud
They the death of love
Knew against the cloud
Eagle chasing dove.

Shivering, cowering, naked
While the hailstones pattered,
While their sad hearts achèd,
At the sweet bliss shattered.

While with bitter boding
Heart-rent he and she,
Felt from them unloading
All sad history.

Saw in that fresh flower,
Faded now with pain,
Fierce Cain angry tower,
Gentle Abel slain.

Saw by no plough arable,
Conquest earth with spears
Blast, the unenarable
Cruel pomp of tears.

Haughty Pharoah's story and
Caesars that should come.
Spain, the Macedonian
Greece, Assyria, Rome.

BOOK III, CANTO III

Yet a keener dart
 Then perhaps there smote
More compunction's smart
 Through their breasts to note

Under leafage vernal,
 Once to one soft breeze,
Vivid, fresh, eternal
 Rustling Eden's peace,

Where in summer shade
 All the beasts in awe
Round them gambolled, played,
 Made their looks a law

Owning but the curb
 Of their sinless eyes,
Innocence superb
 Whence came paradise.

There where autumn sober,
 Tempest-shaken now,
Leafless with October,
 Wept each moaning bough.

How their hearts did rue
 Lion on the steer
Leaping fierce, to view
 Panther mangle deer.

Even the tiger cruel,
 Sombre star of doom,
Leaf-pent burning jewel
 Of mid-forest gloom,

Shall his Maker seek,
 Unto Thee on high
Crouching, fawning, meek,
 Lift his glowing eye.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Meekly tamely fawning
To the terrible
Hand that for adorning
Striped his fiery fell,

He no ingrate shall,
For thy meat his prey,
Come to thee at call
Lick his chops and say :

“Maker, in thine eyes
Innocent I am,
Who in paradise
Couchèd with the lamb.

Till the rash inhuman
Bold theft made the rifle,
Till pernicious woman
Eden's bliss did stifle.

Thou a cover green
Unto me dost give
With my tigress queen
And my cubs to live.

There I see them play
Suck their mother's teats,
Waiting for the day
When no beater beats.

When creation's tyrant,
No more cowardly,
Seated sky-aspirant
Lets blaze after me

Since the rifle slumbered,
Gone to some great war,
That his days are numbered,
Forests glooms declare.



BOOK III, CANTO III

Singing whisper-laden
That thy earth though late
Purged of man shall maiden
Grow immaculate.

Then before thee, Lord
Shall I worship free
From this loathed abhorred
Fierce necessity.

This sad need to grapple.
Kill, gorge appetite,
Which from Adam's apple
On all beasts did light.

Gone the two that were
Cause of all amiss
Every other pair
Shall re-enter bliss.

In thy ark of safety
Taken two by two
When the proud unthrifty
Giant sons of woe,

Mankind shall the measure
Of their deeds have filled
By the gun their treasure
Mutually killed.

Thy lost paradise
Thou once more shalt see
Laugh and dance grown wise
In simplicitty."

There with trumpet screaming
Shall the elephant
Seek in forest dreaming
Thee who earth's giant

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Made him for a show,
From the monstrous prime
Left so huge to go
Docile, sage, sublime.

As when Adem heard
Those first trumpetings
And while Eve demurred
Gentlest of all things

Which the Maker fashioned
Showed, his wrinkled hide
Towering back and patient
Majesty to stride.

To the king of Eden
Humbly low he louted
For their sport unbidden
Half Euphrates spouted.

Agile trunk he flourished
Under forests shady
Showed the love he nourished
For earth's lord and lady.

(O the difference
'Twixt the now and then,
O the insolence,
Trampling pride of men).

He the forest's mystic
Male lord of the herd
Shall pace forth majestic
Greet thee unafraid.

Saying, 'Thanks and praise
Maker good to thee
For my length of days
Might and majesty.



BOOK III, CANTO III

For the brow sagacious
And the sensitive
Nimble touch-capacious
Trunk by which I live

See how I fulfil
Lord, my being's law
Moving like a hill
All things overawe.

Relic, still a sample
Of old might I shake
Earth with snort and trample
India's forest—quake.

Though my days be evil
Blazed at now with powder
Though creation's devil
Man be on my howdah.

Yet ancestral ease,
In old teak-woods high,
Where the centuries
Idle and go by,

Giv'st thou still, my sultry
Solitary haunt,
Where thy lovely poultry,
Peacocks plumage flaunt.

Where our drink some river
Glad to float us is,
Where the green leaves shiver
Over lotuses.

Under noonday chequer
Of thick unbrage high
Where the lone wood-pecker
Laughs, and deer go by.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

There majestically
Wait I with disdain,
Till the sons of folly
Shall have worked out pain.

Till with dwindling span,
Bitter, harsh, undocile,
Brother-slaying man
Lie in earth a fossil.

When the elder glory
Tarnished now no more,
Eden's blissful story
Thy hand shall restore.

Paradise for beast,
Bird, the earth shall shine,
Angel eyes to feast
Manless and divine.

CANTO IV

Whether land two-rivered
And the date-palm be
Witness of what shivered
Eden's unity.

Or the strifeless meadow
Be Taprobee
Eden's lovely shadow
Isled in violet sea.

O' sky-piercing isle
Surely thou dost keep
One soft summer smile
Of lost Eden's sleep.

Mountained o'er the motion
Of the tremulous
Sparkling, solemn ocean,
Thou that keep'st for us

Our first father's sad
Footprint, that old scar
Of the trespass bad
Or Damann the far,

If her paradisal
Balmy shore the rather
Smile thy sweet reprisal
For our crimeful father.

There by cocoanut coasted
Seas, as thou shalt walk,
Branches Eden boasted
Whispering shall talk.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

While far showing seas
Hush with one accord,
Eden's glorious trees
Worship shall their Lord.

For the tamarind
Shall the blissful hour
Mind ere man who sinned
Turned his sweet fruit sour.

There the spur of diet,
That world-wafted tree
Fiery from thy fiat
Pepper, thou shalt see.

She with nutmeg, clove,
Cinnamon shall say,
"Ingrate man we love
Lord, and serve alway".

We with spicy sting
Man's cloyed appetite.
Into Eden wing
Savour lost delight.

To redeem the hellish
All distasting fault
Mind him of the relish
Savoury without salt.

Of the herbs and roots
Adam ate and Eve
Cooked not, juicy fruits
Ere he learnt to thief.

Flesh for each green sallet,
Ere he learnt to kill,
Pall, perverse his palate,
Stomach all things ill.

BOOK III, CANTO IV

Either lovely vagrant
 Out of Eden's hush,
Lime-tree, balsam fragrant
 Shall her rich soul crush,

Her delightful essence
 Breathe out, wing to home her
In the eternal presence
 Whence she caught aroma.

Flame of forest she,
 Who still fires the blue,
That rich canopy
 Hangs which Eden knew.

She shall to adore thee,
 Perishably burning,
Fall in flowers before thee
 Strew thy way with yearning.

All her fairy grasses,
 Swaying thee to woo,
Shall with shimmering faces
 Wave the slim bamboo.

She who Eve's own care
 Knew, of dreamers all
Fragile most and fair
 Delicately tall.

And the mighty teak,
 Toughest Indian Oak,
Murmur : 'Lord not weak
 Thou mad'st me. The yoke.

'Tis thy cross I suffer
 Gladly go surge-beaten
Through rough seas and rougher
 Ind to wed with Britain.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

That man brother man
Clasp and far shores meet
Either Aryan
Grow in Japhet sweet.

Nation's deluge sundered,
Sons of Ham the dark,
Japhet, Shem far-wandered
Save I in my ark.

As when Noah hoary
Shipwright of the flood
Felled the living glory
Of my iron wood.

While with might and main
Hasting his three sons
Shaped my wormless grain,
Shaped and smoothed at once.

While thy wrath he feared,
Anxious looked on high,
While his snowy beard
Streamed against the sky.

'Gainst the gathering, muttering
Far off tempest cloud,
Thy severe wrath uttering
To o'erwhelm the proud.

While the giants laughed,
He my frame dismembered
Joining thy world-raft
Gloriously timbered.

Even as then to save
Him thy awful hest,
From the world's one wave
Plucked with bird and beast.

BOOK III, CANTO IV

I through waters whelming,
 'Tis thy awful will,
Rainbowed high—go helming
 Mercy's purpose still.

O'er the flood far worse
 Of their giant hates,
That world-drowning curse
 Nothing mitigates.

Noah's family
 Disbranched o'er the waters,
Make retrace their tree,
 Noah's sons and daughters.

Since the fiat urged us
 From the fruit forbidden,
Since the Flood submerged us
 Pointing man to Eden.

Lord not I alone
 But whatever breeze
Stirs us or makes moan,
 We thy garden trees,

Stout elm, chestnut, oak
 Pine of Norway fiord
Bear thy blessèd yoke
 Serve thy uses, Lord.

Tall masts fairy sails
 Crying to all lands
'Naught your strife avails
 Greet, shake friendly hands.

City, hands to city
 Reach, sink envious Cain,
The salt seas with pity
 Sweeten, mutual gain.'

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Saying, 'Adam's seed
Whom the tree of ill
Lessons, pride and greed
Part and sunder still.

If God's tranquil bow,
If undeluged earth
School you not to know
The long suffering worth

Of his sovereign mercy,
If beneficence
Infinite not pierce ye
Into penitence,

All his loving kindness
Showered in each day's sun,
O unseal that blindness,
Hush your strifes, be one.

Let sane eyes of commerce,
Mutual interest,
Shame your warfare, from us
Learn God's holy rest.

That tranquillity,
Which not stars disdain,
Which we imaged see
On the glassy plain.

Six days labour thou,
Speaks their glorious shine,
Reap and thresh and plough
Then God's rest divine.

Peaceful, fruitful labour,
Contemplation sweet,
'Tis enough, the sabre
Why, or Cain's red feet ?



BOOK III, CANTO IV

Be forgot Napoleon,
Xerxes, Eve's amis,
Cannonade nor volley on,
Blot out Salamis.

Nay not valour's chrism
Name as Trafalgar,
Love's wise heroism
Spikes the guns of war.

All lands be to all
Debtors. This we teach
Credit bind earth's ball
This thy gospel preach.

Seeking if we may,
Back through jealous Cain,
Eden's blissful day
To restore again,

Eden lost endeavouring
Man's crime to retrieve,
That world-strangering, severing,
Covetous guilt of Eve.

With thy pleasure's cup,
Brown ale, coffee brown,
Fill the wrinkles up
Of man's envious frown.

(O simplicity
Lost, that naked glory,
Innocence and peace,
O that apple's story !)

Thou who didst so pity them,
Clothed their bodies frail,
Still dost house and city them,
Soothe their nature's ail.



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Thou to robe and cover us
 Surpliced hast with sails.
Laid thy own hands over us,
 Priests of more than bales,

We thy living word,
 The caged soul's release,
Like a lovely bird
 Carry, singing peace.

In our heart's pulp glorying,
 Lord, we bear thy name,
In our dead pith storying
 Love whence all worlds came.

Whence the heavenly spangle
 Showing how the tree
Tempted, whence the wrangle
 Deluge, misery.

How man's Babel towered,
 Showing Nimrod's greed
How one nation flowered
 Thy truth, Abram's seed.

All they saw, felt, suffered,
 One small branch of Shem
To fair Japhet offered
 Dark Ham, saving them.

All that glorious ladder
 Bear we rungs to heaven
Whereby meeker, sadder
 Man's soul climbeth shriven.

Through the brand of Cain,
 Through the curse of war
Seeking to regain
 Paradise afar.

BOOK III, CANTO IV

Never but to story,
That for which sad heaven,
Earth, stars "Glory, glory"
Sing like souls forgiven.

Never towering trees,
Thy creation's boast,
Who of Eden's breeze
Murmur, whisper most,

Had we to the axe
Tops disdainful bowed,
Paid our hearts a tax
Paper's blanch to cloud,

Had we our indignant
Souls each lofty lisper
Given, but large, benignant
Leafy life to whisper,

How a man might grow
Once more like a tree,
Eden's freshness know,
Like a flower be,

Like a child or flower
Laugh in heaven's pure rain,
As in Eden's bower,
Simple, sweet and plain,

Like a flower or child
Laugh and weep for glee,
Throw large shadow mild
Fearless like a tree,

For the "Verily, verily"
Israel spurned, whose sooth
Sweetened Sinai's sterilely
Hard, majestic truth.



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Heavenly words we hear,
Which makes mankind's breath,
Which a carpenter
Framed in Nazereth.

Gladly yet with awe
To his blessed hands
Yielding to his saw
Who should plane the lands

Whose sweet carpentry,
While the saw-dust flew,
Aimed Heaven's empery
Out of souls to hew.

He shall Adam's bevel
Plane and Eve's warp smooth,
He shall mountains level,
Death, the worm, untooth.

Adam's righter know we
In those gentle eyes,
Who should earth all dewy
Reimparadise.

Nazareth its round
Ran of drowsy iife,
In the world one sound,
Hate and war and strife.

In that workshop lowly,
In that humble dwelling,
O the wonder holy
Earth to sky was telling.

Awful heaven to earth
Gazed down, every tree
Whispered of a birth
That was big to be.

BOOK III, CANTO IV

Stony streets his home,
Trivial spite and scandal,
Trampling mighty Rome
And the coming Vandal.

Seething restless Jewry,
Proud, self-righteous, narrow
And the Parthean fury
Furbishing its arrow.

Nazareth incredulous
Saw but Joseph's son,
We, his tasked hands sedulous
Wrought and toiled upon,

Dead wood, trunks undying,
Skeletons of trees,
Breathed revivifying,
Blowing Eden's breeze.

Bed and beam, rafter
At his blessed touch
Knew creation's laughter,
Felt the lame world's crutch.

Gladly, Lord, we heard
Love whence all worlds came,
Thy creative word
From his mild lips flame.

That small synagogue,
Trees without entranced,
Hearers like a log
But our green leaves danced.

Where from out the briery,
Thorny waste, the hush,
Through temptation fiery,
Home he came to crush

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

From his own soul's grape
Charity divine
Warm, man's weakness shape
Water into wine.

Justice angelical,
Adam's self denial,
Pressed from out the fall
Through temptation, trial.

Phoenix glorious
Out of Adam's ashes,
Sprung victorious,
All that Eve abashes.

Love thy word creative
Fired his feet with zeal,
Nazereth's dear native,
Craggy heart to heal.

Hearts that hungry pelf
Withered had to stone,
Desert, barren self,
And the Rabbi's bone.

Who is this Isaiah
With an angel's tongue,
With a prophet's fire
Reads ? What stranger young ?

How his face's shining
Awed all hearts, the clerk
Gave the book, divining
No child playmate, hark !

Hath the breath eternal
Blown, what breeze hath stirred ?
Paradise is vernal
In his lovely word.

BOOK III, CANTO IV

Hard ears drownsed in dulness
Heard like raindrops lyring
Human nature's fullness
Tender, strong, aspiring.

'Twas the paradisal
Sward, the primal dew,
Which would from reprisal
Wean from Cain the Jew.

No incensed Messiah
In the clouds a-coming.
Judgement fierce as fire
For the nations humming.

In his gentle look,
In his tone was Eden,
Spears to pruning-hooks,
Swords to plough-shares beaten.

Minds grown coldly rational
With the Sadducee,
Hearts made hotly national
By the Pharisee

Heard in blank astonishment,
'Twere as though a rock
Should the sweet admonishment
Of the rain-drop mock.

"Who is this presumptuous
Mocks our nation's glory,
Solomon the sumptuous,
David's splendid story?"

Wrathfully they smiled
Full of pride's corrosive,
"Why 'tis Mary's child,
It's the son of Joseph.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

We have heard the rumour,
Of thy works, a sign,
Prove thyself a Comer,
Let not Nazareth pine,"

"Stony hearts whose home
Is a mountain crag,
Not a smile, I come,
All lands, Israel's brag,

Adam's children parted,
Hates I come to bind,
Heal the broken hearted,
Balm the suffering mind.

Not the conqueror's crown
But the captive's chain,
Not the warrior's frown,
Anguish, weakness, pain.

That the lame may leap,
And the deaf rejoice,
Shepherd to his sheep,
They shall know my voice.

Sorrowing with sorrow,
To the blind eye vision,
I the soul's fresh morrow
Come to break man's prison.

Dark Carpernum,
From me ye refuse,
Shall her widow's crumb
Double and her cruise.

Laugh thou leper Nazereth,
In thy Judaism
Half Greek, low Gennesareth
Waits my healing 'chrism,"

BOOK III, CANTO IV

Winter, at that word
Eden's fadeless glory,
We recalled, the bird,
Joy unmigratory.

O dry ground unmeadowy
Dost thou thine own root
Scorn, that springs up shadowy
To feed earth with fruit.

Sweet annunciation,
We that gospel dew
Drank in soft elation,
Rustling 'gainst the blue.

Branch and bird and blossom
Felt that stealing dawn,
Nazereth's hard bosom
Knew not, mocked her morn.

So 'twas ever, prophet,
No man yet hath shone,
Spurned, contemned to laugh at,
Native ground upon.

So Serepta only,
And a woman poor,
To Elijah lonely,
Wandering oped the door.

Famished, pined was filled
Syria's leader leprous,
So Elijah healed
Cancerous hearts and viprous.

Through our souls umbrageous
Admiration ran,
As he towered courageous,
No tree, but a man.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Through our umbrage dense
Joy there ran and grief,
Shivering dark suspense,
Through our every leaf.

As in anger hot,
Ah ! not trees but men,
Rose each patriot,
Caught the world's sweet, then

To their hill's brow led him,
Stony Nazereth,
Mad to fling and bed him
In Tarpean death.

Father brother bade him
Soothe his angry people,
'O blind shoots of Adam,'
Through our leaves did ripple.

Mothers sisters cried,
Law to Doctors leave,
But our green leaves sighed,
'Oh dull slips of Eve !'

'Nazerenes, what do ye
To your own fame's palm ?'
Leafy counsel blew we
Dodonean.

To our boughs oracular
Had they listened then,
Scorned the mere spectacular,
Known the hope of men !

But the spirit's power
From their hands released
History's glorious flower
And the brightening East.

BOOK III, CANTO IV

While Capernium's
 Lowly fishers he
Taught the peace that comes
 Selfless, sweet to be.

Where the lake's wave still is
 By Tiberius,
He to men and lilies
 Preached, and humble grass.

Rich men smiled to hear
 How weak flowers outbravèd
In their pomp that rare,
 Splendid son of David.

And the rich young man,
 Who with inward day
Had a lily sprung,
 Grieving went away.

But the lilies danced,
 Grasses waved for glee
Knowing who advanced
 Light, simplicity.

Flowers so idly fair
 Felt, and simple grass
Who that carpenter
 Like a lily was,

And the holy sheen
 Recognised, whose power
Should forever green,
 Eden re-embower.

Lilies recognised
 Who than Solomon
Greater was, emprized
 Raiment never spun.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

And to rustle o'er him,
O what joy was ours,
Strew a path before him,
Shade his pensive hours.

Love it is who spake,
Who from heaven's deep blue
Shall the sad tinge take,
Earth, trees, flowers renew.

Mercy, Pity, Love,
How it drops below,
We who gaze above,
Trees, herbs grasses know.

Out of lightnings fiery,
Out of Power it cometh,
Thunder is its eyrie,
In the storm it hummeth

How man's soul within
May Heaven's kingdom find
Freed from Adam's sin
And corruption's rind.

Love to end man's troubles,
And that suffering people's,
Love, whence life's self bubbles,
Waft we o'er the ripples.

Love within two covers,
Bound some hundred pages,
To make all men lovers,
Salve the bleeding ages.

Who, in Eden's glade
Felt thy presence walk
Through our glorious shade,
Oft with thee did talk.



BOOK III, CANTO IV

O' fraternal union
 Unfelled, joy and ease,
O divine communion,
 Maker with his trees.

Till the one tree bad
 Broke the calm serene,
Poisonous knowledge sad
 Gave to Eden's queen.

Gave the glittering cunning
 Axe to Adam's hand,
Stroke appalling, stunning
 Crash of tall trees grand.

O sad sound that frightened
 First the shy sweet Dryad,
All our green glooms nighted,
 Made plunge quick the Naiad.

Brothers sundered far
 On all shores we pine,
O'er all seas that are,
 For the glade divine.

Though we mourn far-wandered,
 Hard-wood, ebony,
Black from Eve's unpondered,
 Act, mahogany.

Though the cypress smirch
 And the yew for woe,
And the sunny birch
 Silver o'er the blow.

Weeping with the willow,
 Sighing with the beech,
That all-sundering billow
 Mourned by leafy speech,

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Yet by one blue hope
Taught, remembering
Eden, leaves that drop
Winter's icy sting.

CANTO V

There shall the cicada
On the tree bark humming
Know who doth regard her
Through the forest coming,

To the nightingale,
Passionate and sweet,
Saying, "Thy lovely tale
Sister, O repeat

For his heavenly ear
Who the blind world sight
Gave and days bright fear
Shores with starry night.

Who when silence only
Brooded deep, profound,
Chaos vast and lonely
Broke the hush with sound."

There the fire-fly
Shall her lamp of beauty,
Glimmering, pulsing by,
Show where night most sooty,

Richly dark doth umber,
Saying. "Let not night
Lord, thy footsteps cumber,
See my twinkling light."

Puzzled bee this way
To the ant shall guide thee,
Straggler lost astray,
Where the mound shall hide thee.



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

There the little nation
Of far foresight shall
Greet thee with elation,
Hear their Maker call.

More than Babylonian
Wisdom, industry,
Armies amazonian
Show, delighting thee.

Where each works for all
In a high disdain
Of man's petty small
Lucre and self-gain.

Each his fervent action
Sinks for mother-queen
And her brood, strife, faction
Sinks in zeal serene.

There or at the hive
If thou knock the portal
Of the bees that thrive,
Wisest of things mortal,

In the wingèd gainful
Freebooter of flowers,
In the creeping, painful
Earth-toiler, such powers

Thou shalt see as Plato
Vainly dreamed for man
And as vainly Cato
Died republican.

Thou shalt rather see,
There in miniature,
What makes strong and free
Heaven, the stars endure.

BOOK III, CANTO V

And the butterfly
 In her colours brave,
And the goldfish by
 Darting through the wave.

Frail things, richer far
 Than our useless worth,
To bedeck and star,
 Glorify thy earth.

Silvery carps and bream,
 Darting goldfishes,
Of birds, leaves they dream
 All life's lovely yes.

Of the earth far up
 Telling, and the flowers,
Daisy, buttercup
 Yellow sunlit hours.

Nay, no further go,
 Than my garden-plot,
Thou Lord, God, shalt know
 Beauty without blot.

By these cedars bounded
 And these deodars,
Eden as fresh founded,
 Sure-built as the stars.

Nothing shalt thou find,
 Save what perfect is
After thine own mind,
 Nothing mar thy bliss.

Not a crack or flaw
 In thy glorious plan,
Not a thing to law
 Rebel, only man.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Yes, regard what most
Speaks thy plastic power,
Beauty's shining boast,
Miracle, a flower.

As when Eve in wonder
First to Adam showed,
What the tall trees under
Breathed and laughed and glowed.

Blushing half afraid
At voluptuous form
That put hers to shade,
Purer and more warm.

From its laughter leafy
Turning with a start,
Whence such perfume heavy
Stole to thrill her heart.

As herself were those
Fragrant petals red,
Mankind's first sad rose
To her consort said,

"Adam, fear the thorn,
Pluck not, 'Tis some Eve
Greets us, nor forlorn
Her poor Adam leave."

As when with amaze
Adam saw adoring,
Beauty from Thee blaze,
Whose power knows no shoring,

As from thy Almighty
Framing hand new risen
Eden's Aphrodite
Whom no age can wisen,

BOOK III, CANTO V

Thou thy garden's glory
Lovely as of old
Shalt rehearse, the story,
Eden's freshness told.

Not one laughing rose
That her soul of bliss
Breathes to thee, but knows
Who her Maker is.

Who framed fashioned her,
Queen of all things lush,
Who impassioned her
In day's eye to blush.

Every kingcup bold
With thy presence filled,
Shall, each marigold.
Glory to be thrilled.

Lily, large magnolia,
White of soul as hue,
On their spirits boiler
Feel thee fall like dew.

After day's hot strife
Dusty, drooping, weak.
Thee the life of life
Their strength they shall seek.

In a dusk delight
From her trumpet throat
Every lily bright
Sound a silver note.

With hearts odour-heavy
Golden tongued shall call
To the snow-cold bevy
Of flowers virginal.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

"Praise Him, spotless daisy,
Praise him marguerite
Who our hearts made crazy
With the thought of white.

He in whom no spot,
Blemish none can be,
He of whom the thought
Blanches purity.

From the dazzling loom
Of his own bright sun,
He our speckless bloom,
He our vesture spun

In so pure a sheen
To go maidenly,
With so glad a green
Dazzle suddenly.

"Holy, holy" sing him,
Let your candour speak,
Thanks and praises bring him
Snowdrop, privet meek."

So flowers, every gem
Shall thee hymn their force,
Life, sap. O with them
Lord, God hold discourse

Wherefore would'st thou seek
Fallen Adam, seen
Weakest of the weak,
Earth's corruption, man.

Of the two thy sentence
Out of Eden drove,
Proner to repentance
Meeker to thy love.

BOOK I, CANTO I

As they looked behind,
Thrust within their hand
By some pitying, kind
Shining angel grand,

Who their hearts to bless
Wanting, but for those
Sweet remembrances,
Eden's laughing rose,

Though it thorned and faded ;
But for Eden's lily,
Though the worm invaded,
Surely willy-nilly

They for woe had sunken—
She with child-birth wrung
He with sweat-drops drunken
Had thy seed not sung

In their ear, as they,
Holy passion flower,
Bore thee on their way
With that cross thy dower :

Clutching that fair promise
Mingled with the curse,
Eve's seed that to come is
Ruin to reverse.

Had'st thou not that other
Happier Eve to be
Mankind's mightier mother
Whispered rosemary

Else had Eve, the passion
Of the world's hope, failed ;
Every generation
In her womb had ailed.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Barren she as earth,
After Abel slain
Had the gates of birth
Sealed up after Cain.

Adam's mighty strength,
Thewless, shrunk, the coming
Whole fair race at length
In his hale blood humming

Sickened and out-tired,
Sunk with toil and tears,
Ere he had suspired
Half his thousand years ;

Fallen on earth perverse,
Grown to thorn and thistle,
Where, o'er stones, the curse
Like a wind did whistle,

Had he who mortality
Brought, lost Eden's native—
From the prodigality
Of the hand creative

Nothing brought to star
The sad ground with cheer
Perfumed from afar,
Dropping sweat and tear

Surely he had crazy
Gone in pine and fret,
But for Eden's daisy,
Eden's violet.

Still the garden grass
Star they, and look up,
As when Eden was,
With the buttercup.



BOOK I, CANTO I

As to Adam, then
Sad from that sheer fall,
To us after men
Eden they recall,

Spite of ail and dying,
Like a firmament
The green earth enskying,
Starring with content

As in Adam's garden.
Though the sad years million
By, and our souls harden,
Our sins teen and trillion,

Still the violet
In my garden fair
Doth as freshly sweet
Perfume all the air,

As, in branching umber
At the mossy foot
Of some cedar sombre,
Once, by Adam's hut,

She, a million years
Since, the glory blue
Hid not from Eve's tears
Her dim scent and hue.

Still light's focus is
That large dial flower
And the crocuses
Shout in sun and shower

Still beside my door
Thou sweet-william
As I home before
Smil'st me, "Here I am."

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

So to our first father
 Thou did'st waft perfume
Softly in the gather
 Of the evening-gloom

Back as he returned
 From his orchard nigh
While rich evening burned
 In the quiet sky.

Where the flaming sentries
 Under Ararat
Guarded Eden's enteries
 O'er the mighty flat.

With thy homely face
 O thou cottage flower
Did'st thou not abase
 All the mighty tower

Of his thoughts that longing
 Toward's Creation's eyerie
Soared despaired of thronging
 Girt with faces fiery

Did'st thou not recall
 In the sunset gleam
Adam, with the wall-
 -Flower and the daisy dim

Where with glory garnished
 By the Maker's hand,
Nobly fair, untarnished
 Yet in ruin grand

On the threshold Eve,
 With a lovely smile,
Waited to receive
 Eden's proud exile,



BOOK I, CANTO I

Where upon the ground
In the evening light
Angel's to astound
With their beauty bright,

All the father's heart
To make friendly fain
Brothers ne'er apart
Abel played with Cain.

He who makes his sun
Shine on the unjust
After millions run
Pities still our dust

Pure in its expansion
For us to behold
He his marble mansion
Dometh as of old.

Vast, with glory fretted
And no pillars seen
No tall caryatid
Only law serene.

Over such frail breath
As the worm's and ours
He pavilioneth
Beauty's domes and towers

Cloud-capped still and topless
To be reached as made
Babel's builders hopeless,
Mad their escalade.

Gorgeous, yet no vision,
Baseless as it seems
To our vain misprision
As the stuff of dreams



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Perfect made for aye
He his heavens hung
As creation's day
Saw and angels sung

As in Adam's day
Oft doth the All-wise
To behold man's way
Visit paradise ;

Still the Lord God walketh
In the cool of even
Still with man he talketh
Stooping from his heaven.

He has round his planet
Camped his armed sentries
Glorious eyes to scan it
Watch its gates and entries.

As our first great ancestor
All day long a labourer
Felt his pulses dance astir
Felt his heart a taborer.

Yearning with his Maker,
In the garden walk
In the moonlight nacre
To commune and talk.

Up my soul and emulous
After noonday heat
Under eve's star tremulous
Seek thy Maker sweet.

CANTO-II

O ! serene far hid
Cradle ! puissant cross
Which accompanied
Our stupendous loss,

Mankind's tragic founders
Comforted and healed !
Who were your expounders,
Who your balm revealed,

'Twas the angel glorious
Beautiful and stern,
Who with smile victorious
On before did burn,

Out into the gale,
Snow-world, frost and ice,
From the verdant vale
Which was paradise

Propt the fainting mighty
Mother of all men,
Eden's Aphrodite,
Through the bitter glen.

In her freezing fingers
Crushed the snowdrop pure—
Flower that never lingers,
Springtime's prophet sure.

Eden's star of Bethlehem
To her eye he showed,
Down the defile's deathly hem,
Down the dizzy road.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

And to Adam's woe
Who dejected paced,
Massy head sunk low
Upon massy chest,

"Prime of men, remember,
And thou, Eve," he said,
"'Tis your own December
Wintry act ye tread,

'Tis your self-wrought doom ;
Think and how severe
Justice, before whom
Angels bow and fear ;

How your shame to cover—
Shivering, crouching, naked—
He, man's awful lover,
While your sore hearts achèd,

In such loving kindness
Moved, your too plain sins
Masked with mercy's blindness,
Clothed with wild beasts' skins.

He the far sweet promise
Mingled with the curse.
Eve's seed who to come is
Ruin to reverse —

'Twas of him to tell,
(God's flower who shall mend you)
I through wintry hail,
Beating storm, attend you.

Augured even in Eden ;
Dreamed behind the rose ;
Past the lily hidden ;
Sighed for in the shows ;

BOOK I, CANTO II

Dumb cry of all Nature
At her birth afraid ;
Against fall, misfeature,
Sweet provision made ;

Whom creative power
From his love to stream,
Held back like a flower
From his brooding dream.

Mankind's perfect blossom
From the thought of God,
From the blissful bosom
Yearning in the bud ;

Out of Mary's thorn
Blossom undefiled,
One day to be born
In the winter wild,

From the world's rose chosen,
Sad immaculate vessel,
He shall bud unfrozen
Rocked in winter's wrestle.

Shall his heavenly bloom
Petal pure unfold
Out of Mary's womb
In the winter cold.

Sweet repentance bleed thou
Adam, from his pain,
Eve with sad thoughts seed thou
Towards his lovely gain.

Such a day as this is,
Gusting the flaked snow
Down with ice cold kisses
On his cradle low



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Shall, to usher him
The world's happy way,
Peer through cloud banks dim
With a dawn so gray

Tooth the piercing icicle
Round the lovely shiverer !
Unto suffering physical
Hail the world's deliverer !

To all sorrow born
In his humble manger ;
Poverty and scorn
In his crib of danger ;

Born to persecution
From thy evil children—
Adam,—an illusion
Seems it, a bewildering

Harsh truth though to quiver at,
Too strange to believe,
A wild dream to shiver at—
Blush and turn from Eve.

Yet it shall be so.
Either fragile eyer
Of the apple, know
From the prime desire

Your own hands have plucked them,
Sowed them from the tree,
Your own lips have sucked them
From your loins to be.

That hard reprobate
Viper generation
Who, with hearts elate
Full of hate and passion,

BOOK I, CANTO II

Shall with gleeful scorn,
Shouts, derision wild,
The soul's lovely morn
Bind a prisoner mild,

Shall with wicked hands
Crown with thorns and scourge
The sweet hope of lands,
Joy's, Perfection's urge

Pale with world love radiant,
Triumphing in languish,
Up each dreadful gradient
Of the way of anguish

Suffering, bleeding, fainting,
Up the steep of Calvary
Earth with dark drops painting—
Wrecked creation's salver he.

In a little nation—
There to break the egg
Of the consummation
Stars and angels beg—

Under lowly rafter,
Shall the wide world's ease,
Shall creation's laughter
Drop 'twixt Mary's knees.

She with smiles abreak
Shall her baby rose—
Blissful mother meek—
Wrap in swaddling clothes.

Poverty must swaddle
Him, who shall uncloy
Pleasure dull, uncoddle,
Spur the heart to joy ;

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Shall unsaddle riches
Which no quiet brings,
Take the purple stitches
From the pomp of kings.

Down by Bethlehem
Shall, in fields not far
From Jerusalem,
Rise the sad world's star ;

With large eyes divine
Mournfully aswim,
There the sweet breathed kine
Shall gaze down on him

Who shall, in complicity
With slow time, embolden
Back your lost felicity
And the garden golden.

Thou hast seen them couched
In the verdant close,
On the mead unsmutched
Ruminate, repose.

Praise the Lord God's hand—
Who to them hath given
Calm of mountains grand,
All the peace of heaven ;

See them even now—
In thy steps they go
Patient of the plough
Earth with thee to sow ;

They with deep, dark eyes,
Liquid, melancholy,
Go from paradise
Nor upbraid thy folly ;

BOOK I, CANTO II

Dumbly, patiently,
To partake thy toil,
Drop their sweat with thee,
Till the barren soil

For those fruits profuse ;
At their Maker's word
Milk they give for use,
Yield thee cream and curd.

Sharers with mankind
Of the curse and fall,
'Gainst the piercing wind
Huddled in a stall,

Large eyed patient cattle
Shall his infant calm
Bend o'er, who shall battle
Hush, and war's alarm ;

Say to trumpet, "Charm thee",
To the warrior's glee,
His mailed shout, "Disarm thee
And come after me".

There, the gentle ass,
Who in Eden laughed
And the still as glass
Wave pellucid quaffed—

Whom, before the snake,
Too good to deceive,
Ere thy heart did ache
Thou did'st fondle, Eve !

Such a snowy scene
Ope to shall his eyes
Who shall wide earth green
Back to paradise.



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Would'st thou ask of me
Through the snow half blind
Struggling tearfully
Mother of mankind,

'When, what year, what hour
Of millennial time
Shall this wonder flower
To retrieve thy crime ?'

'Where shall spring this glory'
Would'st thou, their first father,
Ask me, thou, their hoary
Fountain, so I gather

From thy look, as led
By me, thou dost go
To the first homestead,
Thence the race to sow.

Know, thou splendour fair
Wrought from Adam's bone,
With whom shall compare
In limb, stature, none ;

Glorious mould of woman
Sin-cracked, sorrowing,
Toward the doubtful human
Large doom morrowing—

Know, the moon in heaven
Wanders lost, astray,
Seeking for the given
Dim appointed day,

Whose all conquering hope
Fires each new day's sun
Toiling up heaven's scope
Till his race be run.

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BOOK I, CANTO II

In the musing hollow
Of God's hand it lieth,
That sweet hour, the swallow
For which all time crieth.

Springtime's rushing sap
Fails, and summer's fire,
Autumn, winter's lap
Seek to have it nigher

Yet in thee it lies
Partly, and thy race
There where all time hies
That sweet hour's pace.

Each day early mourning,
Each night weeping late,
Time's foot sorrowing, burning
To accelerate.

Thou who sadly goest,
From thee, mother fig,
To branch beauty's boast
Daughters none so big

Those prime heroines, droopers
From thy mighty gloom,
Girth millennial stoopers
Under thy sad doom —

Teach them how to grow
Toward his glorious palm,
From the twist of woe
Straighten toward his calm.

Warn them of thy peril,
Pride, and all the hurtle
It shall fruit not sterile
Toward his gentle myrtle.



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Wives of patriarchs
To thy penitence
Near temptation's spark
School in innocence.

Meek in humble ruth
Let them weep and pray,
Wise in simple truth
Keep the snake away.

Hence the day not far is
When their glorious beauty,
Which creation's star is,
Shall seduce from duty

Angels, sons of heaven
These to take to wife,
Whence the earth shall riven
Be with war and strife.

Gleam with tilt and tournament,
With pomp's revel glow—
All for these the ornament
Of a world of show

And the giant race
Upon these begotten
Mercy shall efface
From an earth grown rotten,

Till in Noah's day
God's own hand shall ope
Wide a windowed way
For the water drop,

Wash the world from slaughter,
'Whelm a brood defiant,
Adam's erring daughter
And the striding giant.

BOOK I, CANTO II

Thence shall shine a wonder
Eden could not show—
'Gainst the gloom and thunder
God's fair awful bow

Hung in heaven, how solemn
In its beauty fresh—
Arched in clouds its column
Of all hues the mesh.

Noah and the trembling
Dwellers in the ark
Shall with joy assembling
Hail its glory dark,

After storm and lightning
Spanned from side to side
Of the greying, whitening
Watery tumult wide.

He shall there behold
Mercy's heavenly sign,
Ruth that grows not old,
Clemency divine.

God's sweet pact of peace
Made with man to show
For all time surcease
Of the watery woe.

Waves from sky to sky
Watery clash and roar,
Yet shall he let fly
From the ark once more

Her, the letter carrier
Ever faithful homer,
Tempest's lovely warrior,
Steadfast cloud grey comer.

ADAM ALARMED PARADISE

Who, sent forth erewhile,
No least inch of ground,
Smallest surf-beat isle,
For her foot-sole found.

She, that grey rock dove,
Shall ere evening brief,
Crimson, bring God's love
Back, an olive leaf

Plucked from tree top surging
In the watery ways—
Sign of earth's emerging
After forty days.

Thou, Eve's mighty source,
Of that fallen seed
Justice takes its course—
Murmur not nor bleed

For thy large-posterity,
Drown them not in tears
Thus in sad celerity
To forestall the years.

O'er them, past them, helming
Thy thoughts, look with me :
Many a flood o'erwhelming
Many a wreck shall be

Of thy children dear ;
But through all let glimmer,
Born with every tear,
That sweet rainbow's shimmer

Which in clouds shall span
Earth through tempest seen,
Christ the hope of man,
Mercy's bow serene.

BOOK III, CANTO V

Let thy mercy clasp
 The fell coiling cobra,
Yea, the hooded asp,
 Thou shalt find him soberer.

Thou shalt find him rather,
 Through millennial time,
Less temptation's father,
 Eater less of slime.

That dumb animal
 Could he have to guilt
Our first mother tall
 Tempted, mankind spilt.

No, 'twas woman frail
 First the apple eyed,
Saw his stealthy trail
 Answer to her pride.

Dumbly seem to woo her
 With his darting tongue,
Rise on proud coils to her
 Eden's empress young.

To her ear commend
 The disastrous rind
Until Time shall end
 Must pervert mankind.

Far less sinister
 To infringe man's bliss,
Evil's minister
 Shalt thou find his kiss.

Tahn the snake within
 Eve's ungrateful heart
Which the primal sin
 Caused, creation's smart.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Knowledge, lust of power,
Pleasure, pride and riches,
Eve's disastrous dower
Which our race bewitches,

Fangs with biting steel,
Brother against brother,
Sons envenomed still,
O disastrous mother. I

Wherefore did'st thou Lord
Man in Eden plant
With thy flaming sword
Conscience brightly daunt ?

Eden's glory made him,
Dimly flash divined,
Thine own wisdom bade him
Mirror, thine own mind.

Set thy angel spies
Ever on his path,
Made him scrutinize
Actions aftermath,

Look before and after
Patience, self-control
Gav'st him, tears and laughter
And the sweeter soul.

Placed thy fear before him,
Thy blue hope above,
Made the beasts adore him,
Crowned him with thy love.

Vain the godlike stature,
Skyward visage vain,
The half-angel nature,
And the teeming brain.

BOOK III, CANTO V

He is what he was,
As when Adam sinned,
Brittle, frail as glass
Tempted by a rind.

As when Cain slew Abel,
Envious, wrathful, he,
Proud he builds his Babel
Still to baffle thee.

Fortelices towering,
Armaments of war,
Warships ocean scouring,
Thy sweet love to bar.

Still the ruthless hunter
Nimord was he is,
Man to slay, encounter
The prime savage bliss.

Man the crowning shape
Whence he hath descended,
In our sire the ape
See the nations ended.

Bestial, brutal, savage,
Arming to destroy,
All our pride in ravage
And to kill our joy.

Worlds that dust the skies,
They thy power proclaim
Over paradise,
Speak thy holy name.

Flaming cherubim
Mount their evening guard,
They thy glory hymn
While the gates are barred.



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Powers that space patrol
Songs to thee upraise
And from pole to pole
Spreads one shout of praise.

Now through nature's frame,
Thy creation sweet,
Thrills a holy shame,
Awe from head to feet.

Can it be that thou,
Whom no thought may span,
To whom angels bow
Should'st converse with man ?

Through my quaking soul,
Through my shivering dust,
Came the thunder roll
Of that word august,

Praising me the dignity,
Crown and pride of creatures,
Yearning in benignity
Down to me the features

Of the primal Face
Felt I vast and tender,
Asking but the grace
Of my soul's surrender,

Of my knees to lift them,
Of my palms the pressure,
Of my fears to sift them,
Heal each angry blesure.

Down to me his work,
He, my Maker cried,
I like Cain did lurk
Trembling and replied,

BOOK III, CANTO V

“Who shall know thee Lord ?
Adam of the curse ?
I, thy acts record,
I, thy praise rehearse.

Angels who adore thee
In the heaven of heaven,
Bow and fall before thee,
They the unforgiven,

Holy, pure and bright,
They who never fell,
In the light of light,
May thy praises tell.

Where nor place nor time is,
In the infinite,
Where thy smile the clime is,
In the light of light.

They thy goodness may
Worship and adore,
The eternal way
With delight explore.

As thy acts they hymn thee,
Numbers without number,
Tongues that cannot dim thee,
Harps that know not slumber.

To their songs celestial
How shall I ope ears ?
I, a thing terrestrial,
Tarnished with my tears.

I, my spirit's pander,
Guilty nature's slave,
Who as Cain do wander,
Branded to my grave.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Wherefore hast thou flashed me
Those dim written pages,
In the rocks abashed me
With thy toiling ages.

No more infantine,
To my scholar eyes
Shown thy hand divine
Making paradise,

Thy own awful slow
Gentle fingers shown me,
Shaping me made know
How all creatures own me.

Down those dreadful layers,
Glimpsing o'er a chasm,
How my stuff as theirs
Came of one self plasm.

Thy pride did I humble
Fearfully to scan,
How my feet did stumble
Up from beast to man.

Blushless, unafraid
I with pride self-eaten,
Saw how I was made,
All my members written

In thy book, the traces
Curiously wrought
In earth's lowest places,
While I yet was not.

Wonderfully, fearfully
By thy breath impassioned,
Through long ages tearfully,
With slow effort fashioned.



BOOK III, CANTO V

**See me Lord the labour
Of thy long slow Love
Flash at thee my sabre,
Spit at thee above.**

PART II BOOK IV

Argument

BOOK IV

Canto I God tells Adam that even in olden days Noah and Abraham grieved over man's egoism and cruelty. Similarly today Adam was not comforted at the thought of the rich flowering of civilization in the East typified by Babylon for with the arts of peace, war, blood and tears were man's lot.

Canto II Adam asks God if labour and death were not punishments enough but to them must be added bloodshed and war. He recalls how the Babylonian king attacked beautiful Syria. He goes on to describe Palestine where Jordan flows and Sharon's rose flowers and the cedars on the Lebanonian slopes ask men to trust in God. Every stone in Palestine whispers of the love of God who promised to Adam and Eve a Redeemer for man's salvation who would be born in Palestine.

Canto III Adam now asks God where is his promise of the Redeemer? Men slaughter and slay and down the Lebanonian slope the troops of Babylonia pour and furiously attack the Syrians, Adam asks if God helps tyrannic might? A vivid description of the battle and its cruelties follows. Abraham prays to God to stop this butchery. Merciful rain floods the earth and stops the onward advance of Babylonia.

Canto IV Adam here describes how Israel rose as God's chosen people schooled by suffering and adversity, worshipping God the one and only. He describes how inspite of periods of faltering Israel remained true to God and rose to heights of devotion and glory in the reigns of David and Solomon. But later pride and a sense of self-righteousness led to Israel's denial of the Redeemer of mankind for she thought only in the narrow terms of her own glory, the overthrow Roman rule and the establishment of world-rule for Israel. Adam is full of self-accusation and tells God that man's inherent evil nature stands between God and man.

BOOK IV CANTO I

And to make me vernal
 With his sympathy,
Providence eternal
 Comfort spoke to me.

"Adam, mankind's shadow,
 Thou on Ararat
Watching, or the meadow
 Vast, the Asian flat,

Where those rivers still
 Through lost Eden flowed,
Saw'st man's tree of ill
 Tower and branch abroad.

Saw'st through changeful centuries
 Gazing on thy race,
How long man's indenture is
 Serving evil's pace.

Yoked with war and terror,
 Following the plough
Of man's bloody error
 Even then as now,

On that day as this,
 Thou to see the cost
Huge of forfeit bliss,
 All dejection wast.

Evil of thee tasted,
 How swift like a wood
Its bad burgeon hastened,
 Flowered how slow the good.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Evil that to me
But a moment is,
Thy eternity
Teemed, the serpent's hiss.

Baleful armour burned thee
Arrows, axes, spears,
Cain's remembrance yearned thee,
Whetted, edged thy fears.

O'er the rainbow hung
World no longer water,
Still the giant sprung
Out of man's frail daughter.

Stones were they Deucalions,
Hand of earth re-sower
Flung, Nimrod's battalions
Baffling peaceful Noah.

Brothers alien-hearted,
For far Afric he,
One for Asia parted,
This for Araby.

Swift in hate to sparkle,
Over earth they spread
From the patriarchal
Vineyard, anger led.

Weeping thou beheldest
As from Lamech, Seth,
They transgression's eldest
Fruited strife and death.

Japhet's battle-crash
Still thy cheek with shame
Painted, did abash
Shem enslaving Ham,

BOOK IV, CANTO I

Of inventions twain
 Fashioned, bliss and curse,
By the seed of Cain
 Chosen still the worse.

Music's golden anguish
 O eternity,
Love's enamoured languish
 Harp, lute, psaltry

Thrown down, thy sad eyes
 Saw for swords that burned,
Peace thy paradise
 For the arrow spurned.

Those sweet arts in Eden
 Thou did'st hand down, bring
Thy prime bliss to seed in
 Wild wastes freshening.

Plough-share, pruning hooks
 Beaten into spears
Orchard, fields forsook
 For death, wounds and tears.

Even so I heard thee
 Ages since cry out,
Israel's deep woe stirred thee
 So my love to doubt.

Hellas, Rome, each time
 Wast thou racked with pain,
When the race to climb
 Seemed yet fell again.

Held up to derision
 Thou the secular
Soul of mankind's vision
 Standing specular.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Nor was sorrow slakèd
In thee at the rumour
Of my sunrise, Acad,
And bright dawning Sumer.

Thou not good alone
From the apple bad,
Weeping, war and moan
Saw'st to make thee sad,

With the wedge-shaped letter,
Still the armèd man,
Walks in captive fetter,
Science, art began.

When their bricks I baked
Erech, Acad, Ur,
When the statesman waked,
King, astronomer,

Thou to see the warrior
Stride before me still,
Did'st but grieve the sorrier,
Good should fruit from ill.

Saw'st the cloudy forces
Which in history,
Storming on their courses,
Mould the bliss to be.

Saw'st the torrent rage,
Which in fretted span
Sweeping with each stage
Oceans into man.

Saw'st not my large pity
Blossoming unfurled
In that sagest city
Of the infant world,

BOOK IV, CANTO I

And when that first ruddering
Of men's hope grew lame
Thou remembered'st shuddering
Noah's curse on Ham,

When the Semite tyrant
O'er his brother rose
Truculent aspirant
Where Euphrates flows.

Thou to see him bud
Armed and dominant
Still did'st chew the cud
Sadly ruminant.

Nay when I through shady
Centuries discerned
Her who should first lady
Be where morning burned,

Babylon for knowledge
Built, for wisdom's rod,
To be mankind's college,
Babel, gate of God.

Thou the apple eaten
Man's sweet morn begun
Memnon's statue smitten
Heard'st not by the sun.

Even as some lone rider,
Wandering desert sheik,
First at morn descried her,
Feared, stupendous break

On his simple-eyed
Wonder never ending,
As a thing of pride
To God's curse commending.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Babylon the spacious,
 Awesome with her towers,
Impious, audacious,
 Walled with hanging bowers.

He, the desert's child
 Bred on waste sands where
Space and freedom wild,
 Pastoral manners were,

Saw ill-schemed defiance
 Hurled at heaven in Babel
Falsely man's alliance
 Against me did fable.

So to thee she seemed,
 To thy soul no firmer,
Splendid, monstrous gleamed
 With her million murmur.

Thou of soul as lonely
 In man's orient rise,
Saw'st confusion only
 Challenge God's pure skies.

Thoughts with my fresh garden
 In complicity,
Heart that longed to warden
 Man's simplicity.

The old apple's savour
 From that mighty wood
Wafted, made thee favour
 Rudest solitude.

Better far than glorious
 Conquering Babylon
Piled to heaven victorious
 Blood and tears upon.

BOOK IV, CANTO I

Sighing, Adam thou
For lost innocence,
Sank'st to earth as now
In sore penitence.

'God, O God', thy cry
'Battle, blood and tears
Ever more to spy',
Pierced me, thrilled the spheres.

Wilt thou all posterity
Make the endless heir
Of that wrathful verity
Adam's fault, nor spare.

Why shouldst thou my child
In the dim star-shine,
Weep with sorrow wild
For a fault not thine?"

Yet old Adam, I
Thankless for God's grace,
Thus did 'plain and sigh
Grieving for man's race,

BOOK IV CANTO II

Are his sweat-drops, labour
Death, the dust to dust,
Not enough, must sabre,
Arrow speed the thrust.

Cruel arrow, javelin,
O ye sons of Ham,
Battering-ram, ravelin,
'Tis from thee they come.

From some city sunken
On the wicked plain,
Enoch, Irad drunken,
From the seed of Cain.

Or that serpent-lore,
Giant ages dark
Schooled in, did ye shore
With the stranding ark.

Woe to you who love
First did disavow,
First forgot the dove,
And the olive bough.

Callous dead to mercy,
Ye who broke man's bliss,
Did no memory pierce ye,
Who your Maker is ?

Who the waste of waters
Bade ebb, deluge cease,
Who o'er washed out slaughter,
Hung his bow of peace.

BOOK IV, CANTO II

Vainly have ye girdled
Like a diadem,
Your proud cities hurdled
From the tents of Shem.

See your bad arts bettered,
Pushed your heads upon,
Towering, sapient, lettered,
In vast Babylon.

Or by Nile your guilt
Spread ye, and on high
Babel once more built,
Under Afric sky.

Memphis rising bloody
Over peaceful glebes,
Over Memphis ruddy
Hundred-gated Thebes.

See beside the river,
Egypt, gift of God
Feels his poor flesh quiver
Under scourgèd rod.

Where each Pharaoh proud,
Cut in granite, he,
Heeds not groanings loud,
Wrung by agony.

Arcades, vasty pylons,
Heavenward pyramids
Building for the silent,
Kingly coffin lids

Tasking, wearing down,
Nations with a smile,
Statued as in stone
Haughty and nubile.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Accad be thou curst,
Sumer upon thee
God's wrath, and thou worst
Babel of the three.

Perish ; What inequity
More beholds't thou Lord ?
Conquests' mad obliquity
Swerves to wrong the sword.

Yonder of Amraphel,
Babel's monarch splendid
Gone with spears that baffle
Count, by kings attended.

Elam, Ellasar
Vassals in his train,
South they flame to war
Forth from Shinar's plain.

O what but for riches,
Insane thirst of glory,
From those lands bewitches,
Lands with harvest hoary,

Thick with towns these twenty
Centuries, with treasure
Teeming, commerce, plenty,
Learned arts and leisure

Lures into the hurtle,
Into peril from ease,
From fat Elam, fertile
Babylonia these.

Your own suffered yoke,
Upon whom to set,
Go ye Arioch,
Tidal, in such heat.

BOOK IV, CANTO II

And thou fool thrice dolted,
Chedorlaomer,
Syria revolted,
Foam'st thou to confer

On the grasping, striding
Babylonian,
In his pomp outpriding
All that yet was man.

See like locusts they
Where rich tracts before
Like a garden lay,
Syria have no more.

That sweet land which marries
Mighty monarchies,
Like a camel carries
Nile to Euphrates.

Ancient Martuland,
Canaan's sons and daughters
Dwell in, to where grand
Rolls the main of waters.

Lone sands virginian
Eastward, west the sea,
Midway valleys fall
Mountains rise to thee.

Like a thought severe,
Lovely, bare, divine,
Stretches pure, austere
Barren Palestine.

Sun-contented stony,
Beat with summer's rigour.
Where the hills seem bony
To man's primal vigour.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Yet thy sweet rains dew it,
There is Sharon's rose,
Palm and olive, through it
Mighty Jordan flows

Land of lovely mountains,
Girdled, dewy Hermon,
Where the flowers and fountains
Preach the soul a sermon,

Lebanonian slopes,
Where the cedars fee,
Man to trust his hopes
To the mighty sea.

Yonder simple fishers
Men of Zidon, Tyre,
Make the white sails wishers
Of heaven's westering fire ;

Where the swift ship derts,
West they ferry her,
Versed in ancient arts,
Cultured Syria,

Morn of Babel's kindling,
Where Ham's eldest light,
Two sons keep from dwindling,
Hittite, Ammorite.

Of a God in Nature
Dimly felt with her
Grossly through the creature
Sun, a worshipper.

Though the only splendour
Multiplied they dim
In Astarte tender
Blazing Baalim.

BOOK IV, CANTO II

Now for centuries
Sitting at one table,
In one wisdom wise
With sage Memphis, Babel,

Though from Noah they,
And thy clement, sweet
Awful bow they stray,
Nor remember it

Yet to teach one more,
Who his image stamped
On their souls, adore
Thee alone, encamped.

Yonder though a stranger,
Welcomed see him come
With tents, herds, a ranger,
Abram, Terah's son.

He of flashing eye,
Upright, faithful, brave,
Full of courage high,
Pious, thoughtful, grave.

See him, Lord, him only.
In the awe and fear
Of thee, flowering lonely,
Nurse thy pure idea.

He and Salem's prince
Well might purify,
Canaan's eye convince
Of one God most High.

Make that sweet land simple,
Yet with fearless eyes,
Righteous, just, Thee temple,
The soul's paradise.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Wilt thou Lord let darkle,
 Wars cloud here, where all
Seems yet patriarchal,
 Peaceful, pastoral,

Here thy eldest garden
 Man might for thine eyes
Cherish, make peace, pardon,
 Remake paradise.

Let the loud storm whistle
 Yonder, here the curse
Of the thorn and thistle
 Mitigate, reverse,

What stars teach to labour,
 In their orbit each,
Man might learn let rabor
 Here, or Carmel preach.

Here let ocean whisper
 Bounding self control,
Let the pure sand's lisper
 Be of hush and soul.

Here beneath his own
 Planted fig or vine,
Skies serene and lone,
 Man might grow divine.

No more brother brother
 Ransack, fanged with steel,
Snake, like Eve their mother,
 Bruise upon the heel.

Leave to Babylonia
 Wealth's deceitful apple,
For that prize in stonier
 Cities, shock and grapple.

BOOK IV, CANTO II

Here spread mountains grand,
Deserts waste and pure,
Here a holy land
Might for thee endure.

Every stone is solemn,
Here to one sweet hope,
And sad peaks that column,
Heaven and heaven's blue cope

Speak as down they lean,
Of a Saviour
Who from war might wean,
Man's behaviour.

Peaceful earth his coming
Tells in bodements sweet,
Ancient brooks are humming
Hope-sick for his feet,

Adam's awful lover
Who didst curse not, bless,
Raiment gave to cover
Man's first nakedness.

Thou who didst their soul
As they went those two
Shorn of bliss, console
With the trembling dew

Of that hope eternal
Out of Eve should rush
One who should earth vernal
Make, the serpent crush.

BOOK IV, CANTO III

Where is Lord thy promise
Of the woman's seed,
All time that to come is
Shall it weep and bleed,

See them women's sons,
Sons of women they,
How on these they pounce,
Spoil and burn and slay.

Down by Lebanonian
Peaks, Damascus, Tyre,
Down the Babylonian
Fury sweeps like fire.

Abner and Phapar
Redden ; thrown in heaps
Cities lie ; that laughter
Flame the harvest reaps.

Lov'st thou Lord to look on
Shepherd slain and farmer,
Wilt thou put no hook on
Pride ? O clanging armour !

Help'st thou might tyrannic,
(O the chariots rumble,
O the shoutings !) panic
Strik'st thou in the humble.

Gesshur, Ur they sweep,
Argob filled with fleers,
And the lone steppes weep,
Desolate in tears.

BOOK IV, CANTO III

Down by Jordan eastward,
That fierce tramp, the thunder
Of their armies feastward
Goes on death and plunder.

None spared, babes all pitiless
Dashed on stones— O wrong !
Pale wife, maiden citiless
Captive hailed along !

Where the shepherd boy
Danced unto his reed,
Where the child his toy
Bade the mother heed,

Charred heaps —blackening villages
Only I perceive,
Nowhere orchard, tillage is,
Wastes the eye to grieve.

Ashtoreth they harrow her,
Make of sorrow taste,
Nebo unto Aroer,
All they burn and waste.

Pisgah immemorial,
Both ears at those cries
Muffle, blinds that oriel
Of her ancient eyes.

To see Arnon reddening
Through the shuddering ripples,
Fire and sword dis-Edening
Her sweet garth of peoples.

Oldest Rephaim,
New-come sons of Heth,
Emim, Zenzumim
All they give to death,

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Pillaging, enslaving,
Killing, none forgiven,
None the terror braving,
All in smoke to heaven.

Swords waved, standards tossing,
With a million lances,
Cold hearts shields embossing,
That great host advances.

Now the Horite smiting,
Through their mountains, Seir,
Elath's port inviting,
Lures the pomp of fear.

Through the desert south,
Through the wilderness,
Where is parch and drouth,
Thitherward they press.

Storm her that sea-faring
City with her ships,
She that feeds El-Paran,
Sinai's thirsty lips.

With the wealthy sack of her,
Rich far booty laden,
Leaving to the lack of her,
Scarce the sun burnt maiden.

Laughing as they crush
Of all lands the milk,
Afric's ivory tush,
China's worm-spun silk.

Queen pearls out of India,
Gold and bronze that burn,
Back the north road windier
See their swords return.

BOOK IV, CANTO III

Now Hazezan—Tamar,
Kadesh holy site,
Burn one blaze of armour,
Seems the world to light.

Canaan's children tall
Down they hew in flight,
Heth, Amalek, all,
None can stem the fight.

Thither where blue waters
Shine the dead salt sea,
Rolls that tide of slaughters,
Battle's goal and fee.

Sodom there to reach,
Those tall sisters five,
Canaan's pride, to teach
Lest rebellion thrive.

O thou God of battles I
Now some champion raise,
Lest no babe that prattles,
Thee in Syria praise.

Hath thine arm not humbled
Mighty Mizraim
Down from high seat tumbled,
Discrowned Pharoahs dim,

Into Nubia driven
Those four hundred years,
Kings who built toward heaven
Upon blood and tears.

To a pastoral people
Given, the Hyksos king,
Nile and every ripple
Seaward eddying,

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

All the might of Babylon
Blast thou, too, lest Eve
Perish, no stone stable on
Her proud conquest leave.

Dwells on Syrian ground,
None thine eye who fear,
Will for her be found
No deliverer.

Righteous o'er the rest,
Precious in thy sight,
Lord whom thou lovest,
His hand thew with might.

Who are these, with rattling
Swift car, burning helm,
Patriot hosts embattling
Tyrants to o'erwhelm.

By the solemn waters
Of the dead salt sea,
Horsemen, slingers, darters
Shout toward victory.

O what miracle
Do mine eyes behold,
Who thy ways can tell,
Lord, thy will unfold ?

Five brave kings, Gomorrah
Sodom and her sisters,
Meet the trampling horror,
Babel's bold resisters.

Evil cities towering,
Glittering on the plain,
In all vices flowering,
As for fiery rain.

BOOK IV, CANTO III

Stored, 'twould seem for vengeance,
Syria's shameful comment,
Can'st thou safety's engines
Make, and in a moment

Draw unsheathed from languor,
Sloth effeminate,
Manful up in anger
These regenerate.

Darters skirmishing,
Slingers in advance,
Arrow-clouds on wing
Lead the battle dance.

Charioted before,
Captains crash and rage
Hungry for war's more
Foot behind engage.

Through this dust-cloud lurid
Dim-rent canopy
It goes on the horrid
Work of butchery.

Spears to splinters break,
Shields lock, swords outflame,
By the throat they take,
Hew and stab and maim.

With such fury great,
With such thunder shock,
As the world there met,
They in grapple lock.

Rebel and enslaver,
Each as either irate,
Though their galled ranks waver
Come on, rob and pirate.



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Or the awful fiat is
Gone forth, brother brother,
Lust, pride, those in pieces
Slay shall each the other.

O what shouts have cried
Pealing to the stars,
How the mad wheels gride
Of their battle cars.

With the hideous clangour
Siddim's vale is riven,
Brazen trumps in anger
Gnash their teeth at heaven.

Though to make blood dance
Trumpets from afar
Thrill thee, pennon, lance,
Of vain-glorious war,

Splendid animosity,
Set thou not such store
By, the bright ferocity,
O my soul abhor.

O mine eyes the glory
Shun, though terror charms,
Of the mail-sheathed, gory
Glittering man at arms.

Though he boast his bravery,
The gashed warrior,
Deeds of blood and slavery,
Yet his deeds abhor.

Those down, there no quarter
Give to wild entreaty,
God's dear image slaughter
Deaf to human pity.

BOOK IV, CANTO III

O the brazen bellow
Here the vale embraces
Makes the field a pillow
Of Chaldean faces.

What way turns it then
That wild fugitive
Rout of broken men,
Gasping, glad to live.

Tigerish, cruel, mated
With Leviathan,
Whom hast thou created,
Lord, and what is man ?

Hast thou in the mould
Of thy likeness made
Man whose fury cold
Joys in blood to trade.

With their mother's smile,
With their infants' glee,
Can men reconcile
This red butchery ?

Life the unrestorable
Lovely miracle,
Thus with rage unshorable,
Lightly, wildly spill !

Trampled earth to air
Blood-bedabbled moans,
"Man thy fellow spare",
Cry out even the stones.

Holy earth all nourishing
Can'st thou drink it then,
From the streaming flourishing
Swords, the blood of men.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Steadfast down the valley,
Babel's trained battalions,
Press in furious rally
In fool hardy valiance.

Who wins, who is flying,
Oath and shout and curse,
Shrieks, prayers, groans of dying
Fearfully converse.

On their battle-cars
Birsha, Sodom's king
Rushes, Gomorrah's
Zoar on the wing.

Men of Larsa, Babel,
In whose proud eyes dream
Towers as old as fable
And Euphrates' stream.

Spare, imperialist,
The scorned Syrian,
Hold thy conquering fist,
He too is a man,

And thou ireful Kestral,
Nest robbed Canaanite,
For hearth home ancestral
Passionate to fight.

Spare them, Hammurabi's
Dupes, as their eyes dim,
Dying, wife's and babies'
Tender faces swim.

Empire's cruel tools
Bow to sweet humanity,
Freedom's holy fools
O return to sanity,

BOOK IV, CANTO III

Own the eternal, common
Cords that bind the race,
Brothers born of woman,
Own the human face,

Look where in tranquillity,
Unperturbed and grand,
Mountains with docility
Own their Maker's hand.

They to heaven's cope,
Point from battles, wars,
Beckon Syria's hope
To a hush of stars.

Calm, aloof, disdainful,
They with strife unshook,
Patient of things painful,
On blood battle look,

Fling their towering shoulders
Betwixt fighting vales,
Of God's peace upholders,
Bribeless sentinels.

As he placed them solemn,
Stand they to their duty,
Loftily upcolumn
Heaven's eternal beauty.

Look where Jordan's river,
Flows how tranquilly,
Fresh waves to deliver
To the blue Dead Sea,

To its lifeless, fishless
Bitter wave accurst,
Hastes he of all wishless
Save high duty's first.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Patient but to nourish
 Corn, fig, olive, rose
Garden, field make flourish
 Steadfast, on he flows,

O my soul in Nature
 Sink, God's restful calm,
Lose the fretful creature,
 In the dreaming palm.

Vain ! to cold things fashoined,
 High, indifferent, stern
Alien unimpassioned
 Man from man would turn.

From the rueful valley,
 Terrible appeal !
Shrills the trumpet rally,
 Where they rock and reel

For your country's gods,
 Fight for motherland,
Against desperate odds
 Fight for freedom grand.

Flagging arms it nerves,
 Drooping strength that tires,
Shame to him who serves,
 Fie ! upon you fliers.

Trembling mothers, wives,
 Babes are in that cry,
Each knows why he strives,
 Canaan ! win or die.

From the horses under.
 Man it lifts from rout,
"Bael", in hoarse thunder.
 Peals the Syrian shout.

BOOK IV, CANTO III

In triumphant paeon
Clamorous thunders back,
Peals the proud Chaldean
War-cry, Merodach !

Thou from man's race hasting,
Rushing back today,
Adam turn untasting
Bitter tears away,

God's great hand in Syria,
The high snow unseals,
Makes the new sun firier,
Wounded Thammus heals.

He with budding branches,
With the joyous leaf
Bolts out winter, stanches
All Astarte's grief.

Now the tamarisk
And the vine leaf swayeth,
Springtime's foot is brisk,
She no more delayeth.

Yonder where the myrtle
Blossoms, shows her sweets,
Yonder where the turtle
Soft her love repeats

Ancient brooks his labourers,
Kishon, Kedron flush
Stony glens, like taborers
Musically rush.

Mild sun, laughing breeze,
Flowers in bacchanal,
Man to works of peace,
Gladsome labour call.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Man who self to please,
Lust and cruelty
Worships, makes of these
Idols, gods to be.

Makes through fiery Moloch's
Arms, his children pass,
Slays to Bael, the bullock's
Innocent carcass.

To Baelpeor foul
Here, to his own vice,
Wifehood's lovely soul
Kills, a sacrifice.

There in Babel's flame
In Mylitta's shrine,
Lets the stranger shame
Maidenhood divine.

Yet what swful hush
Seems on earth to lie,
Like a load to crush
Valley, plain and sky.

She in sympathy,
Nature linked with man
Owns herself to be
Sadly Syrian.

They, too, hills that girdle
Hebron's city, hem
With their rocky hurdle,
Stern Jerusalem.

Every crag and rill,
Seems suspense to wait,
Where the trumpets thrill
Upon Syria's fate.

BOOK IV, CANTO III

He, too, upon whom
 Syrian sky depths seem
As a promise come,
 As a hope to dream.

There where Kiriath Arba
 Which all bustle is,
To the Chaldee harbour
 Gives a land not his.

Where his tents are glistening,
 Where calm graze his cattle,
To faint clarions listening,
 Sounds of far off battle.

Abram upright, faithful,
 God's friend glooms to hear,
Panic blown the scatheful
 Sounds of war and fear.

For two months have fleers,
 From the war-gashed East,
Brought the tale of tears,
 Terror's heart to feast,

Babylon the trampler,
 Well he knows ; yet high
Fortitude's exemplar,
 Flashes either eye

On wife, steward lights,
 Fearless now he bends
On those Amonites,
 Three, his princely friends

Mamre's, Eshcol's Aner's
 Sad souls he would cheer,
None he saith are gainers
 Being thralls to fear,

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Yet that falcon lustre
Dims, apalled his thought,
Courage fails to muster
As he thinks of Lot,

Lot, in Sodom fooled
With the great to dwell,
Kinsman dear, ill-schooled,
In the gates of hell.

Thick while rumours flow,
All ears wildly kiss,
Anxious stands he now
On that foot, now this.

Standing in Mamre's field.
Even on the Lord
Waiting. God his shield
And his great reward.

Under Mamre's oak,
Supplications, prayers
Pours he, tears that choke
Weeping, "Stem the slayer".

Thou our hairs hast numbered.
Stars thy armies fight
For thee, O Unslumbered,
Majesty of right.

Thou, who only they
Know who pure in heart
Are, thy voice obey
Speaking dim apart.

Thou for warriors
Cans't the clouds impress,
Pity's barriers
Make hill, wilderness,

BOOK IV, CANTO III

Thee that solemn voice,
Awful in the soul,
Have I made my choice
And my certain goal.

Hammurabi's laws,
New gods rather than
Worship, in thy cause
Solely puritan.

When he left thy fear
And the starry host,
Throned in wide Chaldaea
Ishtar made his boast.

Those proud men who thou,
Thy sword's temperer,
Mak'st thy harrow, plough
Babel's emperor,

We our brick built city,
Streets palm-shaded, we
Left and broad Euphrates
In the wake of thee.

With our tents, herds wandering,
Landless, poor and free.
Betwixt pure sand pondering,
And vast sky on Thee.

Have I too rich Haran
At thy voice divine,
Father, left for barren
Solemn Palestine,

Even Melchizedek,
Prophet-king inspired,
Into sobs must break
Fear's wild hands inhered,

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

At his heart-strings clutch,
As in sack cloth, ashes
He contrition's crutch
Grasps, all pride abashes.

All his people's foliy
In the victim hot,
Bleeds and to the holy
Spirit of the spot,

Unto Salem see,
Craggy citadel,
Ancient sanctuary,
Of the most high El,

Gasping, glad to live,
As to Zion's rock,
Wildly fugitive,
Dusty, thirsty, flock

In pale throngs the people,
Gates gape up around ,
As to safety's steeple,
Pour they pale astound.

Vultures, eagles rally
Screaming to the plain,
To the fearful valley
Where they heap the slain.

To their sacred city,
Old Jerusalem,
Flee they whose deep pity
Keeps the bones of Shem.

Zion, broken alter
Which in flickering hiership
Keeps in fires that falter,
Noah's awful worship.



BOOK IV, CANTO III

Astarte, they forsake her,
Bael, in their woe,
Thee, of heaven, earth Maker,
Sons of Shem they know.

Panic sinks to quiet
Now as prayer and psalm
Peal, yet scarce the riot
Hush, the pale alarm.

At the gateway humming
Eager questioners
Ask with wild hearts drumming
How the battle fares.

Watchers on the height
Bring what they have seen,
Runners from the fight
Speak of rout and teen,

All with upcast eye
Tremble to behold,
Gloom and darkening sky,
Clouds and thunder roll.

As with each tongue taleful
In fresh circumstance
Of disaster baleful
In the horsemen prance,

Bowed as each abases
Brow and heart in pain
On that sea of faces
Lightning, drops of rain.

Clouds that seemed no bigger
Than a man's hand, see,
Hebron gloom beleager
Salem from the sea,

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

In a moment heaven,
 Ere a man can think,
Fills with wild clouds driven
 West, north, east like ink.

O'er Beth Haram break,
 Rattle thunder peels,
Jericho they shake
 Every tossed palm reels

As Gods awful bow
 Should itself disown,
As the world in woe
 Once more were to drown.

Water spouts that streaming
 Would the world's face wash,
Sponge out ; spitting, gleaming
 Southward crash on crash

Sweeps the tempest black,
 What is thy will now,
On the whirlwind's back
 Lord God ridest thou ?

As in Noah's day,
 Thou in heaven flungs't ope
Wide, a windowed way
 For the water drop.

On a world in slaughters
 All outgianting,
Our bad age the waters
 Hugely gathering,

Blackens thy wrath, lingers
 It, no more the sword,
What thy holy fingers
 Made, hast thou abhorred

BOOK IV, CANTO III

Man thy child of old
For earth's glory made,
To thy whisper cold,
Of thy love afraid.

To the visitings
Of the God in him
Still refusing wing,
Ever loth to climb,

Still to beauty's call,
Duty's, blind his eye,
Ever prone to fall
Though in paradise.

BOOK-IV CANTO-IV

Down through all the dark
Dreadful centuries
Israel's Soul, thy bark,
Ploughed through roughening seas.

In the beauty girt
Of thy holiness,
Righteousness his skirt
And his only dress,

He whose bone and gristle
Thou didst thew to run,
Mightily to wrestle,
First beneath the sun.

Israel the severe
Glorious athlete,
Still to mankind dear
After his defeat.

Stript for justice course,
That palaestra long,
Who thy zeal his force
Knew, thy praise his song.

He whose visioned fire
Felt his Maker dwell
Than his own soul nigher,
Thee, the invisible,

Not in clay of idol,
Not in house of gold,
But a spur, a bridle,
In his acts ensouled.

BOOK IV, CANTO IV

Through the weight and shekel,
Through armed men and steed,
In the tabernacle,
Of a righteous deed.

In the peace, security,
That self-conquest bring ;
Joyful, watchful purity
Of a heart on wings.

Israel sifted, grammared
'Twixt Euphrates, Nile,
Either anvil hammered
What is force, what guile.

Ages long my scholar
In captivity,
By self-tasted dolour,
Mankind's misery.

Littlest of the nations,
Suffering taught to feel,
Schooled like Job in patience,
Blow on blow, that steel

Welded on thy forge,
Metal true, thrice tried,
By affliction's scourge
Chastened, purified.

Israel pious, fervent
Come out of captivity,
Though to tempt thy servant
Bael, my old proclivity,

Mooned Astarte, I
Could not re-endeavour,
To his soul and eye
Grounded in thy fear

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

I the ancient poisin
 Into Eve's ear hissed,
Found to blast his foisin
 Not to know his Christ,

I who mankind since,
 Serpent taught, deceive,
Foiled this glorious prince
 With the bait of Eve.

Pride the spiritual,
 Pride self-righteous rind
Of the apple cruel,
 Found I, him to blind.

Yet triumphant David,
 Solomon the splendid,
His great past engravèd
 To his soul commended.

He who pealed to thee
 All his heart in psalms
For man's misery
 As the salve that balms.

Taught by fiery prophet
 Mercy's heavenly need ;
Arrogance to doff it
 And with others bleed.

Long looked for thy can,
 Adam perfected,
One last holy man
 In god's image made.

I, old Adam, I
 Festering all within
Like dead bones did lie
 Sepulchred, man's sin ;

BOOK IV, CANTO IV

Lest corruption's frightening
Whisper should ungloom him,
I the rock's face whitening
Deeper did entomb him.

To his passèd glory
Chained I his behaviour
With phantasmagory
Unreal, a saviour,

In the clouds to come,
Swindling all his hope
I that empty drum
Beat to spoil his scope.

That his filmèd eye
Hard, a Pharisee,
When his Lord came by
Knew not, could not see.

Knew not with Isaiah
All prediction humming
In his ear Messiah
That foreshadowed coming.

Yea that known Messiah
Ten times prophesied
Sung of by Isaiah
By Jeremiah cried.

Outward ceremony
Making all his law,
With the tithe and penny
Hardening ancient awe.

I, to her loved groom
Blinded so the bride
On the tree of doom
She him crucified.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Angels hailed his birth
And Hosannah sung,
Peace, good-will on earth,
All mankind among,

Simple shepherds knew him,
Whom the ages waited,
Humble fishers to him
Drew soul-charmed, elated

To await his mild
Advent, the great world
Hushed as 'twere a child,
Roman peace upfurled

Sibyl to Augustus
Showed him, for whom cried
History, to adjust us
Virgil prophesied,

Starry intention
From the mystic East
Purged the wise man's vision
On his face to feast.

Upon camels streaming,
Came they from afar,
Souls of great lands dreaming
Their last avatar.

On the blood-sick, sad
Soul millennial
Of creation bad
Weeping since its fall.

Down from that majestic
Face of law eternal
To which stars are mystic
Power the core and kernal

BOOK IV, CANTO IV

Of thy universe,
Power the dolorous
Fixed unchanging curse
As it seems to us.

Love it seemed arose
From the feet of patience
To unthorn earth's rose
Balm the bleeding nations.

For it seemed the word
Which the great world made
As it were a bird
Sang out unafraid,

From the blue sad skies
As 'twere thy compassion
Dropped, a paradise
Out of earth to fashion.

Love the eternal very,
Love it seemed on wings
Came down on the weary
Broken heart of things.

Like the dawnlight shivering,
Like a drop of dew,
Thy sweet pity quivering
To make all things new.

O his gentle power,
O his lovely might,
That in child or flower
Saw a thing of light.

O that blaze of anger,
Holy, just, severe
Thrilling trumpet clangour
Into Satan's ear.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

O his healing magic,
 Spirit power to portal
Back to health this tragic
 Ailing body mortal.

I, in hush eternal
 Dwelling, Adam deaf,
At his voice grew vernal
 To the rustling leaf.

I, old Adam, blind
 Eye-seared with my dust
No more upward chinned
 Saw through flashing trust

Such a strength there came
 From him at his touch,
I weak, palsied, lame
 Threw away my crutch,

I that king of glooms,
 That poor maniac,
Living among tombs
 Who all fetters break,

All my swinish folly
 At his ruth divine,
Felt my melancholy
 Rush into the swine.

At the hopeless entry
 Where corruption lies,
Where death stands a sentry,
 'Lazarus arise',

At that summons sweet
 I, the dead man rose,
He my swathing sheet
 Made my swaddling clothes.

BOOK IV, CANTO IV

Born anew, rechristened
Following I hung
On his dear word, listened
Rapt, child-hearted, young

At each glad beatitude
My old leprosy,
Every loathèd attitude,
I felt fall from me.

At each lovely parable
Barrenness forsaking,
All my black loam arable
To heaven's kingdom making.

All my hungry wishes
Feeding o'er and o'er,
With the loaves and fishes
Of his heavenly store.

Such a power divine
Winged him as the curriclè
Of my soul, like wine
Water grew by miracle.

Five years Adam evil
I, from whom he had
Cast out many a devil
Many a spirit bad,

As the hunter follows
Glad the horn and halloli,
As the sun the swallow,
Through Judea, Galilee

Went I after Him ;
Then the new born glory
Faded and grew dim,
Once more Adam hoary

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

With the curse inveterate,
Clinging thistle, thorn
With no wish to better it
Or my clay adorn,

After that great gardener
Pruning my behaviour,
My waste Eden's pardoner
My Sahara's saviour,

No more was I crazy
Grassy slopes to set
With the gentle daisy
Of his courage sweet,

Roses and carnations
Of his world-wide charity,
Passion flowers of patience,
Faith's far shining clarity.

God's love and my neighbour
Irk'd was I to plant,
That millennial labour
Sow my spirit's want

With the noble lily
Of his pure and good,
With the daffodily
Of meek hardihood,

With the violet
Low of sage humility,
His example set,
Inward joy, docility.

Paradise imperial
To my soul I left
For the old material
Apple of my theft.

BOOK IV, CANTO IV

With Scribes, elders, I
 With hard Pharisee
Marked him out to die
 And, with Sadducee

I tradition's zealot
 To the oft rinsed platter,
Oft washed hands, a helot
 Riveting man's fetter,

Even the Pharisaical
 Grave priest, hypocrite,
Worldy, unmosaical,
 Full of malice, spite

I forever traps
 Setting to entangle,
As a man that maps
 Truth like heaven's spangle

At the glorious sheen
 Of that light arisen
From hills Nazerene
 To make burst man's prison,

Could not but abashed
 The bright parry feel
Of his word that dashed
 All my feignèd zeal,

Keen as light that stabbeth
 Truth's fan winnowing,
True from formal sabbath
 Dues of God and king

All my word-snare factory,
 All the smug security,
Of my broad phylactery
 With his heavenly purity.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

I the hard inhuman
Pharisee, alone
Left him with the woman
Nor could cast a stone.

I incensed that he
Empire could not give,
Earthly royalty
Out the Roman drive,

Tempted by the bribe.
Snake tongued Pharisee
Whispered me, and Scribe
Worldly Sadducee.

I this more than human
Saviour, king supernal,
Romans to out-Roman
Asking, powers that kerna

Of Eve's fruit whose hellish
Taste, Assyria's fall
Served not to disrelish
No, nor Persia's, pall.

I who had Seleucid
Seen and Ptolemy
Of that evil juicèd
Eldest poison die,

For a toy, a silly
Dream to sway earth's ball,
I the valley lily,
Crown imperial,

Mankind's flower confest,
Purest rose of Sharon,
Prophet loftiest,
Holier priest than Aaron

BOOK IV, CANTO IV

Slow, incensed that he
 Could not Rome drive forth,
Israel's royalty
 'Stablish over earth

To unspoke love's chariot,
 I that dreadful hiss,
Rabbi taught, Iscariot,
 With that serpent's kiss,

(Still appaling thought !)
 I betrayed my Jesus,
He, God's perfect ought,
 Sold for thirty pieces.

Covetous, avaricious,
 In old Adam's glass
Looked I, sold my precious
 Master—I it was

Liar, hypocrite,
 I old Adam rife
With all malice spite
 Slew the Life of Life.

With expediency,
 Scapegoat doomed to perish,
Priest-craft's hideous plea,
 Whom all hearts did cherish,

To the trembling folly
 Of that grey accurst
Sanhedrim unholy
 High priest and their worst

Caiphas, this splendid
 King of more than Jews
Doomed I, apprehended
 Blushed not to accuse,

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Trembling not to smile at,
His white innocence,
Water took with Pilate,
Washed off my offence.

Wherefore should I further
Speak ? my criminality,
Lord, thou knowest, that murder
Black without finality ;

Look upon me, see,
Lord thy eye it knows
How betwixt man and thee
Still I interpose.



Argument

BOOK V

PART II BOOK V

Argument

BOOK V

Canto I—God comforts Adam telling him of man's great destiny for was he not the link between the untransformed animal and the angel, the ladder leading to the divine. Was he not also the full fraught heir of the great civilizations of Babylon, Egypt, Greece and Rome and the acts of the saints and prophets reaching out to the divine. But Adam asks God whether he cannot hear the cries of the orphan and the martyred womanhood of Europe. Can God look upon Prussia and see the condition to which Russia has been reduced and still ask Adam to rise and walk with him.

Canto II—Adam again hears the voice of God who asks Adam why he should be fearful of the thunderous discords of war. Whatever be the outward cause of the present war it was in reality God treading the vats of Time, so that a new age might be born.

Canto III—God comforts Adam and tells him, that if he had learnt from the ages and seen God's foot-prints embedded in Time he would not have despaired. Strata after strata still bear the imprint of how God had been evolving life from the primal jelly through monstrous creations up to man. How even when man was savage and ferocious God was dreaming of Christ, the perfect man. Man had evolved from the hunter, navigator, warrior, captain, scholar and law-giver to the sculptor, painter and poet. Was Adam ashamed of his apelike ancestor? God asks Adam to read earth's dim pages and see how God erases the sins committed on earth.

Canto IV—Adam recounts the war-crimes committed by Prussia, a Christian country and asks how God could allow the Kaiser to decide the fate of mankind, for everything points to the defeat of the allies. Surely God cannot participate in this cruel war-dance nor could he stoop to man red from battle's kiss and banned by murder's ban.

BOOK V CANTO I

Trembling to the spot
Thus I spoke. And He,
"Adam know'st thou not
Thy great destiny ?

Art thou lost in dread
Of almighty power,
Like a leaf art shed
Who erect should'st tower ?

Not as beasts wert thou
Made the earth to pace
But with sunlit brow
And with skyward face,

My stupendous scheme
To behold and see,
Up toward me dream,
Know me, talk with me.

Not so strong, superb
As archangels are,
Not as leaf and herb
Made with tender care.

Thou, Creation's mean,
Wast the ladder planned,
On which all things lean
In ascension grand.

Thou wast wont at even,
Thy sweet labour done,
At the dusk of heaven,
At the set of sun



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

To pace forth, in nature
View my works, and see
How each lower creature
Is a rung to thee.

How on thee I hinge
My stupendous plan,
Having dreamed impinge,
Vast leviathan,

Mighty things unmake,
Monsters of the prime,
Shipwrecked for thy sake,
Bedded deep in slime,

Hulks the hungry ages
Stranded, slow devour,
Bones that are the pages
Of exultant Power.

"These, when He conceived
Me," thy glorying thought,
Thus would run, deceived,
"Sponged He, blotted out.

Me creation's glory
Struggling dim to reach,
He of these a story
Made, through these a breach,

Up through steps impatient,
Serpent, hound and ape,
His slow wisdom fashioned
Me, the final shape."

Thus the cedars under,
In the caverned hill,
Echoes of my thunder
To muse on, my skill,

BOOK V CANTO I

Thou would'st glorying
Over Eden roam,
Find through everything
How to thee I home.

With a spirit lying
Praise and thanks to Me,
Thou would'st walk admiring
Proud thyself to be.

Thou a little lower
Than the angels, thou,
Wast perfection's sower,
Wast my hoe and plough.

Earth to thee a garden
Was, a paradise,
Thou God's careful warden
Weeding out each vice.

Thou refiner tortured
Of my earth still brute,
On my primal orchard
Grafting sweeter fruit.

In thy old self awing
Wolf and fox and ape,
All things softly drawing
Into angel shape.

That soul-birth victorious,
Which makes men divine,
Sampled for thee, glorious,
Once in Palestine.

No abashed intruder
On my mysteries
But with Thales brooder
And with Socrates.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Rich the full-fraught heir
Of whate'er was done
In Rome, Hellas fair,
Egypt, Babylon.

For whom Polygnotus
Painted, and in stone
Pheidias dreamed, and lotus
Throned the Buddha shone.

For whose sake sweet Francis
Loved, and Academe
Dialogued the trances
Of thy upward dream.

Thou who with the ages
Dost thyself bulk out,
By saints, prophets, sages
Armed within, without,

Thou wast wont, no laggard,
To walk forth, and see
With a soul unstaggered
My infinity,

Through a million stars
Thou wast wont to gaze,
Burst thy spirit's bars,
Dimly view my face,

Past Orion soaring,
Past the Pleiades,
Thou did'st catch adoring
Heaven's own harmonies.

What is it that makes thee
Child thy Father doubt
In the dust forsake thee
Thus thyself to flout ?

BOOK V CANTO I

What fruit hast thou eaten
Adam, thou should'st crawl,
Prostrate, shamed, down-beaten,
Lower than the Fall ?

Rise, thy Maker, I
Call thee from the dust,
Lift thy face nor be
Abject, shorn of trust.

Rise and walk with me
Through the primal glade,
Up, and talk with me
Once more unafraid."

Thus the Lord from Heaven
Through the stillness spoke
And no angry levin
Flashed, no thunder broke.

Full of kindness sweet,
Full of sympathy,
The high Infinite
Wisdom spoke to me.

Well-known accents breaking
Softly in my ear
As it were one speaking
Friend familiar, dear.

One whom I had known
Even since a child,
Whose thoughts were my own,
Wept with me and smiled,

That majestic other
'Twas, who is not I,
Yet my soul's felt brother
In earth, ocean, sky.



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

'Twas the sovereign hand,
Laid as 'twere in mine,
Which the high heavens planned,
Which the stars made shine.

Shook with whispers wide
Eden's blissful frame,
Worshipped as it sighed
The eternal name.

Every herb and tree,
Every little flower,
To the majesty
Swayed of sovereign power.

Cedars grandly tall,
Daisies, lilies dim,
Pure as ere the Fall,
Whispering speak of him.

Through the gloom they speak
With my silence pained,
Wondering why thus weak,
Prostrate, I remained.

Saying, "Rise, obey
Hear, it is the Lord
Who from worlds away
Speaks his holy word.

We his presence feel
Through stem, leafage, shoot,
And with rapture thrill,
Shaken to the root.

Child, he bids thee rise,
Who the great world made,
Spanned so calm the skies,
Child, be not afraid."

BOOK V CANTO I

Everything reproved me,
Flowers, the trees, the wind,
Whispering how he loved me
Chiding me as blind.

Rise I could not, spilt
Flat on earth, my face,
When from conscious guilt,
Humankind's disgrace,

Red sound, murder-rife,
Cannon shot and flame,
Man with man at strife,
Dyed my soul with shame.

I a murderer
Felt, as I were Cain,
Hearing shriek through air
Spirits of the slain.

Through death-dealing engines'
Roar, I heard around,
Spilt blood, as for vengeance,
Crying from the ground,

'Gainst that foul adviser
Of world-slaughter wide,
That blood-guilty Kaiser,
Crying as they died.

Millions, armageddon,
From the body loosed,
As through air they sped on,
Me denounced, accused.

Man I was : for all
Stood I, self-arraigned,
And for earth's vext ball
Thus with sighs I plained :

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

'Power that madest man,
Let me with thee plead,
Since our steps began
We through history bleed.

From the curse of Cain,
Man's long-fallen race,
Back to thee would fain
Ages wild retrace.

Through the waste we roam,
Seeking for blood spilt,
Paradise our home,
And surcease of guilt.

Like thy dreadless trees
Could I grandly tower,
Murmur like thy breeze,
Smell sweet like a flower,

Could I like thy heaven
Show immaculate,
With the Pleiads seven
Soaring, shine elate.

But the steps of Cain
Through my blood I hear,
And the first man slain,
Haunts my soul with fear.

Through my eyelids red
David I can see
Strike Uriah dead,
Then take Bathsheba.

Every century
Bleeds with it. 'Twas done,
Men upon a tree
Hanged thy guiltless son.

BOOK V CANTO I

He who from thy bosom
Came, at our hands died,
• Human nature's blossom,
Him we crucified.

Though through ages twenty
His example shine,
Feed our souls with plenty,
Be our bread and wine.

Up to angel stature
To lift man, instil
In the teeth of nature,
Peace on earth, goodwill.

Never yet might we
Bind those wounds again,
Wipe from history
That red track of Cain.

See through thy fair earth,
That should paradise
Grow, how breaks to birth
Unredeemed man's vice.

Since men first were two,
Cain must unwithstood
Still his hands imbrue
In his brother's blood,

In thy bleeding heaven
See o'er Europe wide,
By hands long forgiven,
Christ re-crucified.

He who deemed mankind
With himself as one,
Him they once more bind
Kaiser, Kaiser's son.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

In Berlin was plotted
History's last worst crime,
There the scourge was knotted
To make bleed all time.

Mankind they in him
With a kiss betray,
Give to legions grim
On war's cross to slay.

Through the starry hush
Thou beholdest, Lord I
Darkness own to blush
War's ensanguined sword.

Through the cedars' rustle
Hear'st thou, Lord, or not
Nation nation jostle,
Scream of shell and shot.

Viewest thou the face
In thine image made,
Battered beyond trace,
Maimed and ghastly laid.

From thy towers divine,
Limb from limb asunder
Blown by shell and mine,
Shot to air with thunder,

All who wisdom van,
Banner freedom tall,
Lead the march of man,
Captain peoples all.

What is lordliest, human,
Teuton, Magyar, Kelt
Slav, Italian, Roumaine
In red ruin melt.

BOOK V CANTO I

Orphan's dreadful cries,
Martyred womanhood,
Bathe with tears mine eyes,
Paint my soul with blood.

Europe now and Asia,
To kill, slay, on fire,
Burn as in a brazier
With thy coming ire.

How shall I their brother,
I who bear man's name
One like them, no other,
Lift my head for shame.

O thou first and last
Suffer me to speak,
Near thine apple placed,
Why must man be weak ?

Still with branded Cain
We, all red within,
Wander and engrain
Deep the sense of sin.

Still the flaming sword,
From our fallen eyes,
Guard for thee, O Lord
Thy pure paradise.

How shall we with pain,
Sorest penitence,
Though we weep, regain
Our first innocence.

How shall we unlearn
That forbidden tree,
Back to childhood burn,
White simplicity.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Could I grandly tower
As the first man did,
Be like Eve a flower,
Fearless, unforbid.

I like Nature had,
Thy creation sweet,
Risen when thy voice bade,
Stood before thy feet.

I had stood uncrushed,
Fearless, lovely, whole,
Nor to show thee blushed,
Naked all my soul.

Thou art perfect : Thou
Only, Lord, art pure
Man must abject bow,
Nor thy face endure.

Foolish was my prayer
To commune with thee,
Cain's own brand I bear ;
Lord, depart from me.

Leave us to our ways,
Quit thy reddening earth.
Cursed from ancient days,
Tainted even at birth.

Canst thou look on Prussia
With thy holy eyes,
What they do in Russia
See, and bid me rise,

Bid me walk with Thee
Through the solemn shade,
Bid me talk with Thee,
Trustful, unafraid ?

BOOK— V CANTO—II

So from purest daisies
 Grieving at my grief,
Silent lily faces
 And the wondering leaf,

Up through cedars glooming,
 Whispering deodars
Me in dust entombing,
 Cried I to the stars.

Contrite, crushed,—each tear
 Weeping for man's race,
In my Maker's ear
 Cried with fallen face.

And through starry night,
 Making earth rejoice,
From space infinite
 Came the former voice.

As though stillness should
 In the soul's ear speak,
Thus the Primal Good
 Did me pitying seek.

Blackness yet a face,
 Pure as heavens august,
Out from boundlessness
 Looked upon my dust.

Silence, yet a sound,
 Vast with all that is,
Nature thrilled profound,
 'Twas the primal Bliss.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

'Twas my Maker filling
 Nostrils formed of clay,
Wisdom, thought instilling
 In me as I lay.

I that clod of earth,
 Crown of all things brute,
Wailing my soul-birth
 Blind and deaf and mute.

Adam, I remorseful
 Root of mankind's fall
Wailing for the forceful
 Touch that healeth all.

On my ear it fell,
 Wisdom beyond thought,
Law inexorable,
 Justified its ought,

Dreadful, thunderous,
 Death's curse did it seem,
Toils that under us
 Takes from flowers the gleam.

Yet was mercy there,
 Such hope, victory,
As the primal pair
 Heard beneath the tree.

Barren earth, the thorn.
 Thistle, toil and fate,
Night that works to morn,
 Did it vindicate.

As to their hearts then,
 On my soul in flame
Writing like a pen,
 Even so it came.

BOOK V CANTO II

On my ear, majestic
Like the renison,
Diapason mystic,
Of all sounds in one.

'Twas the symphony
Of the waves of Time,
'Twas the harmony
That makes all things chime.

'Twas the primal mystery
Of whose vast becoming,
Man, the great world, history,
Are the Shuttle's humming.

Unto me one thread,
Mutinous to make
Music, both afraid,
Thus the whole Loom spake.

"Adam, was it thou,
Up through starry night
I heard cry but now
Filled with sore affright.

Torn with shame and fear
For earth's reddening ball,
Weeping tear on tear,
Thus upon me call,

'O, thou First and Last
Primal mystery
Hide me in thy vast
In the hush of thee,'

Far from war's mad riot
In my garden-plot,
Nature in the quiet
Thou for me hast sought,

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

My foot-prints to meet
 In flower, tree that lurk,
Of me tokens sweet
 In my handiwork.

In the solitude
 With thee lo, I am
Why should thoughts intrude
 Here of sword and flame ?

Europe's battle-hum,
 Asia's anarchy,
Wherefore should they come
 Betwixt thee and me.

I the eternal Onliness
 Who all Nature bind,
Never in the loneliness
 Am I hard to find.

Had'st thou heard me calling,
 Adam, through the cedars,
Through far sounds appalling,
 Through a million bleeders,

Through the gory welter,
 Earth to peace turned traitor,
Nations helter-skelter
 Warning, thy Creator,

The omnific word
 Speaking in the garden,
Had'st thou, Adam, heard
 Of my flowers the warden,

Through the rose and lily
 Heard a voice that stole
Awful, sweet and stilly
 Through thee to thy soul.

BOOK V CANTO II

Yet wilt thou not rise
At my call nor talk I
With thy Maker wise
In the garden walk,

Or dost thou suppose me
Some imaginary
Voice ? The garden knows me,
Darkness, earth and starry

Night. Than all things nigher
To themselves, the sigh
Of the world's desire,
Doubt not, it is I.

I, who nowhere seem
And yet everywhere
Work, creation's dream,
Slow perfection's prayer.

Maker infinite,
Spirit eye to scan,
Ear to hear, the sweet
Power in all things, man,

Beast, worm, I the inning,
Purpose in each sphere,
Bright sun planet spinning.
Who, its core inhere,

Ever grow ; a hope
Dawning from above,
Each thing's larger scope
That world-shaping Love.

Man, beast, planet, sun
Of my hand the treasure.
Each a joy begun
In eternal leisure

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

I perfect. Who is it
His own dark self chooses,
Spurns the heavenly visit,
God's own kiss refuses ?

Who would from the weaver
One thread in the work,
Hide, an unbeliever
Blind, rebellions lurk,

From the orchestra
Fail, one instrument
Doubt the thunderous blare,
Pout, be malcontent,

At my concert's deafening
Discord dost thou shudder,
When through storms for leafening
Europe, earth, I rudder ?

Through the ages stormy
Hed'st thou, Adam, sought
Mankind struggling for me,
Me the blissful ought.

Seen by Hellas beauty,
Wisdom, thought's caress,
Seen by Israel duty
Burning righteousness.

Yes in Russia rent,
France's a ony,
Belgium's dreariment,
War-gashed Italy,

Seeking through all scars
Clio's woeful book
Shows thee, furious wars,
Adam could'st thou look

BOOK V CANTO II

Could'st thou see all history
As the bleeding yearn
• Of some far-felt mystery
Toward which I burn.

Through the moil and irk,
Terror, cruelty,
Through the Scyth and Turk,
Thou had'st found out me.

Yet, and this world-terror,
Anguish infinite
Of mankind's last worst error,
Seen me even in it.

Seen thy Maker's patience,
Those world-baffled hands,
Shaping realms and nations,
Perfecting the lands.

Seen a prophet aching
With inspired eyes,
Mankind in the making
Germinating paradise.

Me the heavenly Maker
Thou at work had'st seen,
Who the heavens re-nacre,
Who renew the green.

As the earth I frame
Out of furious wars,
Slowly, unashamed
To a shout of stars.

Whether plotting Germany,
In a mad superb
Empire-lust, earth's harmony
Broke or else a Serb

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

In the mine of greeds,
Hates, ambition dark,
Powder-shell of creeds
Flung and lit the spark,

Or the dreadful swath
Burst from seed, Sedan
Sowed, an aftermath
To abolish man.

Sprung from France's shoulder,
Alsace and Lorraine
Rent, that rankling smoulder.
Big with mankind's pain.

Yea, when now the shadow,
As of some vast Death,
Over Europe's meadow
Walks to mow all breath.

Now when hugely earth
Doth in travail groan
Of some painful birth,
None can foresee, none.

Thou hadst feared not, thou
Hadst with awful eye
Seen creation's plough
Furrow through a stye.

Through a filth Augean,
Putrid, rank, immense,
Run the sweet Alphean,
Heraclean cleanse.

War, my thesher callous,
Loud his flail uplifting,
Smiling, to whom Pallas
Is the winnower sifting.

BOOK V CANTO II

War without whose salience,
Stirring sloth to strife,
Held in idle dalliance,
Were the rose of life.

Look and in the bleeding
Winepress of man's crime,
See my spirit treading
All the vats of time.

Searching man's heart, weighing
As it were a shekel,
To the kingdoms saying,
'Mene, Mene, Tekel.'

Seen an awful finger,
Run from wall to wall,
Of their fabrics linger,
Writing, judging all.

Hearken, O my son,"
Thus the primal voice
Made my inmost bone,
Marrow quake, rejoice.

And an awful whisper,
Roses, lilies dim,
Every flowery lisper
Echoed, "Hark to him."

And the earth beneath,
Every grain of dust
One sweet voice did breathe,
"In his goodness trust".

And the heaven's ringing,
Every star above
In one shout was singing,
"Adam he is love."

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

I on earth my mother,
 Prone with fallen face,
Knew the worm my brother,
 Blushing for my race.

Adam self-disdained,
 Guilty, nor could budge,
At the bar arraigned
 Of how just a judge.

By guns thundered deaf,
 Flashed by shrapnel blind,
Fallen Adam brief
 To my clay resigned.

For the thousand crimes,
 Shames, injustices
For which our sad times
 Cry to God redress.

Thinking it is come,
 Europe and mankind
Given to their doom,
 And the sentence signed.

BOOK—V CANTO—III

Thus the voice divine
Sovereign sympathy
In the dim star-shine
Comfort spoke to me,

“Hadst thou of the ages
Patience Adam learned,
Read the world’s dim pages
With a soul unburnt

Through what myriads thick
Of millenniums,
My arithmetic
Adde subtracts and sums.

Aeon after aeon
Toward the Kelt and Teuton,
Vainly Galileon,
Dreaming Shakespeare, Newton.

How long dumb I swayed
Shut in primal jelly,
Meek as Jonah prayed
From the fish’s belly.

Vastly labouring
Upon monstrous wings,
Rudely taboring
Toward Homer’s strings.

In the dragon’s mail
Basking, musing on
Armour that should scale
All Napoleon,



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Petrodactyl's pinion,
Teeth of dinosaur,
Paving power, dominion,
Strode my steps before.

Strata upon strata
Keep the relics still
Of my lovely martyr
Life that strove with ill.

In the primal hurtle
When land rose from sea
The enfortressed turtle
Refuge found for me.

Challenging those shady
Aeons to the list,
Darkness, Evil made I
My antagonist.

While the battle burned,
Strife, extinction, death,
Tooth, claw, beak, I yearned
Towads Nazareth,

Caught in jungle mazes,
Dreaming toward thine eyes,
Adam, and the daisies,
Trees and Paradise.

Justice, purity,
Love, truth, faults forgiven,
Peace, security,
The soul's kingdom, heaven.

In what fiery madness
Of enthusiasm
Toiled I, what sage sadness,
Perfecting the plasm.

BOOK V, CANTO III

'Twas with difficulty
Close to come to grips,
Beauty's dim result, I
Made so fly the chips.

Lured from ocean vast
That amphibian dread
From whose shape I cast
Every quadruped.

Singling, varying,
Till I found the tune,
Discords marrying,
Sundering wolf, baboon,

Out of rule exception,
Working to the pride
Of my far conception
Still unsatisfied.

In thee not to scant
Sage docility
Did the elephant
Pace majestic, free.

'Twas for thee the beaver
Architecture learned,
And so deft a weaver
The small spider turned.

Single, feeble, thou
Mad'st me to contrive
That first social how
The well ordered hive.

Kingly sternness, power
In thy thought to camp
Strength reposeful dower,
Did the lion ramp

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Sluggard shaming ants,
Wise industrious bees,
Were my hierophants,
Archetype to please.

My hand groping after
Thee, the crown of all,
Thoughts, tears, speech and laughter,
Thy large rational

Brain to outplot rivals,
Hands for victory
Shaped, for which survival
Cried out, 'This is he.'

Hunter, navigator,
Warrior, captain, scholar,
Law-giver, creator
With word, marble, colour.

Arts, inventions, song,
Government to bring,
In the rough how long
Was I quarrying

To shape thee, that poet
Rhyme, musician warble,
Saint pray and sage know it,
O laborious marble !

Thee the tragical,
Glorious, absurd,
Issue magical,
Out of beast and bird

Struggling to conceive,
Son thy god-like shape,
Sovereign lovely Eve,
I divined the ape,

BOOK V, CANTO III

Lost in woods with Dian,
Through that bestial brute,
Morningless Orion,
I my dawn did shoot.

Hadst thou Adam studied
That far-branching tree,
Thy millennium budded,
Ancient ancestry ;

How I left behind
Each rough parallel,
First sketch, out of mind
Left with thee to dwell.

With what pain laborious,
My work to perfect,
Ape-like man victorious,
Staggered up erect,

Stood with lifted brow
Up to starry space,
Made his grasp a plough,
Planted firm his pace.

Last who first art, Nature
To outgo, intent,
For whom every creature,
And the world was meant.

Ages did I form
Thee but in the rough,
All kinds from the worm
Went to make thy stuff.

Thou creation's wonder
Adam, first of men,
Stood'st without a blunder
Shaped, my perfect then.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

O'er thee Seraphim
Sang the ages through,
Glory be to him
For his wisdom new.

Thou that fallen, shamed
Dost the cannon's roar,
Dost mankind's untamed
Furious strife deplore,

Adam shamest thou
Stunned by war's dread lyre,
Blushing to avow
Him for thy rude sire,

Him the shadowy
Grand, first parent far,
Who in meadowy
Grassy steppes made war.

No first parent splendid,
God-like soul and shape,
Who in fall hath ended,
But a walking ape.

He whose skeleton
Out of Java Isle,
Matter deep to con
Gives thee, makes thee smile,

Whom my myriad ages
Infantine to walk,
Fraught by gentle stages
Ere his tongue could talk.

Over him enamoured
In his nursery
Hung I when he stammered
Accents cursory.

BOOK V, CANTO III

Adam softly lured
From the forest dense,
Who so long endured
In his innocence.

Or if thou that wastrel
Scorn of my first thought,
Deem to thee ancestral
One of nobler sort,

Him, whose bones were found
At Neanderthal
With his flints around,
Adam of the fall,

What, hath it abashed thee
That I speak of him,
Whom my lamp hath flashed thee
From old cavern's dim.

He whom frosts to harden,
Ice my angel drove
From his tropic garden,
Cave-bound, yet he throve.

Whom with skins I clad,
Tenderly, compassionately,
Gave the flint and bade
Sharpen it and fashion it.

Shivering in the splinters
Of day's frosty beam,
He through myriad winters
Was my joy, my dream.

Darling of the dust,
To triumph, aspire,
Gave I him in trust
Bright Promethean fire.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Dost thou earthly-wise,
Whom the world was for,
My fair work despise,
That far ancestor ?

What thou art he was,
Nature's master form,
Who should angels glass,
And the heavens storm.

O'er that cave-penned savage,
Lost the beasts among,
Dominant in ravage,
Angel armies sung.

Hosts embattled woke,
Arming to my wars,
And the heavens broke
In a shout of stars.

Glory, glory, glory,
To our Maker be
Who creation's story
Makes eternally.

Thou among the roses,
Bleeding at my thorn,
War its dreadful close is
Thundering toward morn.

Thou amongst the daisies,
Crushing thy sad face,
Could'st thou hear the praises,
Could'st thou ken the lays

Which forever sing
Through creation's day,
Angels antheming,
In my ear alway.

BOOK V, CANTO III

Me the stormless patience,
Me the central hush,
Round whom constellations,
Stars and systems rush.

Singing as they move
Glory be to him,
Who is power, is Love,
Mercy never dim.

Thrones, archangels humming,
Their Creator's plan,
As I work undimming,
Through the ages Man.

Hierarchies splendid,
Principalities,
Till man's dark be ended,
Singing from the skies.

Nay, but list to these,
Open thou thine ears,
Adam lift thy knees,
Hearken to the spheres.

Star-song sweet, harmonious,
That to me aspire,
With whose chant symphonious
Titans, demons lyre.

Star-fires immemorial,
Solemn eyes they shine,
Praising from heaven's oriel
Man my work divine,

Even now they bid thee
To thy Maker rise,
Flout the shame that hid thee,
Wipe thy streaming eyes.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Lift thee from the sod,
Wrestle, strive to kneel,
Rise, thy soul to God
Humbly-bold reveal.

From my joy I wrought her,
She thy lovelier, know her,
God's immortal daughter,
Naked, fearless show her.

Soul, thy best within,
Thy forevermore,
Housed in sorrow's inn
Learning to adore.

Life, my shell-housed darling,
Soul, my lovely daughter
Brighter for impearling
Plunged in sorrow's water.

Ageless, new, immortal,
Ever incarnating
Through the body's portal
Still itself creating

Through rebirths, a thousand,
Soul my boundless can,
Found its sovereign house and
Hoe in apeli~~ke~~ man.

Wherefore groan'st thou then,
Rent with agony,
Newest last of men,
Adam, answer me.

Clay that I impassioned,
Tell me, thou my work,
Whom my aeons fashioned,
Where a fault may lurk ?

BOOK V CANTO III

From thy uncouth sire
Hast thou not arisen ?
Brighter burst and higher
For the seeming prison.

Read in earth's dim pages
How Time's sins I blot,
Scholar of the ages,
Knowest thou me not ?

BOOK-V CANTO-IV

So the voice primordial
At which all things woke,
Like a friend's voice cordial,
Soft, familiar broke

On my frail ear, blushing
To be of man's race,
On my weak heart crushing
Out in tears disgrace.

Wisdom without bound,
Law august, severe,
Spoke, became a sound
Bidding me not fear.

'Twas the primal Love
Whispered to my dust,
'Twas the vast Above
Soothing me to trust.

And I felt an arm
From infinity,
Pity, sweet as balm,
Stretched to raise up me.

As though all blue space
Should bend down its bliss
Wipe my tearful face,
Stoop a child to kiss.

Like a child affrighted,
Weeping, I remained,
In my own thoughts nighted,
With my grief self-shamed.



BOOK V, CANTO IV

As in Eden, they,
Our first parents did,
• In my guilty clay
Torn with shame I hid.

Scarce could I God's winning
Voice itself believe,
Torn with Adam sinning,
Sobbing still with Eve.

Still beneath the tree
Evil's fruit I tasted,
Europe's anarchy
Had all sweet faith blasted.

He the soul's impassioner,
Who makes man anew,
He the silent fashioner
Of each morning's dew.

The prime voice creative,
Who would me remake,
With the worm a native,
Found me with the snake.

Of earth, earthly wise,
Good and ill my college,
Though in paradise,
Tasting bitter knowledge.

Thinking Earth is old,
Sin-rotten, death-ripe,
Weeping God is cold,
Would He my tears wipe ?

And all this permit
Slaughter huge, world-crime,
Sorrow infinite,
This last woe of Time.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Can his eye this evening
See earth's reddening ball
And the Word's sweet leavening
Find in it at all.

Earth once bartered for
With His passion-pain
Long since martyred for
Is it Christ's or Cain's ?

Made by Jesus sweet,
Can He paradise,
His prime, lovely feat
Eden recognise.

In this awful burgeoning
Of the fatal tree
Which nor salve nor surgeoning
E'er shall remedy.

Such as ancient earth,
Europe bleeding, dying,
Healed, new wondrous birth
Gave to Asia sighing.

Since the lovely visit
Did re-vivify,
All things was it, is it
Anno Domini.

What ! this gory welter,
Shell, machinegun, bomb,
Nations helter skelter
Warring, Christendom !

Still 'tis Hellas beautiful,
Self-torn Rome that helmed
Mankind, Rome the dutiful
By barbarians whelmed.

BOOK V CANTO IV

Prussians, Christians they,
As an archer aims,
Make their target play,
High cathedraled Rheims.

These Beethovens savage,
Views their Maker them,
Mozarts fit for ravage,
Spoil and stratagem.

Nietsches who make scorn
Of love's, faith's reality,
The souls lovely morn
Brand as slave morality.

Over vast London
While the war hawk hums,
Pity weeps undone,
While they crash their bombs.

Sea-guns far at sea
Batter Hartlepool,
Strew invisibly
Streets with corpses full.

And the sea-sharks treacherous
Nosing under seas,
With the blood-lust lecherous,
Do they God's eye please ?

Earth wept, did they rainier
Than God's tears down roll,
When the Lusitania
Sank with scarce a soul

Saved from seething ocean,
Women, children quaffed
Death, mid crime's commotion
They, the murderers laughed.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Knows He who their credo
 Make to slay the sick,
Hospitals torpedo
 With the Red-cross trick.

Sees He Belgium tortured,
 Hears He mangled France,
Where through Europe's orchard
 The grey hoards advance.

In those sweet towns, villages,
 All the wrongs and shames,
Red dragoonings, pillages,
 Horror shrieks and flames.

Childhood's lovely power
 Is by them disdained,
Maidhood's holy flower
 In its glory stained.

As the Assyrian
 Did his captives flay,
As the Egyptian
 Wore down nations, they

Half blood streaming, riven,
 Earth they turn to hell ;
Can the Lord from Heaven
 Signal 'All is well !'

Giant Russia prostrate,
 France's side see list,
And Britannia frustrate,
 Soon shall Antichrist,

He the world's sword-temperer
 Moloch, homicide
In Berlin, their emperor,
 Mankind's fate decide.



BOOK V CANTO IV

What is great and free,
What is just and true,
Vanquished all shall be,
Painted Prussian blue.

Not in war's red dance He
Mingles. My thoughts grope,
'Tis my tortured fancy
Whispers me to hope.

'Tis the frenzy wild
Of delirium,
Makes me hear thus mild,
Awful accents come.

Dreaming where his power is,
There must goodness be,
He but with the flower is,
He is with the tree.

He who righteousness
Is, and peace and purity,
In the wind's caress,
Nature's sweet security,

In the calm of Heaven,
In lulled waves is he,
In the blush of even,
With the bird and bee.

He long since has turned
From mankind his face,
In our crimes well learn'd
Weary of our race.

Were the sweet voice His,
Could He stoop to man,
Red from battle's kiss,
Banned with murder's ban.

PART II BOOK VI

Argument

BOOK VI

Canto I—Adam hears God's voice once more telling him that soon Night will rest on earth hushing all strife and fury, bringing inveterate enemies under her sway. It is God who has allowed the Kaiser to pursue his victorious trail over Europe. Night is God's dark smithy and men, their desires and actions are his unwrought mettle that he shapes for achieving his purpose. In the dark of Night God sends Sleep to advise and warn the Kaiser.

Canto II—Haughtily the Kaiser refuses to listen to the advice of Sleep for then his heart might melt with compunction and remorse at the sight of the battle-fields of dead. Rather he asks Sleep to undermine the enemy lines from Ypres to Verdun with its langour, to sink in stupor the captain brain of Joffre, Foch and Petain as they plan the movements of their armies, to fill Britain with the fear of the sure victory of Germany to which all things point and strike terror in the heart of America. It is Sleep that renews the vigour of living things. Also it is Sleep that holds the secret of how great generals like Alexander and Napoleon planned their victories. But it is not generals but Destiny who holds the key to victory and the stars only know whose the victory will be. Therefore he asks Sleep not to portray to him the confusion which overwhelms Russia, Belgium's mangled corpse and gashed Flanders and France but tell him rather what God ordains shall be the result of this his last drive towards Paris.

Canto III—Sleep informs the Kaiser how God has summoned him to lull the ferocious tempest of war and tell the Kaiser that the stars look down from heaven half condemning God's indulgent patience as they pray to God to crush the Kaiser lest Time retrace her steps back to Chaos, so God has ordered Sleep to warn and tell the Kaiser that God has allowed him to advance thus far and now that victory is still his the Kaiser should call a parley for peace and put an end to fury and war and be earth's peace-maker. The stars tell Sleep to hurry and give the Kaiser God's message and remind him about his treachery to Nicholas. The Canto ends with a paeon in praise of Russia sung by the stars.

BOOK—VI CANTO—I

Then once more from far
Came the former voice,
Thrilling every star,
Making earth rejoice.

Open thou with patience
Reason's eyes not blind,
Plant imagination's
Hearing in thy mind.

All thy hushed soul lean
With attentive ear,
Senses spirit-keen,
Thrilling thou shalt hear,

How my hand sustains
In their warfare dutiful,
Cheers them or refrains
In this battle beautiful.

Whatsoever attitude
Scope to them is given
They beatitude
Find in me their heaven.

Fullness, life, the wonder
Of creation's way
In the finished rondure
Of another day.

One vast orison
From sky, sea and land
Pouring benison
On their Maker's hand.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

As of old at even,
Where no thicket stirred,
In the dusk of heaven,
Thrilled, the first man heard.

Soon the vasty shadow,
Angel of my hest,
O'er the Asian meadow
Like a cloak shall rest.

O'er Euphrates striding
Stilling Bassorah,
In its deep hush hiding
Kut-al-Amora.

Sheltered Ctesiphon
Strewn with dust of kings
Silent Babylon
Where the bittern sings.

O'er mosque, minaret,
Over monkish bells,
Like a curtain set
Over Dardanelles.

Darkness grand reminding
God is God of all,
Masking Canaan, blinding
Of its aim the ball.

Making in one murk
Eyeless darkness melt
Anatolian, Turk,
Gorkha, Sikh and Celt.

On o'erspreading Indies
One vast canopy
Over Danube, Pindies
Over Rhodope,

BOOK VI CANTO I

Europe's hither cantle
 She at my command,
Night with starry mantle,
 Night with herald's wand

Shall rush down whereat,
 Whence this mighty spark
Blew forth, foes inveterate
 My sweet muffling dark

Roumaine, Bulgar, Serb
 Ireful Hellenes
Like a tender herb
 Solemn Night shall kiss.

They, the long infuriate
 Brothers fierce, unbrotherly,
Mortal hate shall bury at
 Night's murk ankles motherly.

She to make her serial
 Of world-peace complete,
She with stride imperial,
 She with bridging feet

O'er Adria blue
 Soon shall duskly dutiful
Whelm with shapeless hue
 Blotting cities beautiful

From the vandal eye
 Of the war-plane's shot
Hovering to descry
 Beauty's mortal spot.

Masking each pale villager
 In rich, graceful swoon
Holding slayer, pillager
 Tethered in pursuit.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Hushing half those menaces
Heard, that thunder tune,
Where voluptuous Venice is
Stirred in her lagoon,

She who queen of beauty
With her palaces,
Dome of San Salute,
Charm's own chalice is,

As the waters gloom
Eyeing wistfully
Many a Doge's tomb,
Heart-shook, tristfully.

At the cannon shuddering
And the far heard dance
Of the war trump ruddering
Austria's advance.

Amid thunderous armies,
Triumph and defeat,
Terror where no balm is
Light her lulling feet.

To the conqueror,
Mightier victress she,
Calls to bow before
Her dark empery.

To that unblenched line,
Hearts whose patriot stuff
Spits at rout indign,
Crying, 'Hold, enough'.

Covering, the beaten
Sullen, darkling blush
Of proud ranks shame-eaten
With the cool and hush.

BOOK VI CANTO I

Pillars each in each,
Tall Palladian,
Merging, turning pitch
Slopes Arcadian.

From their aim she snatches
Brescia, Asolo,
In her darkness catches
Every wave of Po.

Upon mountain, valley and
Brook, Alp, Dolomite
For whose sake Halian
Hun strive, sacred Night

Claim, the fierce roar bridle
O'er foot-hill and stream
Georgione's idyll
Titian's painted dream.

Meadow flowers make sweet
Sheep and shepherd songs
Dusted now with feet
Of scared flying throngs.

Girls, boys, cease their grief
As she touches them,
Women sigh relief
As she smirches them.

Spectre darkly glorious
To bid day retire,
Wand which waved victorious
Up the last rim higher

Summon shall, bid rise
O'er that hemisphere
Tender, tranquil eyes
O'er that field of fear,

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Europe, tilth Cadmean,
Sowed with dragon's teeth
Bristling war, Lethean
Lovely rest to breathe.

O'er the firing line,
Though the bursting shell
Rest not, nor the mine,
Over death and hell

Shake down from their millions
Sleep, war's anguished moan
Lull with peaceful brilliance,
War's mad lust dethrone.

From all hearts how fierce
Proud so'er they be,
Quiet, balm let pierce
Drown in apathy.

Quench for twelve sweet hours
Hate inexpiable,
Shut like sleeping flowers
Strife and fury fell.

In Vienna even
Franz Josef with law
Shall my starry heaven
With peace overawe

Though his proud thoughts wing
Eagle-thoughted home,
Knocking, triumphing
At the gates of Rome,

Though the gold wires flash,
Broke is Pieve's line,
Yet shall him abash
My starred hush divine.

BOOK VI CANTO I

Night's majestic curtain
Making vast and dim,
• Victory's uncertain
Issue telling him,

'In its punctual stride,
Intercepting gloom,
I am who o'er-ride
Princes, unto whom

Emperors, kings are but
As my instruments,
Tools with which I cut
Fashion, my intents.'

Power that works behind
All things he shall own
Him shall stars remind
Whom the heavens enthrone.

Starving Russia
Shall their eyes of gold
Feed ; and Prussia
Triumphing, withhold

Angel hosts denouncing
With their mild eyes dumb
War's uproar, announcing
Night's sweet kingdom come.

Vaster more beneficent
Than the Hapsburg sways
More than that magnificent
Dream that set ablaze

Kaiser Wilhelm's hope
Armed Almaine and hurled
Titan-like to cope
An indignant world.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

He, too, who his heart
And his nation, steel
Hammered, their own smart
Nor Mankind's to feel.

He whose battle-engines
Seen my wrath to inn
East, South, West my vengeance
Poured for mankind's sin.

Who now as he stands
O'er earth flushed elate
Almost in his hands
Grasping human fate.

Having upstart Serbia
Threshed with victory's flail,
Made the Austrian nervier
On the beauteous trail.

Now I suffer him
Massing rank on rank
All his legions grim
Hurl on France's flank.

Like a tempest sweeping
Transylvania,
Like a harvest reaping
Rash Rumania.

Giant Russia pushing
With gold to the full,
Sapped, now massing, rushing
Southward at a call.

Of God's silent aim,
Purpose old, strong, which he
Long since with her flame
Fed in history.



BOOK VI, CANTO I

Mighty Fredrick
Anvil forged upon
• Which to weld and fix
Great Napoleon

Hammered, Bismarck
On his state-craft cold
Tempered, I God's thought
Am, his weapon old

Crush the haughty Briton
Or what's left of him
Hope's last relic spit on
The American.

He, too, even he
Who all penitence seems
Still throned dizzily
On his wildest dreams.

To the fretful bullet
Singing lullaby,
Anguish they can dull it
Where the wounded lie.

Ease the dreadful pang,
Staunch the mortal gash,
As though angels sang
Cruel war abash.

Teuton, Briton, French
None but God's child is,
My sweet armies thank
For that peaceful kiss.

Numbers without numbers
Shine from Ypres to Aisne
Drip my dew of slumber
On the eyes of men.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Ypres to Verdun
Gripped in furious strife,
They shall whisper soon
Till tomorrow life.

When the waste is spread
Betwixt either line
On the quiet dead
Tenderly they shine,

On my millions gazing,
While they mobilise,
His proud heart amazing
With my star-sown skies.

Daunted to review
All my hand hath made,
Worlds, the embattled blue
Streamed past in parade.

In his heart he knows,
Touching Europe's crown,
From each star that glows
Who can dash him down.

When I camp on heaven
Belted stern Orion
And the Pleiads seven
And the burning lion,

When my starry army
Host on host assemble
To feel what my calm is
Even he shall tremble,

Shiver to behold
Stars from pole to pole,
Solemn eyes of gold
Probe his very soul.

BOOK VI CANTO I

Lure him from the brink,
Plunge him of that bliss,
Search him, make him think
Who his Maker is.

While with stern impatience
He awaits the coming
Of kings, armies, nations
Hears the far off humming,

Legions south and east
Now for Russia's fall
Italy's released
Thunder's arsenal.

Fist that shall the deadlock
Break of each western eagle
In war's taloned wedlock
Gripped, the contest regal

Crash through, burst at last
France's barrier
Victory's three years' fast
Glut, and harry her

Roar down weak Atlantic
With his airplanes dumb
Ere the long'd for frantic
Sails Columbian come

While his glorying eye
Drinks from victory's cup
Thinks from now two months I
Shall in Paris sup.

Knits in one wide league
Of oblivion
Weary sweet fatigue
Respite from the sun.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

From the day-long wrestle
All creation's eyes
Bedding in the trestle
All that weeps and dies.

Sleep whose gaze mysterious
Conquering all breath
Knows the solemn serious
Secrecies of Death.

Shall with waving dim
Shadowy pinions
Stealing come on him
And my will announce,

"Cease thou iron man
And thy Maker fear.
Hence with plot and plan
Bow down, Night is here.

Night to Caesar grand
When he vanquished Gaul
Starry stern command
Even to Hannibal.

Alexander's might
Quailing before her frown,
Vast benignant Night
She hath battered down

Traffickers barbaric
In death, wounds and pain
Attila, Alaric
Jengis, Timurlane.

The austere, impartial,
Vast, majestic Night
Silently made marshal
All thy armies bright.

BOOK VI CANTO I

Sage in heaven out
His videttes to push.
Post them every scout
Sentries of the hush.

Glories past resistance,
Powers who quietly
Soldier from the distance
His tranquility.

One more terrible
Than thyself confess,
Thou whose trampling will
Would earth wilderness.

Whose bright battalions
See, that Europe's breath
Stilling, camp thus valance
On the fields of death

Though superb thou stand
Tower o'er earth elate
Almost in thy hand
Grasping human fate,

Kneel thou and adore
Poor, though iron made
Armed behind, before
Against pity's blade.

Fall down, worship Him
Who space infinite
Did with star-fires brim,
Fear his awful Night.

Interposing gloom
That man's toil defies.
Night the shrouding womb
Of God's secrecies.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

All that Time shall cumber
In the curtaining,
In the smirching umber,
Hides she in her wing.

Unforetold futurity
With her stars along
Vague through insecurity
Trembling to the strong

Steady cyclop's feet
Of his forging will
Who the second heat
Gives to all things still.

Night his sombre smithy
Hides him as in flame
Hammered on his stilly,
On his majestic aim

Wiles, thoughts, burning deeds
Turn which way he bends
All that suffers, bleeds,
All man's blindfold ends,

Ore his passive treasure
Unwrought metal cast
Shaping to the measure
Of his plumbless vast.

Purpose dim in history
Of which as they wing
Night's dark pomp and mystery
Constellations sing.

Couldst thou hear the chanting
Of those heavenly fires,
Be thy knees not wanting,
Humble thy desires.

BOOK VI CANTO I

As they "Glory, glory",
Sing to him whose thought
Made thee, doth thy story
And thy fate command.

Listen ! holy Sleep,
I, God's messenger
Come thy soul to keep
And with thee confer.

Listen, what the chiming
Of the starry dance
Urge to check thy climbing
Topless arrogance.

Three nights hast thou thrust
From thy eyes away
Sleep's ambrosial must
Making darkness day.

All night studying
The war-maps perplexed,
Day's eyes muddying
Still with new schemes vexed.

New hosts up from Russia
Westward hurrying,
Eyeing Fance to crush her
Thy soul flurrying,

Brooding in the malaise
Thinking, could I know
Rheims or Cambray—Calais
Where to thrust the blow.

Lo ! I bear to thee
God's own counsel sweet
Dream-fraught, blissfully
With his word complete,

CANTO II

'Prussia's mighty emperor,
Europe's War-lord, he,
Who my own sword's temperer
Thinks himself to be.

Star-gazer perplext
At the bright array
Of my heavens soul-vexed
Drowsing, he shall say,

"God's own counsel ! Sweetly
Speaking who is it
Through soft darkness meetly
Does my soul visit.

With the very puzzle
Of my utmost thought
Pouring on the dazzle
Of God's starry ought,

Page which the Chaldeans
Did millenniums since
Study, their bright paeon,
Tell to Babel's prince

Or defeat, disaster
Reading, his pierced rib
To the world's dread master
Told Sennacherib.

No disastrous riddle
Lamentable bode
Shall they, God-decreed
Upon me unload.

BOOK VI CANTO II

Hence my armies ever,
Since my father as
Germany's Jehovah
Deem I rather as,

Triumph Esarhaddon
From their myriad glow
Wrung, so Armageddon
Could I ended know.

O to close the languish,
Terror, wild alarms,
Three years' stormy anguish
Of a world in arms.

Can it be that He
His own angel sends,
Who earth's scourge of me
Made for higher ends,

Thus by night uncertain
Seen with obscure bode,
Prophet sent to hearten
Me, his chastening rod.

Now not sickly, feeble
Bidding Germany,
His own favourite people,
Smite them hip and thigh

Smite the cursèd French
Trample Belgium, dog !
Back from trench to trench
The pale British flog.

As under Moses or
Joshua in fight
Israel long ago
Smote the Canaanite,

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

But then earth was young,
Now no prophet speaks,
Who art thou whose tongue
On my counsel breaks.

Voice that dolorous,
Threatening, bidding fear,
Softly ominous
Falls upon my ear.

O thou face the softest
Of God's cherubim
Tempting whisper ofttest
Perilous to film,

Charm with drowsy umber
Sentry eyes at watch
In sweet fatal slumber
Proudest captains stretch.

Upon battle's eve
For a nap undo
Even Napoleon thieves,
Lose a Waterloo.

Sleep whose balmy sigil
Stamps the weary brow
On my kingly vigil
Creeping, is it thou ?

Caution's langour rich
Sloth self-flattering
Thou wouldst from me witch
Many a battering.

Now when every moment
Urges critical
Asks sagacious comment
Wouldst thou on me fall ?

BOOK VI, CANTO II

Thou of frailty spun
Wouldst thou me counsel
Now I stand upon
History's groundsel.

Thou wouldst weave for me
Some fatality
Blinding strategy
With mortality.

Sinking to the level
Of a creature need,
Thought's sagacity revel
Over fields that bleed.

Now God's own thunderbolt
Places in my hand
Nature's tired revolt
Would'st thou me command ?

Sage manoeuvre drowse ,
Stupidly a-bed,
In oblivion house
Tactic's precious thread.

Never yet couldst thou
Snare in sloth unregal
To thy langour bow
Hohenzollern eagle.

Not for thee more quick,
Warring easier,
Mighty Frederick
Won Silesia.

Not with thee Sadowa
Did strong William plan,
My wise father flower
France's felled Sedan.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

What of counsel sage
Canst thou breed for me,
Or the heaven's bright page
Help to read for me.

Me the world's nigh victor
Canst thou to affright
Probe my soul, afflict her
With the dreams of night.

When thy boon I snatch,
In tormenting dream
Thou wouldst weakly catch
From the sane sunbeam.

Vainly wouldst thou Sleep
All the emperor stoop,
Make with thoughts that creep
Into mere man droop.

Every coward scruple
Wounded on the wheel
Of my acts quadruple
Thou wouldst make me feel.

Europe's carnage paint
As the dreamed nightmare
Of my will, ataint
Me her murderer.

Melt me in compunction,
Quail with soft remorse
Every captain function
Valour, will, resource.

Even now strange error
Wild things that but seem,
Night, phantasmal terror
Would'st before me stream

BOOK VI CANTO II

Should I once within,
Dark ease scabbarded,
Steel-bright purpose inn,
Reason lay abed.

Weary, willing yield
To thy drowsy nod
Seen 'tis sure to shield
Burning, God, O God

On my bare soul falling
Piercing with its prayer,
No escape, recalling,
One vast human tear.

On my eyes thrust red
Blood without a shore,
Battlefields of dead
Howling on for more.

Wastes the wild eye traces
And in white still swoon
O those faces, faces,
Faces in the moon.

Hence ! tormenting vision,
Hence ! dream-lies that fool,
Holding to derision
Up God's mighty tool,

O thou weary portal
Of man's impotence
Who would'st mesh me mortal
In supine thoughts, hence !

Would'st thou holy Sleep
Of God's counsel be ?
Blind in stupour deep
All my foes for me.



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Go if thou wouldst hasten
What the starry dance
Singing fights for, fasten
Every eye in France

With sweet langour mine,
With thy weary boon,
All that hostile line
Ypres to Verdun.

Paint me dreams, the coming
Of my legions, bed
Every French heart drumming
With the German dread.

By the war-map sink
Every captain brain,
All that stubborn link
Joffre, Foch, Petain.

Of my thunder tell
In no murmur vague,
With a syllable
Shake the heart of Haig.

Tell it o'er the waters
Whisper it, I come
Whose feet are as slaughter's,
Whose hands are as doom.

Spread my name like Attila's,
Let it mankind's scourge
With a word be battailous
England cower, and George.

Landless Albert's fate
Bid her fear from me,
Say as Russia's state
So shall England's be.

BOOK VI, CANTO II

Through her ships, Britannia,
Sailor courageous,
• Rumour strike, with panic,
London's heart oppress.

Lampless, drowsing tearfully
Through her million streets
Up through darkness fearfully
Quailing at those threats.

Hark I my humming falcons,
Tell them, Sleep, the bomb
Sings me, from the Balkans
Italy, I come.

That proud, stubborn nation
Now my fleet from keel
Bursts, annihilation
To their hearts reveal.

Cannon thundering
Channel foam across
Its white sundering
Strewn with British loss.

Brimstone, fire from heaven
Shall as Sodom, horror
Flaming o'er her driven
Make her like Gomorrah

Navigation gone,
Shipless, starving, she
Who from island throne
Ocean's tyranny,

Queen at Europe's angle,
Sitting she shall feel
What it is to wrangle
With God's striding heel.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Fortune's minion
 Though to her sea-wings
Waft dominion
 Make the hub of things.

Nations, princes beckoning
 With her trident's wave
On her riches reckoning
 The lost world to save.

Though she dread the green
 Sea-depths, think to cripple
Every submarine
 Nosing 'neath the ripple.

Tell her madly still,
 Lost infuriate,
Kicking at God's will
 Germany and Fate.

But thou chiefly Sleep
 Weave the numb eclipse
Blind in stupour deep
 Those Columbian ships.

Proud Britannia
 Tell her she shall ease,
Either pannier,
 Earth's wealth on my knees

Though the old world's leg
 With the new to prop
She Columbia beg
 Over earth's last hope.

Destiny impinges,
 Sleep, I tell thee lies
On the burning hinges
 Of these weary eyes.

BOOK VI, CANTO II

Should they wink if lazier
Thy soft indolence
• Lead them, Europe, Asia
All lands continents

All Time, yea that huge
Billow, man's long tear,
Empire that refuge
Seeks, a haven here,

In these eyes a ferry
Seeks, through war to bliss,
Earth's hope may miscarry
Fate her purpose miss,

Should I close them under
Darkened lids, disjoint
Our last battle's thunder
History's turning point.

Strategy three nights
Plotted against which
All thy sweetness fights
Silence to enrich.

On those pinrows see
Of the war-map all
Dangles tremblingly
Earth's distracted ball,

Whether here by Calais
Or through Soussons there
Southward the Marne valley
Wipes the world's last tear,

Here where Briton, Frank
Slack their armour joint
Shall I tempest rage
Victory purloin.



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Russia lifted now,
 Though our way she block,
Her tall pride to bow
 Though our strength she mock,

Hindenburg's the plan
 Schemed with Ludendorf
Wellnigh shipwrecked man
 In our port to wharf.

Of that the issue known
 Sleep, to me impart
If thou of God's own
 Bosom counsel art.

Thou hast sagely drunk
 Of the milk of rest
With creation sunk
 On thy Maker's breast.

'Tis from thee the whole
 Weary brain of things
New fire, freshened soul
 Gets re-feathered wings.

Thou hast sat upon
 Alexander's brow
All Napoleon
 Pondered thou dost know.

With Epaminondas
 Thou hast phalanxed been
Marlborough profound as
 Moltke, triumph seen.

All that battle budded
 Plan that makes or mars
Thou in them hast studied
 And the stars, the stars.

BOOK VI, CANTO II

O ye sparks of gloom
Armies of his might
Peal me down for whom
Your far courses fight.

Be to me as Jael
Singing Deborah
Make the night prevail
Beat down Sierra.

And thou action's smother
Wise with secrets deep
Downy angel, brother
Of the darker Sleep,

Death, who fatal shadow
Austria's crown-prince
Slew, and Europe's meadow
Walks terrific since.

He whom strife and greed
Hounded first to rage
By all powers feed
Earns his dreadful wage.

Ploughman grim, God's acre,
Conquest follows still,
Treads war's massacre,
Wine-press of his will.

Awful vintage—O
Whose the wine shall be,
Sweet sleep let me know
Wine of victory.

Not with wild things fearful
Sad irrevokable
Dreams remorseful, fearful
Spread thought's banquet table

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Feast me thou, unnerve
Cram what needs must be
On my palled taste serve
Horror up to me.

For whose lips the patience
Long of Providence
The red spirit of nations
Kingdoms, continents.

Russia's torn confusion
Sliced, in fragments rent,
Red with revolution
Why to me present ?

Belgium's trampled corse
Raped and pillaged all,
Show me why perforce
Naked on my soul,

War-gashed Flanders, France,
Poland's martyrdom
Serbia's tortured dance
Italy's to come.

Ill it fits thee banquet
With world agony
Europe's victor, junket
With war's cruelty

Thou oblivion's boast,
Deeds, woes from the sun
Hid'st Lethean, know'st
What is done is done.

Rather of futurity
Humming in the egg
Some foreseen security
Sleep of thee I beg.



BOOK VI CANTO II

Inkling all things, shock
Triumph, rout, eclipse
O to me unlock
Thy mysterious lips.

O thou balm of Nature
Old thou art and wise
Prudence, lovely feature,
Make profound those eyes.

Shining wells of quiet
Deep in these the past
Sunk and still from riot
Thou its anchor cast.

Nor historians only
Brooding in that hum
They are wise and lonely
On the things to come,

Darkness, hushed repose
Are their colleger
Thou to starry shows
Art astrologer.

Tell me, counsel me
Make beforehand know
Fate and earth to thee
Shall thy lieger bow.

Cannon shall not fright thee
Nor sweet dreams to sunder
Over earth to spite thee
Roar our German thunder.

I this war-flail wield
Time's rich grain to thresh
Lay flat, but to build
Europe, earth afresh.



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Thou shalt drop thy manna
When all lands for good
Under one strong banner
Awfully shall brood.

War and deeds tyrannic
Shall be of the past
Sunk in peace Germanic
Long as time shall last.

But the now, the road
To that joyful then
Heaped with load on load
Hecatombs of men.

Once more dolorific
Rivers shall we dare
That onslaught terrific
Heap your banks nor spare.

Never on war's altar
Spare her blood to stream
Hesitate or falter
Our triumphant dream.

Deutschland uber alles
Marne death-choked and Aisne
By your tristful valleys
Shall it be again.

This last drive to Paris
Tell me Sleep what they
Heaven's bright legionaries
Singing of it say.

From the "Glory, Glory"
Of the quiring spheres
Through the wail of story
Through the storm of tears.

BOOK VI CANTO II

Give for counsel fortunate
Admonition sweet
• Sleep I thee importunate
God's will, what is it ?

CANTO—III

"Hear it, mighty emperor,
Give ear thou shalt find
Sleep no smiling simperer
Flatterer, unkind.

No harsh chanting Orpheus
Came I thee to daunt,
No ally of Morpheus
Sleeping Cain to haunt,

Who his brother slew
History's branding pen
Writes to blast the view
Of all after men.

Truth and no dream-nonsense
Truth that will not budge
Sitting in thy conscience
She of that shall judge.

But for lovely doorway
Now for war's surcease
To give life and shoreway
Back to murdered peace.

List the counsel grand
I on dreamy wings
Bear at heaven's command
Sleep, the pause of things.

Sleep who wrongs and wrangle
Maketh kin, does right,
Loveliest arch-angel
Widest winged with might.

BOOK VI CANTO III

Hear what spake to me
Everlasting Love
Who earth's anarchy
Broods o'er like a dove

From the stormless patience
From the central hush
Round which constellations
Stars and systems rush

Singing as they move
"Glory be to him,
Who is Power, is Love
Mercy never dim,

Me his milk of pity
The All-Merciful
Crash of tower and city
Storm of war to lull

Summoned, "Go thou wanderer
Tumult loud allay
Sage-eyed dewy sunderer
Between day and day

With thy sweet lull weakening
Tempest furious,
Of its bright force sickening
Fire imperious.

Thou art ocean's opiate,
The volcano's calm,
Terror, panic hope yet
Where thou drop'st thy balm.

Suns, the cosmic eddy
Of thy joy, the swirl
That would swerve unsteady
That away would whirl.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

All this fleecy, starry
Circumfluence
Weaving thou dost marry
For centripetence

Now war's weary length
Panting, halts, suspires
Now that of sheer strength
Fury sated tires.

Ere destruction's billow
This last towering wave
Of his crimes, pillow
Earth into its grave.

Haste thee unto him
Who the first of woe
Spread, the stars to dim
Kaiser Wilhelm, go,

Say, 'These glories gemming
Space, with streaming tears
Look down half condemning
Wisdom with their fears.

Love that sighs accusing
That to war is given
Wild gain, whose abusing
Breaks the heart of heaven.

Sovereign Love their doubt
To behold with pain
And the starry shout
Would almost refrain.

Hear them hosts refulgent
Weeping as they sing
At my bolt's indulgent
Patience murmuring.

BOOK VI CANTO III

'Lord is he the nursling
This last ruthless one,
Some huge fear, the firstling
Of thy works begun ;

Dragon thing that clamours
Upon eldest slime
Thou of might enamoured
Dotest so on him.'

In harmonious dance
See, then almost day,
As they wheel, advance
Break their bright array.

As they glory, glory
Sing to me in praise
Of creation's story
Sweet exultant lays.

Orphan's piercing cries
Widows staunchless tears
With dismay the skies
Fill and shake the spheres.

All the starry vast
Universe to shake it
Singing, wild eyes cast
On the tearful planet :

'Where is Lord thy justice
How long wilt thou pause
Make him as the dust is
Break his cruel jaws.

Crush him who would history
Fling back, Time thy golden
Slow perfecting mystery
End in Chaos olden.'

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Only love sublime,
Sleep thou knowest in tune,
Keeps the cosmic chime
Planet, sun and moon.

Therefore should the chant,
That celestial strain,
Quiver, which to want
Chaos were again.

Him the monstrous one
Out of Prussia's slime
Crept into the sun
To undo all time.

Hasten, thou shalt find him
Sleepless planning fate
Drowse him, sweetly blind him,
Cry to him "Check-mate".

Tell him, I the Lord
I eternal Love
Upon war's chess-board
Hold the final move.

Flame-burst of Titanic
Old hates, fratricide,
From Berlin volcanic
Rumbling power and pride,

Europe's war-sown breast
Spits towards heaven's shores
Spurring east, south, west
Like an ocean roars,

Thus far my long patience,
Brooding Providence,
This rent spurt of nations
Kingdoms, continents,

BOOK VI CANTO III

Wine-press seethe terrific
Of old grapes now growing
Harvest dolorific
Of Napoleon's sowing.

I who earthquake bind
Make re-ebb the bore
Say to tempest blind
Thus far and no more.

Tell him I magnanimous
In my mercy's dark
Hide all, bear no animus
Who first lit the spark.

That torn paper scrap
Which in terror plunged,
Earth I set, reshape,
All shall be expunged.

I who stoop forever
O'er my own works bound,
Wisdom sleeping never
Thus far have allowed.

Not that he first tore
Peace, that lovely mask
In which more and more
Armèd lands did bask.

With her bright face guilding
With her sweet name blessing
Hells of woe upbuilding
Fury forged at Essen

Spilt the lovely balance
Europe's comity
Seized with harpy talons
Justice, not that he

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

To mankind played traitor
Choked up pity's fount
Shall I his Creator
Hold him to account.

Now that triumph climbs
On his flag to sit
Let him blow betimes
Sound to parley sweet.

All the straining ear
Of my heavens vast
Wait the sound to hear
Of that trumpet blast.

To end massacre
To be fury's let
Earth's peace-maker
Upon him I set.

To him Sleep, his human
Frailty whisper him
Weak and born of woman
All the emperor dim.

Strip his heart of iron
Utterly dismail
Cow the raging lion
Make the man prevail.

Let the honey dew
Of thy infant tongue
Pity soft renew
Turn his hard heart young,

As when he a child
In his cradle slept
On his mother smiled
Loved and laughed and wept.

BOOK VI CANTO III

- Ere his youth ambition
Armed and scale by scale
- Power, pride, Prussia's mission
Cased in ruthless mail.
- Shouldst thou find him froward
Madly still perverse
In results untoward
Let thy tongue be terse.
- Thou whose silence sage is
In the centuries
From the woeful pages
Of what was and is
- Warn him." As it ceased
Love's own voice, the glistening
Spheres that seem to feast
On its music listening,
- As in eldest patience
As in central hush
It reposed creation's
Keynote, stars that rush
- Constellations singing
"Glory, glory, glory",
Ever chiming, ringing
On creation's story.
- Starry space that heard
From that faltering chorus
Sang out like a bird
In full chime sonorous.
- I who stood enchanted
Listening, full of fears
Full of hopes and panted
With the throbbing spheres,

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

At the sound whose crashing
Thunder-fiat filled
Chaos once abashing
Strife to order stilled.

Down I sped. Each grouped
Glory of the skies
Hailed me as I stooped
Past with awful eyes.

Anxious every splendour
Racked for each fair land
It patrols in tender
Sentinelry grand.

Where those diamonds seven
Glittering through cold air
Span the northern heaven
Russia's mighty Bear

Through bright hosts that sang
As it were a dirge
Now a glad shout rang
On my steps to urge,

My lone footsteps :—'To him
Sleep, to wise thoughts bend
Europe's trembler, woo him
His huge fault amend.

Faith he broke with Nicholas
Lest it make his own
Better fortune fickle as
The white Czar hurl down.'

Glorying to upbuoy
On my wings the hest
What to hear is joy
Swift obedience, zest.



BOOK VI, CANTO III

"Glory, glory, glory
Be to him whose ways
Daze the ken of story
• Dumb the pen of praise.

Glory, glory, glory
Be to him whose ken
Russia's tragic story
Gilds with hope again

O immensest plain
Upon earth whose width
Once with bow and wain
Roamed the cruel Scyth.

Not in vain he blows,
O thou Titaness,
On thy cheek his snows
Wraps in purest dress,

Winnows thee to whiteness
With the Arctic winters
Breaks on thee the brightness
Of his frost's keen splinters.

We thy ancient war-dance
Our watch wheeling slow
Gazing see how gardens
Paradise below.

We thy glittering
Watchful sentinels
Know the secret spring
Whence thy pity wells.

When thy bounds he measured
And his gold laid by
In those entrails treasured
Ural and Altai.



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Gave thee to inherit
 Heavenward up to us
The aspiring spirit
 Of sheer Caucasus,

When thy life he singled
 The warm-souled Promethean
Suffering Slav and mingled
 With the cruel Scythian,

We in heaven saw
 Tragic land when he
Gave thy life its law
 Chalked thy destiny.

Sing ye glad, enscroll ye
 Stars her lovely gain
Russia purged made holy
 With a crown of pain,

Out of his compassion
 Thee white land he made
For huge pangs did fashion
 And love's martyr named,

'Tis the myriad meekness
 Of low things he loves
'Tis the strength of weakness
 Thrice refines and proves,

Though from age to age
 O'er thy vasty level
Still the Scythian rage
 Hold his drunken revel

O what joy was ours
 When the hand that blanches
Frosts thee, sows with flowers
 And thy sorrow staunches.



BOOK VI CANTO III

Built thee giantess
 To a shout of stars
With turmoil and stress
 Shaped with shock of wars,

Joy held awful revel
 Through our hosts when he
Who first planned thee level
 Loosed thee Mammoth free.

Roused thee from long sleep
 Iced in barbarism,
Christward soul to weep
 Suffering thy sweet chrism.

Gazing at the ikon
 Rapt, the crucifix
Fain thy soul to liken
 Holy Russia mix,

Bleeding with thy saints,
 With a thousand martyrs,
Thou whom their blood paints
 Still thy scourge the Tartars.

Was it for a story
 For a farce and play,
Glory, glory, glory
 Be to him for aye.

Russia of the Peters,
 Catherine who great
Made thee, still defeaters
 Were they of thy fate.

See he sends forewarning
 Premonitive, sweet
Of the world's new morning
 Sleep with hastening feet

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Peace, God's darling Quiet
Swaddled, O see gleam
Peace to still the riot
Bears he like a dream

O a ray through slaughter
Warring infinite,
Peace, God's lovely daughter,
Peace, earth's hope though late.

Pallid, struggling, weak
Like a moon in rise,
Though through clouds she break,
Peace with joyous eyes.

Bear her to her murderer,
Prussia's emperor,
Speed thou wisdom's furtherer,
Sweet ambassador.

O thou sapience wonderful,
Mercy that can curb,
Europe's war-mad thunderous
Troubler, bend superb.

Praise him who can make
Of that thing of fear
Anguish vast to shake
His Achilles' spear.

Thrones, imperial crowns
Hurls he to the ground
As Belshazzar once
Weighed and wanting found.

Fear not we have seen
Still those waste of snows,
Spring-time turn thee green
And with flowers sow.



BOOK VI CANTO III

Glory, glory, glory,
 Be to him the sum
Of whose wisdom hoary
• None may think to plumb.'

PART III BOOK VII



Argument

BOOK VII

The stars function like the Greek chorus. They are both the recorders of God's creative action and sympathizers who explain to Adam God's purpose in creating the cosmic whole.

Canto I—Since God separated light from darkness, God keeps his main intent, the establishment of his kingdom on earth, for which strife and martyrdom are inevitable. The stars describe how God, Love eternal, by his power created height, depth, space and the elements. Ion and electron took their place and the planets and stars came into being. Life and soul lying dormant in God started to function in creation and last of all man was conceived.

Canto II—It was God who introduced discord into his creation so that life which would otherwise stagnate could acquire might and motion. Death leads the escalade to higher life. To God aeons are but moments. An aeon passed and continents took shape through natural upheavals but man still roamed a hunter using primitive stone weapons. The discovery of fire and metals raised man one step higher in ascent. Instinct gave place to reason and the power of reflection made man, though the weakest of animals dominate all other species.

Canto III & IV—It was fear and loneliness that led to the formation of flocks, herds and the social group. From the matriarchal and patriarchal forms of society grew the family. Law, religion and ethics too gradually developed from their rudimentary beginnings. From its prime, creation is still advancing toward an unknown bliss. It was God who made the serpent tempt Eve so that man could be weaned from his primal innocence and his virtue acquire strength and sinew. Christ's crucifixion was necessary for ultimate salvation for it was the turning of the ebb-tide of man's destiny without which all civilization would be vain.

CANTO I

And it seemed from far,
While the heavens rang,
Every shining star
Thus together sang.

“Glory be to Him,
Whom no bound may shore,
Whom archangels hymn,
Bow and fall before.

Whom no thought may span,
Hear him and rejoice,
Thou, his darling man,
Hear the Lord’s own voice.

We in order right
To our Maker praise,
Angel armies bright,
Halleluiahs raise.

Glory, glory, glory
Be to him for aye
Who from chaos hoary
Ranks our bright array.

Let our starry millions,
Silence not unheard,
Speak, and with our brilliance
Ratify his word.

Worlds that dust the skies,
Us thy Father made,
One Creator wise,
Child, be not afraid.



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

We his million eyes,
 Starry watchers, see
How God's paradise
 Grows in history.

We from countless ages,
 While we space patrolled,
Singing wrote the pages
 In our eyes of gold.

We remember all,
 The sad record keep,
Earth's distracted ball
 Shows us while we weep.

Glory, glory, glory
 Be to him, the Lord.
To the end of story
 We his acts applaud.

From his gentle Abel
 To part murderous Cain,
Still he suffers Babel,
 Lets the meek earth stain.

His first act when he
 Light from Darkness rent
He through history
 Keeps his main intent,

That his kingdom come,
 That his subjects grow,
Thence the martyrdom,
 Thence the strife below.

Out of chaos beauty,
 Calmness out of storms,
He to endless duty
 Calls himself, performs.

BOOK VII CANTO I

Chaos, mischief, harm
To his car he chains,
To his hest they swarm
Do what he ordains.

To shake motes to motion,
Wake from body soul,
Thence the prime commotion,
Who shall him control ?

Holy, holy, holy,
He is Lord of might,
All his acts enscroll ye,
All he does is right.

That the world might be
Everlasting love
His own anarchy
Broods o'er like a dove.

With his good to strive
Evil suffers he,
That joy, beauty thrive,
Eden bettered be.

We his grandeur, power
Needs must cope resist,
That his love may flower,
Pity, peace subsist.

Fear not. He is wise,
Doubt not, we can see
How God's paradise
Grows in history.

Grim he makes his Tartar,
Cruel makes his Turk,
That love lack no martyr,
That himself find work.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

He made Tarquemada
Loose his demon fire,
Infidel, Crusader
Up to him suspire.

To find work for pity
That love, ruth have scope,
Hell the eternal city
Glimmers up a hope.

He it was Iscariot
Made betray the Christ,
'Twas to wing love's chariot
The fake kiss was kissed.

Glory, glory, glory
Be to him the sum
Of whose wisdom hoary
None may think to plumb.

Fear not for mankind
Nor for thyself dread,
Though ye wander blind
Through a waste outspread,

We, too, with our planets,
Every shining sun,
Never knew how ran its
Course, nor how begun.

We as blind as you
Through the vastness roam,
Lost, no goal in view,
Wander, find no home.

Till the journey close
Never sun or man
Whence or whither knows
Judge his labour can.



BOOK VII, CANTO I

Yet his hand we trust,
 Feel him guide unseen,
Singing, while we dust
 Shoreless space serene.

Glory, glory, glory
 Be to him for aye
None his wisdom hoary
 Hope to fathom may.

When himself was only,
 Love, the infinite
Power forever lonely,
 Wisdom woke from Might.

In his brooding Dark,
 Trembling for his kiss,
Life, a lovely spark,
 Smouldering lay in bliss.

Soul, a lovely seed
 Blindly towards morn
For his sake to bleed
 Cried out to be born.

For his sake to battle
 All this grandeur woke
What his hest should rattle,
 Do as soon as spoke.

They that were with him
 Ere the darkness fled,
Gods, the Eloim,
 Unto them he said,

"Gods and ye my angels,
 Michael, Gabriel
Powers and thrones, archangels
 Raphael, Uriel,



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Hear my sovereign hest,
Every seraph great,
Leave we our high rest,
Forth let us create.

In my brooding dark,
Lo, it nighs to morn,
Beauty's holy spark
Cries out to be born."

Thus he said, that bliss
Worlds on worlds partake,
Love, the eternal is,
Did his rest forsake.

We his angels hear
Singing tell of it,
How before him Fear
Ran, and Power and Might.

How before him rushed
Flaming Seraphim,
Or his wheels how pushed
Mighty Cherubim.

Chaos near and far
Hushed to hear the sound,
Darkness without star
Paled to feel a bound.

Glory, glory, glory
Be to him the Lord,
We the solemn story
Celebrate record.

O had we been there
When the darkness paled,
Ether yet nor air
Round a star exhaled.

BOOK VII, CANTO I

When a mighty motion
 Woke through all the void,
• Music's sweet commotion
 Silence had destroyed.

For a lovely sound,
 The creative word,
Speechless held astound
 Angels while they heard.

'Twas the primal voice
 Said, "Let there be life,
Barrenness rejoice
 Thee I take to wife."

Glory, glory, glory
 Be to him for aye,
Vast creation's story
 Who shall sing or say.

What was it that powers
 Thrones, archangels bright
Saw when circling hours
 Hailed his holy light.

What shall be forever
 Woke at light his kiss,
Life his vast endeavour
 Surged to million bliss.

'Twas the world that heard,
 'Twas the Lord that spoke,
At the primal word
 At once all things woke.

All in Him that was
 To conception true
Issued, gathered mass
 Motion, form and hue.



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

All that lay eternal
Like sweet thoughts in Him,
They, in pageant vernal,
Saw to music swim.

Height and depth and space
Forth to music sprang,
Limit, time and place
All together sang.

Glory, glory, glory
To our Maker wise,
We from darkness hoary
Spring to bless his eyes.

Earth and air and water,
Elemental, grand,
Fire, his lovely daughter
Waited his command.

Round each mighty sun
Circle planets bright,
Ion, electron
Took their place aright.

Stars and planets we,
Powdering, dusting space,
Through infinity
Rose to rush our race.

Over globes in millions,
Fresh as your fair earth,
He his sky pavilions,
Lets his clouds have birth.

That his sweet child Life
Grow from joy to thought,
Wed, take soul to wife,
Soul, his lovely ought.



BOOK VII, CANTO I

Soul the central sweet
Aspiration blind,
That makes body fleet,
Motion gives to mind.

Soul, than life's self dearer,
That to each God gives,
Than his heart's core nearer,
What he dreams and lives.

Through a million mazes,
We this vault patrol
And where'er we gaze is
Power, perfection, soul.

Singing at the sight,
We our Maker praise,
All He works is right,
Wise are all his ways.

Perfect pure and wise,
All his works we saw.
And in ecstasies
Sang for joy and awe.

Glory, glory, glory
Be to him the Lord,
The world's wondrous story
From this day record.

When the world was water,
And it came to pass,
Life, God's lovely daughter,
Softly dreamed and was

In shy atoms housed,
Chamber built to chamber,
And the sea espoused
In its ring of amber

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

But a soft elation,
 Bright, pellucid, singing,
But a sweet sensation,
 Yet alarmed and stinging.

Endless possibility
 Fain itself to save
Rocked in its humility
 Between wave and wave.

Those meek cells to harden
 When the Lord began,
Eden dreamed, his garden
 And his gardener man.

To the fair sight clustered
 Hierarchies bright,
Thrones, archangels mustered
 When the Lord of might

Gave a heart to beat
 To the swayling plasm,
Brain for thinkings fleet,
 Teeth and jaws a chasm,

Saying, 'Be thou belly,
 Ear hear, and eyes see,
Ridge the too soft jelly,
 Spine and hard bones be.

Sex be thou nor sunder
 Male and femalo pair,
Tail steer stralght nor blunder,
 Breathe ye gills my air.

Saying let us take him,
 And a chosen people
In our image make him
 Underneath the ripple.



BOOK VII, CANTO I

Is it He the eternal
Took that primal fish
When creation vernal
Flowered a lovely wish ?

Is he crowned then nature's
Glory, can we trace
Heavenly formed those features,
Mirror of God's face ?

O what aeons shaping
To emerge sans dimmage,
Upon earth that aping
Of God's holy image.

We have seen behemoth,
Dread leviathan,
Every new work gleameth
Perfect from his can.

Unforetellable
Ere it came to pass,
Each a miracle
Did our thought surpass.

For the bettering
Of creation's way,
Claw, tooth, monstrous wing,
Each its part did play.

But the last work splendid
Of creation's days,
Ere the fifth was ended
Shown to our amaze,

Glory of the dust
For whom world's have waited,
Man, his work august,
Say is he created ?



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Twixt his swful fingers
 Whence each shape hath normed,
The supreme worth lingers,
 Adam, is he formed ?

Clay his hands were fashioning
 Aeon after aeon,
Breathing soul, impassioning
 For our starry paeon.

Since the torrid earth,
 Equatorial,
Cooled to that new birth
 In climes boreal.

We have seen him bolder
 To a cooling sun,
Tame the north world's shoulder
 With the ancient stone.

Europe's, Asia's width
 We have seen him roam
With the Paleolith
 In behemoth's home.

From the world's cap since
 He descended still
Man is nature's prince
 But to gorge and kill.

Like the blind mole hearing,
 Sighting like the lynx
On the trail unfearing
 But of prey he thinks.

How the game to stalk,
 Hostile man or beast
Ambush in their walk,
 Capture, kill and feast.

BOOK VII CANTO I

Glutoning on plenty,
Pined when scarce the prey,
These milleniums twenty
• We have seen his way.

CANTO II

Thus through heaven sonorous,
Sweet, the voice of love
At whose pause in chorus
Every star above

So it seemed whose bright
Voices, heavenly dance,
With our grossness fight,
Our dull ignorance.

In my quailing ears
Stunned with sounds of war,
Stopped with blood and tears,
Warsick from afar,

Through weak flesh resistant,
While the heaven's rang,
Infinitely distant,
Thus together sang,

To such harmony,
Spheral chimes, the paeon
Of all heaven was I
Grown Pythagorean.

Hierachies splendid,
Principalities,
Till man's dark be ended
Praise we from the skies.

His majestic patience,
Those world-hindered hands
Shaping far off nations,
Moulding future lands.

BOOK VII CANTO II

Humbly we await
His eternal more,
Whose far glance is fate,
Awfully adore.

On his yet a-while
Tarry on ye angels,
At whose sapient smile,
Space with star fires spangles,

Glory, glory, glory
Shout him all ye stars,
Through the conflict hoary,
Holiest of wars.

Strife the pristine grapple
Which from ocean came,
Discord's loveless apple
Thrown the strong to tame :

Thrown to them a gauge,
Challenge, from the skies
To exorcise rage,
Make bloom paradise,

In the foam he flung it,
No more ocean slept,
On the trees he hung it,
Stars and angels wept.

To shark, sword fish wars
Leave, thou wise Almighty,
Not on earth let Mars
Rage with Aphrodite,

Not from Leda's egg,
Thou whose name is joy,
Stars and angels beg,
Hatch a brand for Troy.'



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Yet on wings of duty
Serving, came the answer
Musical, whose beauty
Makes the heart a dancer,

"I renew the roses,
Morrow the dawn light,
Life that but reposes
I awake to might.

Life eternal spark
Reincarnate flashes
From my mystery's dark
Phoenix'd out of ashes.

Life my lovely martyr,
Though her relics lie
Stored in many a strata,
Waves the palm branch high,

Souls of every species
Through the death pang higher
Fly like wingèd wishes
Up to man's sharp spire."

O ye angels simple,
Fear and anguish serve him,
Let your laughter dimple,
In his great task nerve him.

Shall our eyes grow sadder,
In creation see
Runged with death the ladder
Of eternity.

Shall we find a flaw
In perfection's least,
Chide destruction's law
Rue that death should feast.

BOOK VII CANTO II

Death, provision wonderful,
Wings the escalade,
• And with trumpet thunderous
Cries, 'Be not afraid'.

Glory, glory, glory
Be to him for aye,
None his wisdom hoary
Hope to fathom may.

Out of wisdom's centre,
Out of mercy's heart,
Where is bliss to enter,
Fathomless, apart

O'er his vast mind brooding,
Thunder-forged of power,
Where is no intruding,
Man he makes his flower.

Man who shall to angel,
Bird and beast endear,
Be the world's evangel,
Earth's ascending stair.

Thrones, powers, seraphim
Sing the ages through,
Glory be to him,
Praise his wisdom slow.

He whose everlasting
Patience, in the womb
Casting and re-casting,
Stays his work, to whom.

Cycies moments are,
Aeons fly and gleam,
Shaping with slow care
Man his splendid dream.



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

From his lightnings free,
From his bolts of might,
Frames he fearfully
Man his dim delight.

Six days long in length
As the years of heaven,
Praise him in his strength,
He fulfils the seven.

When through all that is,
Far perfection's best,
Shoots eternity's
Holy sabbath rest.

Six days long hath he
Brooded like a dove
O'er earth's anarchy,
Shaping man his love.

See him from his sire,
Fawnlike rude emerge,
Nimble, fleet as fire,
Towering like the surge.

Foot that sings a paeon,
Clutch that all things mate,
Shoulders Atlantean
To bear up his fate.

Cast in God's own foundry,
Was that massive thigh,
Who shall set a boundary
To his watchful eye ?

Brain to outplot rival,
Hands for victory,
Shape for whom survival
Cries out this is he.

BOOK VII, CANTO II

With destruction carves he
Noble brow and lips,
Every species starves he
• To make fly the chips.

Like rough marble death,
Every fading kind,
For him chiselleth
Adam's shape to find.

Head of lofty carriage
Hinting sovereign worth,
And a face the marriage.
Of the heavens and earth,

Nostrils quivering proud,
Eyes that glance and shine,
Voice from soft to loud
Uttering speech divine.

Framed for mastery,
Power, dominion,
Him shall mammoth flee,
Sabre toothèd lion

Him of spirit stiller
Cunning, cold, with fist
Weaponed, the gorilla
Helped we to resist.

With the primal flint
Arm his fingers with,
Sheer triumphal dint
Of the palaeolith

From the house of heaven
Whence we watch in love,
He so well hath striven
Guided from above.



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Heaven's own visitings
Through his spirits shoot,
Be to him as wings
Warring down the brute. •

Long He hung enamoured
O'er man's infant slate,
Taught him while he stammered
Speech articulate.

From the speaking motion,
Gesture, language see,
Thought to thought shall ocean
Into oratory.

With slow effort, thought,
Whetted by his tongue,
Adumbrations caught
Of what round him hung.

Earth, sun, sky and ocean,
Things to words he set,
For the soul's commotion
Framed the alphabet.

He can silence parry,
And to thought endear
The vocabulary
Of his eye and ear,

We the crowning wonder
Of the ages see,
Tongue and lips that plunder
Sounds from memory

Though with barbarous cries
Or dumb gesture speaking,
Oratory lies
In what vivid seeking.

BOOK VII CANTO II

What the Lord could teach
To no beast or bird,
He has seized on speech,
He hath found the word.

That which tunes the jangle,
Joy of angel fired,
Music's heavenly wrangle
Hath his spirit stirred.

He in dance can pace,
Gay, effusive, tragic,
Mimicry his grace
Buddeth laughter's magic.

All things he can number
On his fingers five,
Knows for pain a slumber
Herb restorative.

All that shall the man
Crown, and mankind teach,
The unbounded can
Of their spirit's reach.

Noblest faculties
To our angel eyes
Sleep the secrecies
Of a world surprise.

Yet to angel wonder,
To seraphic hope,
O how slow to sunder,
Free the larger scope.

We, with hope heart-sick,
On our Maker grand
Wait in doubtings thick,
'Mazed on every hand.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Doth his purpose linger,
And while aeons flag,
Seems the eternal finger
On his work to lag.

Since the primal bliss
Broke heat's barrier,
To the sun's warm kiss
Led his warrior,

To the age-long annals
Of our angel eyes,
Rivers have their channels
Left in paradise.

Mountains have arisen
To our eyes of gold,
And sea-shells their prison
Bursting we behold.

While the Maker high
Continents upheaves,
And the land once dry
Under ocean leaves.

Earth renews her bones,
By an aeon slips,
Yet the primal stone
Still he chips and chips.

Doubt not God's own child,
Adam, we behold,
This half satyr wild
In his age of gold.

When the Lord God made him,
We with awful ear
Heard Him when He bade him
Be creation's fear.

BOOK VII CANTO II

When his spine a column
He upreared, and tall,
• For ends vast and solemn,
Crowned him king of all,

When his finger He
Armed with conquering dint
Of his archery
That primaeval flint

Saying 'My fair garden
Give I thee to till,
Be its careful warden
Weeding out my ill.

Creatures long since dreamed,
The simplicities,
Which creation teemed
Prodigal of bliss.

Life self-strangling Python,
Archer at that mark
Shoot, my mower scythe on
Mowing down the dark.

While the sun's fierce glow,
Habitable to make
Earth, his fingers slow
Tempered for man's sake.

We have seen him bolder
Follow that mild zone,
Wandering earth's shoulder
With the ancient stone.

Through the open waste,
Or in forest pent
Of the north land's vast
Tropic continent.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Where to heat less scorching,
Dodonean tale.
The primaeval, virgin
Wood o'er-leafeth all.

By old Amazonian
Rivers, huge morasses,
Over mountains bony and
Under towering grasses.

River-horses wallowing
Shouting by some isle,
Thou shalt see him following
Smite the crocodile.

Flying dragon chasing
Ostrich he can stun,
And the mighty pacing
Eldest mastodon.

Yet to angel wonder,
To seraphic hope,
Still how slow to sunder,
Free the larger scope

From the world's cap since
He descended, still,
Man is nature's prince
But to gorge and kill.

Through the round globe's width
We have seen him roam,
With the palaeolith
In behemoth's home.

Nay creation's story
In that shaggy brow,
Guessed we nature's glory,
Of God's will the plough.

BOOK VII CANTO II

God's voice still and whist
Guides him whom our fears,
Time's protagonist
Champions with tears.

God before and after
Leads him, who beguiles
Angel eyes to laughter,
Hero of our smiles.

Did we mock him then,
Angels did we scorn,
When the first of men
Rose, that tailless faun.

Like the ape his cousin,
Fierce, a lordly male,
With his female dozen
Prowling on the trail,

Feeblest of all things,
Yet the terriblest,
Nay, upbear on wings
Him whom God hath blest.

Upon him who princes
Heaven's majestic hope,
Your sweet influences
Shining pleiads drop.

And thou, hunter stern,
Who with belt severe,
Dost in heaven burn,
Guide creation's sphere.

Him your wings shall bear up,
Closer yet behold him,
Seraph bright and cherub
With your swords enfold him.



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

There where London yet
 Shall arise and roar,
Domes with many a fret
 And cathedrals soar.

Leafy archetecture
 Builds he, the green shed,
He hath in perfecture
 Chosen one to lead.

Of the first great Peter,
 Rude intaglio,
Him ferocious fighter
 The seraglio

And the beaten rabble
 Of his fellows follow,
Of far kingdoms stable
 'Tis the herald swallow.

Camped in primal villages
 Man, the satyr form,
Virgin nature pillages
 And creation storms.

Homagers in troops
 To a monarch's rage,
And the rival groups
 Fiercest battle wage.

'Tis the root of history,
 From the soil of might
Times perfecting mystery
 Yet shall blossom right.

Justice, eagle talons,
 Awful sceptered royalty,
Kingdoms poised in balance,
 Self-submitting loyalty.



BOOK VII CANTO II

Peace the bond of hearts,
Sovereign control,
Which shall weld the parts
In one ordered whole.

See the plastic hand
To his thought creative,
Which shall yet command
All that is earth's native.

What no creature found,
Dragon, monstrous eft,
He hath seized and bound,
Fire Promethean theft.

Fire his humble cook
Serving but to boil,
Relish what he took
By his hunter's toil.

Though but cheer it lends him,
Shields from chill and rheum,
From wild beasts defend him
In the camp-fire's gloom.

Lightning flung it found him
A Bacchante revelling,
In wild awe it bound him
Tall woods shrivelling.

Yet the hinting petals
Of that flaming rose,
Silver, gold, all metals
Shall to him disclose.

All arts it shall capture,
Fawning, leashed in fee,
Yoke to him the rapture
Of its energy.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Which since he hath found,
Gently by the hand
Lead him and his hound,
Infant Adam grand

Tenderly behold him,
On your sky wings bear up,
With your swords enfold him,
Seraph bright and cherub.

Yet to angel wonder
To seraphic hope,
O how slow to sunder,
Free the larger scope.

In a stream Brazilian
Since his roam begun,
We have seen him million
'Neath a clouded sun.

Glutton of God's plenty,
But a beast superb,
These millenniums twenty
Where is nature's curb ?

That Silenus nose,
Still those satyr lips,
Still the ape he rose
Doth the man eclipse.

That restraining collar
Burst, the primal awe,
Reason's infant scholar
Spurns the check of law.

Out of instinct's fetter,
That sure guidance ceased,
Is he aught the better
To be no more beast.



BOOK VII CANTO II

What sad fruit of knowledge
Hath poor Adam tasted,
Into Eden's college
He so swift hath hasted.

Innocency's garden,
Nature animal
Men hath left, that pardon
Of the past, to fall,

Err and swerve astray,
Flattered out of fear,
By the snake alway
Whispering at his ear.

Pride so swift to seed in
Power's heart, Lucifer,
Who the primal Eden
Entered long before.

His own nature bestial,
Blind, from which he sprung,
Reason's voice celestial
Borrowing angel tongue.

Eldest Aphrodite
His heart flattering,
Mars the over mighty
Bars down-battering.

Virtue yet unlearnt,
Vice his lawless will
Hath his sprit burnt,
Spurred to rage and kill.

Chattering like the monkey,
Like the ape ferocious,
He is more the flunkey
Of a will atrocious.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

How long shall He idle
O'er his darling's ease,
Who a curb and bridle
Found for ants and bees.

Nay creation's summit
In that sovereign stature
See we nature's plummet
Of his thoughts the matcher.

No more in the eddy
Of his senses sinks he
Whirled away, but steady,
Thought to slow thought links he.

Memory, reflection
Harbour in that brow
Towards surmised perfection
Dreaming why and how.

Thought to thought with patience,
Memory's rescript,
Studies—in sensations
No more is he dipped.

Though with blind out-flashing
Oft old instinct's fool,
Reason slow abashing
He is put to school.

Up the ladder glorious
See his eye is bent,
He his foot victorious
Sets on the ascent.

Nay behold him closer
Whom the world is for,
Pigmy frail, reposer,
Earth's wide conqueror.

BOOK VII CANTO II

On the monster's trace
Sweet shall be to him
• The stern holy face
Of Olympus dim.

Under brood wing longest
Rearing, that frail cry,
Piteously strongest,
Knots the gordian tie.

Which though far he wander
N'er with sword-cut shall
Conquering Alexandor
Loose, unfilial,

'Tis the Phrygian oldest
Knot that's for eternity
Fastened thou beholdest,
Childhood and maternity.

At each step he stumbles,
Hard step-mother earth
Him weak toddler humbles,
Tragic from his birth.

Fearful of each bush is,
Fain each smart to weep,
Whom our star-song hushes
Every night to sleep.

Quivering, God strung him,
Brain and nerve alive,
'Gainst all peril flung him,
Who through mind shall thrive,

Fragile, suffering, mortal
He through need hath thriven,
For whom pain shall portal
Through the soul's gate heaven.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Sharp tooth like a sabre
To the lion gave he,
But to man's soul labour,
Effort, trial heavy.

Creature elephantine,
Mass he gave and might,
Man the adamantine
Fortress of his wit.

Feeblest of the brutes
Save for reason's hint,
Glance that quickly shoots,
But for that first flint

Helpless most, that weapon
God's hand like a bow
Strung for him to step on
Every prostrate foe.

Nay behold the dignity
Of his stride. Before him
Awed by his benignity,
See the dog adore him.

From the forest fawning,
Crouching at his meal,
All his walks adorning,
Faithful squire at heel.

Some ferocious wolf
He from wood hath lured,,
Greed's own maw and gulf
Of a meal assured.

He in magnanimity,
Spared to join the hunt,
Chained to the sublimity
Of that sovereign front.

BOOK VII CANTO II

- 'Tis the blessèd sign
We in heaven saw,
• Which the hand divine
Starred there for a law.

Heavenly law that rules
Hierachy, choir,
And the world upschools
Lower led by higher.

Belted stern Orion
Who the Pleiad's bane is,
While he hunts the lion
Squired by hungry Canis.

Upon him who princes
Heaven's majestic hope,
Your sweet influences,
Gentle Pleiads drop.

And thou hunter stern,
Who with belt severe
Dost in heaven burn,
Guide creation's sphere.

CANTO—III

Fear, primordial cherub,
 Charioted, attended,
The Lord's hand did bear up
 In creation splendid.

How else save through loneliness,
 Homelessness, affright,
Should the eternal Onliness
 Thing to thing unite.

Danger rushed before,
 Terror ran behind,
When the Lord a shore
 Gave to Chaos blind.

We in heaven saw
 Matter, grain to grain
Tremble, own a law,
 Concord's lovely gain.

When the glorious sun
 And the planets nine
Moved in unison
 To the voice divine.

Perfect every sphere,
 Slowly orb'd to sight,
Wandering without fear
 Heaven's vast infinite.

He whom ion did
 And electron hear,
And the atoms slid
 Each to each in fear.

BOOK VII CANTO III

He who massed so tender
His refulgent moons
And the flaming splendour
Of victorious suns.

So in lambent smoke
Streamed the nebulas,
So each starfire woke
Through infinity.

We have seen creating,
Him whose scope nought bars.
Like to like things mating
In a dust of stars.

We have seen the starlings,
Wild things on the winds,
Timid things his darlings
In a sheaf he binds.

Nature's kindly fire
Like to like together
Dance unto his lyre
Fin and foot and feather.

Littleness he loves,
Small the eagle's brood
Whom the fearful doves
Foil with multitude.

Millioned the meek grass,
He who rattles power
Whose might doth surpass
He conceived the flower.

With a lordly captain
Deer and antelope
Leadeth He, who wrapt in
Thronging numbers hope.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

He who strung the nerves
Of the lion, he
Whom affliction serves
Wounds and agony.

Gentleness and meekness
The eternal pity
Glories in—for weakness
Makes the herd a city.

Glory, glory, glory
Sing him he who herds
All things migratory,
Steers in flocks the birds.

See the hunter boy
And the savage maiden
Find a bitter joy
Pain unsweet to trade in.

'Tis the structure bony
Of state, family,
Awful ceremony
Bids thus clannilly

From the flint knife's puncture
Snake or dove with patience
Pricked, in slow conjuncture
Build the far off nations.

That tatoo mark see
'Tis the baptism
Of community,
Brotherhood's first chrism.

'Tis a mark of scorn
Branded, that shall hard
Murderous Cain forewarn,
Gentle Abel guard.

By that chaste sign marriage
Dove and snake in duty
Matches. By that barrage
Blossoms holy beauty.

Those in sweet maternity,
Sisters dove to dove,
These in snake fraternity
Must as brothers love.

He his solemn mark
Sets his awful ban
Upon incest dark
Shapes the soul of man.

Wayward, fickle, cruel,
The Eternal Should
Doth man's soul's fire fuel
Through the dolorous wood

Lest fair Aphrodite
In her glory crush
Man's rude nature mighty,
The restraining blush.

In the herdlike mingling,
Barbarous communion,
He the pair is singling
Toward perfect union.

In the pell mell darkle,
Sex's anarchy,
Rudely matriarchal,
Kinship buds to be.

Through one only tie,
Childhood's infant blossom,
Owns that eldest cry
Toward the mother's bosom,

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Soon shall he, the prattler,
Find his father out,
Claim a prouder battler
Than the nameless rout.

O maternal storage,
Quicken and for him,
Thy babe, quit the orgie,
Seek thy husband dim.

O thou hunter maiden,
To the one, thy youth
Tremble, and love laden
Seal to him thy truth.

Soon shall those sweet names,
Brother, sister be,
When the father flames,
Flowers society.

Soon shall Adam proud,
Singly step elate,
From his rib uncloud
Eve his lovely mate.

Perfect lovers they
Adam shall and Eve
Eden's blissful day
From the hearth-fire thief.

In his primal thought
He conceived the pair,
The eternal Ought
Moulds them—they are there

Song birds we have seen
In the spring-time woo
Under leafage green
Nestle two and two.

BOOK VII CANTO III

O thou sweet musician
Of the vale and wood,
• True love's holy vision
Thou hast understood.

To the savage, fickle
Youth and maid capricious
Sing, their dull ears tickle
With thy lay delicious,

To their souls repeat,
Angels of the air,
For a third too sweet
What two only share.

To the youth's desire,
To the maiden's want,
Of a holier fire
Be the hierophant.

Spin thou earth that rollest
Man in sun and shadow
Sovereign flower ensoulest
For the eternal meadow,

For the joy angelical
Chrysalis disworming
Nature's chord umbelical
Feeds him he is forming,

Wintering embryo
In the dark of things,
Bleak Decembrian
He shall float on wings.

How long shalt thou morning
Hunter, Cephalus,
With a fresh forewarning
Greet all amorous.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

How long will the moon
 Wandering fleetly kiss
Young Endymion
 Tranced in slumberous bliss.

How long ere it shoot
 Dawn the gentle mind,
With the brutes a brute
 Stray Orion blind.

How long shall he smoulder
 In mere bravery,
Ignorantly shoulder
 The hunt's slavery.

Everywhere we see
 Roam the primal lands,
Hunters wild and free
 Knit for chase in bands.

Loose confederates,
 Hunger's belly-pinch
Welds them, mighty states
 Dreaming in the inch.

O be not ashamed
 Of the savage wild,
Nature's dupe unblamed,
 Terror's, hunger's child,

Not disdainfully,
 The eternal hand
Leads them painfully,
 Ties the social band.

Houseless, wandering,
 Still in caves and dens,
Each storm thundering
 Them together pens.



BOOK VII CANTO III

Nature's face austere,
Homeless wilderness,
Each to each in fear
Trembling, makes them press.

In those hunters free,
See the baptism
Of community,
Brotherhood's first chrism.

Though the human banquet
Sacrificial
They devour and junket,
Darkly cannibal,

In the cavern dweller
Duty wakes in man
What the interstellar
Harmony began.

Truth, the unlying lip
He exacts and trust,
Grafts blood-brothership
The eternal Must.

Law, religious fear,
Totem and taboo,
Knits them to adhere
Each to other true.

Approbation, blame,
Themis, Nemesis,
How else should they flame
Save with terror's kiss ?

How else save by fright
Should the infant hush,
Save through tear drops bright,
Silly school boy blush ?

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Still a daemon haunts
Whispers Socrates,
What he should not daunts,
And his true scope frees.

'Tis the father's rod
Chastening the child,
'Tis the lamp of God
Leading through the wild,

Blood-exacting, cruel,
The Eternal Should
Doth man's soul-fire fuel
Through the dolorous wood,

While they beasts encounter,
See how terror, awe
Thrills the savage hunter,
Wakes religion, law.

Something, more than nature,
On his spirit steals,
Seen in stone and creature,
Rock, tree, hill he feels,

Something, more than man,
Deep in nature hides,
Overpowers his can,
Bids him and forbids.

Spirits in the thunder,
Lightning, stone, the flood,
In the dark earth under,
Spirits in the wood.

They of tree and stone
Who a fetish make,
To a world unknown
Feel their souls swake.

BOOK VII CANTO III

Sweet religion solemn
Lifts her obscure head,
Rears a heavenward column
Upon savage dread.

Glory, glory, glory
Sing him—infantine,
Mankind feels in hoary
Darkness the divine.

Who in the first night

Saw the first light

When the first light

Shone on the first

The red and white

Good and evil

For the first time

He saw the light

He saw the light

He saw the light

He saw the light

He saw the light

That was the first

He saw the light

He saw the light

He saw the light

For his sake to light

For his sake to light

For his sake to light

All must be saved

All must be saved

All must be saved

All must be saved

All must be saved

CANTO IV

From that day to this
Still creation grows
Toward some unknown bliss
Whither no one knows.

We in the beginning
Saw whate'er should be,
Man, the garden, sinning
Serpent and the tree.

The sad tree of knowledge,
Good and evil's taste
For man's painful college,
He in Eden placed.

He the serpent made
Wean their man-grown sense,
Leave the cloistral shade,
Quit child-innocence,

That their virtue might
Sinew grow and will,
In their soul the fight
Surge 'twixt good and ill,

For his sake to battle,
For his sake to grieve,
Do what his hests rattle,
All must Eden leave.

All must in that war
Good with ill sustain,
Well-earn'd wound and scar,
Lovely loss and gain,

BOOK VII CANTO IV

From his gentle Abel
To know murderous Cain,
Still he suffers Babel,
Lest the meek earth stain.

Glory, glory, glory
Be to him for aye,
None his wisdom hoary
Hope to fathom may.

For the murderer, too,
O the goodness huge,
Sovereign ruth did show
City of refuge,

He a mark in pity
On the murderer set,
For a tower and city,
For a bar and let.

Innocence conferring
Not to have him slain,
Child, he loves the erring,
Child, he pitied Cain,

What far seed of Good
Might he not have seen,
In that scowling, rude,
Angry, furtive mien.

In the wilderness
Surely God was there,
His hard soul to bless,
Wake remorse and prayer.

He that makes the flower
From corruption sprout,
From seed harsh and sour
Brought the sweetness out.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Music's dear inventors,
Tubal, Tubalcain,
Crime, blood were fomenters
Of soul's lovely pain.

Thou, too, wert thou stained
With all crimes below,
Had'st redemption gained,
Washed as white as snow.

Not a step of error
Man or star can tread
'Gainst downfall and terror
Is provision made.

We his grandeur, power,
Needs must cope, resist,
That his love may flower,
Pity, peace exist.

He thy bliss to humble,
Makes with sorrow share,
Thy feet lets to stumble
That thou kneel in prayer,

Be not with the load
Crushed of guilt within,
'Tis the upward road
Daunts with sense of sin.

'Tis the angel budding
Spurns to feel the beast,
'Tis the man outscudding
His slow little best.

'Tis the brown despair
Of the chrysalis.
Ere it burst to air,
Float a wingèd bliss.

BOOK VII CANTO IV

Bliss we deem the goal
Of all things to be,
For it all worlds roll,
Joy, felicity.

That far unknown bliss
Toward which gently he
Everything that is
Guides invisibly.

Suns and planets, creatures,
Plants and beasts and men,
All that issues Nature's,
Burns from now to then.

Glory, glory, glory
To his wisdom be
He designed man's story,
Tempter made and tree.

Shrinks thy soul with guilt
Nor thy God canst face
Because there blood spilt
David thou canst trace,

He it was who tempted
David, even as Eve,
None may be exempted,
All must Eden leave.

He the rose to crush
Of the Psalmist's soul,
Made for folly blush,
Pressed the fragrance whole.

With sore penitence
Crushed he out with sin,
Richest odour thence,
Brought the vintage in.



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

He the Psalmist sweet
Purg'd, a man apart
Perfect found, complete
After his own heart.

Glory, glory, glory
Be to Him, the sum
Of whose wisdom hoary
None may think to plumb.

Faints thy soul for heed
Of that last, worst crime
That makes history bleed,
Drowns with tears all time.

Crime which to remember
Every star grows dim,
April makes December,
Weeps to think of Him.

That first Eastertide,
When scorned, buffeted,
Christ was crucified,
Gentle Jesus bled.

To remember how
In forgiveness sweet
He his head did bow
Toward his murderer's feet.

Blessing gave for hate,
On the skull-strewn hill,
That worst hour of fate
To remember still,

Every angel glory
In shame, sorrow deep;
Twixt our pinions hoary
Hide the face and weep.

BOOK VII CANTO IV

Yet when we remember
How from bale and wrack
Buds our bliss, December
Blooms to April back.

Earth a paradise
Grows as we behold,
Gazing from the skies
With our eyes of gold.

From that life so fair,
From that death so sweet,
Flowers such virtue rare
Eden to complete.

From the suffering flowers
Of each bleeding hand
What huge good embowers
When we understand.

We the vernal rapture
Of the vision take,
Hope and joy recapture,
Into singing break.

Glory, glory, glory
Be to Him for aye
Who man's poignant story
Turns to flowers and play.

But for elevation
Of that shameful cross
Gone were man's elation,
All his gain were loss.

Vain were Egypt's fire
From the bones of kings
Soaring to aspire
Upon mountain wings.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

On that hope sublime
Every pyramid
Dumbly points to, Time
Had pressed down the lid,

Had not from the cover
Of his holy tomb
Mankind's bleeding lover
Burst in suffering bloom.

When the Maries weeping,
Trembling found in fear
Empty tomb, guards sleeping,
Heard, "He is not here."

Heard, "He is" arisen,
Into endless day,
He hath burst the prison
Of your mortal clay."

Had not he appeared
To the Magdalen,
Or the twelve not cheered,
Gone were hope from men.

Had he not made Thomas
Search his ghostly wounds
Doubting were not from us,
Gone the joyful sounds

We from Egypt heard,
From old kings turned clay,
That Memnonian word
Harp at dawn of day,

With an accent thrilling
Join our spheral tune,
Heart-sick hopes fulfilling,
Joy that struck the moon.



BOOK VII CANTO IV

Glory, glory, sum ye
Praise to Him uproll,
To each waiting mummy
He gives back the soul.

Vainly Beauty's banner
Hellas had raised then,
Science, wisdom ran her
Splendid course for men.

Vainly Rome had lifted
Justice, rule and law,
Warring lands had sifted
Into peace and awe.

We a pageant splendid
Saw of things to be,
Love's dawn risen, ended
Hate's dark history.

When the cross upon,
They his gentle hands
Nailed, when dimmed the sun,
Reeled our starry bands.

Though we reeled for anguish
When God's son they stretch
On that wood to languish
Like some guilty wretch.

Dreadful carpentry
Hewn to still his breath,
Other far than he
Shaped in Nasareth.

While around him crowd,
Wondering him to hear,
Father, mother proud
Brethren, sisters dear



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

In the homestead quiet
Where how far from stir,
Tumult, madness, riot
Sublime carpenter,

He in workshop humble
Plied his father's trade,
For lame feet that stumble,
Staff or crutches made.

O the glorious staff,
O the heavenly crutch,
That to make earth laugh
Tasked his soul as much.

Heaven to shape sans blunder,
Upon earth to draw,
While the saw-dust under
Flew beneath his saw.

In his fervent youth
While he nails did hammer,
Shaping gospel truth
Man's child-soul to grammar.

While the adze he drove
Planing mountains level,
For faith's eye, for love
Board where all should revel.

O the different table
Now they spread for him,
Victim pitiable,
Banquet sour and grim.

To the plough-shaft now
When God's hoe they nailed,
Mankind's fruitful plough,
We in heaven paled.

BOOK VII CANTO IV

We in heaven grew dimmer,
Like a sun it shone,
Plank than iron grimmer
He was laid upon.

He at whose praise lilies
Shook for ecstasy,
Where the lake-wave still is,
On sweet Galilee.

He whom sparrows, doves,
Worshipped when they heard
How one Father loves
Every little bird.

Who to shepherd lamb
Gave, to make them gambol,
Goodness, perfect name,
Innocency's symbol.

He who storm to ripple
Hushed, whose healing touch
Sickness owned, the cripple
Threw away his crutch.

Tempest-wave grew shine
But to hear him speak,
Water blushed like wine
Or the bride's own cheek.

He whom madness knew,
Palsy, leprosy,
Death itself, and flew
Scared at Bethany.

He at whose sweet sermon
Mountains wondering stood
And as dew on Hermon
Drank beatitude.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

While man's hungry wishes, !
 Ah ! with more than bread,
More than loaves and fishes,
 He once banqueted,

Those hearts that like flowers
 He with words did water,
Ah ! what grief was ours,
 Gloating on his slaughter

To behold them stand,
 Jeer, exult and grin,
While each tortured hand
 Hangman hammered in.

Glory, glory, singing
 We beheld that sight,
He earth's dawn is bringing
 Since he blackens night.

When for stars to shudder,
 Quake, they masted high,
The sad ship whose rudder
 Steers humanity.

Glory, glory, glory
 Praise Him, yet we sang,
'Tis the goal of story,
 'Tis the crowning pang.

For a halo awful
 Round the sufferer dear
Shone, that made unlawful
 Each indignant tear.

Round each cross-beam rays,
 Round the sufferer dim.
Angels singing praise,
 Quiring cherubim.



BOOK VII CANTO IV

Hymns triumphant pealing
To our ravished ears,
All things look'd revealing
Secrets of the spheres.

While to angels humming
Man's antiphony,
Multitudes past summing,
Souls that yet should be,

From Time's womb intruders,
O no hate, no scorn
They on furtive Judas
Showered, those souls unborn.

While bad Caiaphas,
Washed, and Pilate bad
Their red thoughts, what was,
The sweet sight we had ?

Think'st thou Mary only
Neath the fatal wood
Swooned, and John in lonely
Bitter anguish stood.

Only sore, sore proved
His sad mother, she,
Only the belovèd
Of his bosom he.

And the women good
Only propping her,
Thinkist thou there but proud
Hard Jew elders were.

While the calm stern Roman,
The centurion,
Silent, scarcely human,
Watched to see it done.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Only mocking jeers
At the sufferer mild,
Only tossing spears,
Shouts, derision wild.

While beneath, a claimant,
Each that all surpassed,
Soldiers for his raiment
Wrangling lots did cast.

Thinkst thou sacred Limbo
Kept its fretted prison,
Stood with arms akimbo
No, it surged arisen.

Think not antique Hades
Mourned in pagan gloom
Where each lofty shade is,
No, it burst the tomb.

O the singing sweet
We on Calvary
Heard together meet
Round the gruesome tree,

Of great souls the chorus
Thronging, the concourse
Risen, while sorrow tore us,
Dead kings, emperors.

Hadst thou seen the vision
That our eyes regaled,
While insult, derision,
They on Jesus hailed.

He for whose sweet coming,
All futurity
In time's egg was humming
To burst shell and be,

BOOK VII CANTO IV

Like a woman groaned
In the travail-pang,
Like an infant moaned,
• (We foresaw and sang).

He for whom the past
Conquests, tumults, wars
Empires cast, recast
(We beheld the stars).

While his head they crowned,
His dear head with thorns,
Led him scourged and bound,
Pelted with their scorns,

Patient, bleeding, fainting
'Neath the cross's load,
Spectacle past painting,
On the dreadful road.

We who mankind's story
Saw in ebb-tide turn,
Glory, glory, glory
Sang with hearts a-yearn.

A P P E N D I X

Manuscript sources of Adam Alarmed in Paradise

Appendix

Manuscript Sources of Adam Alarmed in Paradise

Adam Alarmed in Paradise is being published as Collected Poems Volume IV.

The poet composed the epic in difficult circumstances. Cataract had formed in both eyes of the poet and when he started composing the epic the cataract in one eye was in an advanced stage of maturity. When the poet's eye was operated on in 1921 and the operation was a failure, the cataract in the other eye, too, had matured to such an extent that the poet had lost his reading sight. From this time onward the poet had to dictate his compositions. His method was to compose a lyric or some stanzas, memorise them and later dictate his composition to his elder daughter. In the case of shorter lyrics there was no difficulty but in the case of longer ones like the Choric Odes narrating the story of Orpheus, written in a complicated metrical scheme with an equally complicated scheme of rhyming, not having the whole stanza before his eyes was a great handicap as can be seen by the felicity of the *Ode on the Centenary of the Presidency College* written in 1917 when compared with the odes on the story of Orpheus.

In composing his epics, as the MSS of *Perseus*, the Gorgon Slayer, shows, it was the habit of the poet to compose in passages. These passages were not composed in sequence. The method of composition also made the pages an inextricable maze, insertions between lines already composed being jotted down anywhere in the page where space could be found. Very often after a few pages the passage was started again but came abruptly at an end. *Perseus* having a story and the passages being related to incidents there were at least some guide lines for unthreading the maze.

The two MSS of *Adam Alarmed in Paradise* written in the poet's own handwriting show the same method of composing, and the pages are a similar maze, not here of lines but of stanzas. As there is no story and the stanzas are mostly complete in themselves it is quite possible that the sequence of stanzas in places is other than what the poet intended.

ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

When the poet lost his reading sight, according to his instructions, his compositions were taken down on loose sheets. The idea probably was that insertions could be entered on loose sheets and the sheets could be finally shuffled into position. At the beginning of the page a link line is given as also wherever insertions are made. But entering insertions in the margin or even middle of the page created a maze similar to the poet's own MSS. The pages were not numbered and a fair copy was not made. The result was that when an attempt to edit the epic was made many years after the poet's death many links could not be found, perhaps some of the loose sheets having been lost.

Except MSS Volumes I—IV all the rest of the epic was in loose sheets. Of these two Volumes—*Adam Alarmed in Paradise*—Cantos I—VIII, Serial No. 5 and *Adam Alarmed in Paradise—A-M and Z*, Serial No. 6 are passages in loose sheets which have been bound, but while binding the sequence was not followed.

The following MSS of Manmohan Ghose's poetry relate to Adam Alarmed in Paradise.

Serial No	1	Adam	Alarmed in Paradise	Volume	I
" "	2	"	"	"	II
" "	3	"	"	"	III
" "	4	"	"	"	IV
" "	5	"	"	"	Cantos I — VIII
" "	6	"	"	"	A — M and Z (Passages)
" "	7,8,9	"	"	Edited typescripts of the epic in 3 volumes. (unpublished)	
" "	10	"	"	Loose sheets of MSS containing Part I Books I and II and portion of Book VII	
" "	11	"	"	Loose sheets of MSS containing passages I—XII and XIII A to XIII I	
" "	12	"	"	Loose, sheets of passages arranged subjectwise but not included in published book.	
" "	13	"	"	Loose sheets of MSS pages not included in book and not arranged in passages.	



APPENDIX

Correspondence between the contents of MSS and the contents of Collected Poems Volume IV

MSS VOLUME I

Serial No 1

MSS Volume I	Collected Poems Volume IV (<i>Published</i>)
Pages 1-4	Part I Book I Canto I Pages 1-2
	<i>3 stanzas in MSS do not tally with published book</i>
„ 5-15 (a)	Part II Book III Canto I
	<i>There are many variations between MSS and published book</i>
„ 16-23	Part II Book III Canto II Pages 159-163
	<i>There are variations between the MSS and the published book</i>
„ 24-35	Part II Book III Canto II Pages 166-173
	<i>There is a fairly exact correspondence between the published book and MSS in these pages</i>

MSS VOLUME II

In the poet's own handwriting

Serial No 2

MSS Volume II	Collected Poems Volume IV (<i>Published</i>)
Pages 1-8	Not included in published book
„ 9-20 (a)	Part II Book VI Canto I Pages 311-325
„ 20 (b)-27	Part II Book VI Canto II Pages 326-341
„ 28-36	Part II Book VI Canto III Pages 342-355

The above is a condensed version which differs from the printed book



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

VOLUME III

(In the poet's own handwriting)

Serial No 3

MSS Volume III	Collected Poems Volume IV (<i>Published</i>)
Pages 1-29	Not included in published Volume
" 30-47	Part III Book VII Canto II
" 48-55	Part II Book V Cantos II and III
" 56-75	Part II Book IV Cantos I, II and III
" 76-79	Part II Book III Canto I
" 80-84	Part II Book V Canto II
" 85-86	Part II Book III Canto II
" 88-95	Part II Book IV Canto IV
" 96-99	Part II Book III Canto II
" 100-103	Part II Book IV Canto IV
" 105-107	Part II Book V Canto II

As MSS Volume III has become too brittle to bear handling except very cursorily only approximate indication has been given regarding the contents of the MSS in relation to the published book.

MSS VOLUME IV

Serial No 4

MSS Volume IV	Collected Poems Volume IV (<i>Published</i>)
Pages 82-99	Part I Book I Canto II Pages 13-25
" 100-125	Part I Book I Canto III Pages 26-44
" 27-35	Part II Book III Canto II Pages 166-173
" 61-68	Part II Book III Canto III Pages 174-179
" 56-60	Part II Book III Canto III Pages 179-182
" 36-55	Part II Book III Canto IV Pages 183-202
" 69-81	Part II Book III Canto V Pages 203-212
" 1-14	Part II Book V Canto I Pages 269-280
" 14-26	Part II Book V Canto II Pages 281-290



APPENDIX

MSS VOLUME.....ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE CANTO I—VIII

Serial No 5

MSS Volume Cantos I-VIII	Collected Poems Volume IV (<i>Published</i>)
Pages 1-12	Part I Book I Canto I Pages 1-12
" 13-29	Part I Book I Canto II Pages 13-25
" 30-54	Part I Book I Canto III Pages 26-44
" 55-69	Part I Book I Canto IV Pages 45-55
" 69-77	Part I Book I Canto V Pages 56-62
" 88-108	Part I Book I Canto VI Pages 63-78 (<i>MSS Canto VI is incomplete when compared with the published book. There are other variations</i>).
" 109-123	Part I Book II Canto I Pages 82-91
" 78-87	Duplication

The above MSS gives the first draft which has been enlarged later

MSS VOLUME...ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE...

(PASSAGES)A-M AND Z

Serial No 6

MSS Volume Passages A-M & Z	Collected Poems Volume IV (<i>Published</i>)
Pages 78-88	Part II Book III Canto IV Pages 193-199
" 205-209	Part II Book III Canto V Pages 212-215
" 107-127	Part I Book II Canto III Pages 116-125
" 128-133	Part II Book IV Canto II Pages 223-233
" 37-77	Part II Book IV Cantos II & III Pages 234-253
" 102-106	Part II Book IV Canto IV Pages 254-258
" 97-101	Part II Book IV Canto IV Pages 259-262
" 89-96	Part II Book IV Canto IV Pages 263-266
" 181-195	Part II Book V Canto III Pages 291-301
" 195-204	Part II Book V Canto IV Pages 302-307
" 1-14	Part III Book VII Canto I Pages 359-367
" 156-163	Part III Book VII Canto II Pages 372-377
" 150-155	Part III Book VII Canto II Pages 377-381
" 164-180	Part III Book VII Canto II Pages 381-391
" 134-149	Part III Book VII Canto III Pages 394-401
" 15-36	Part III Book VII Canto IV Pages 402-414



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

TYPESCRIPTS—VOLUMES I, II and III (*Unpublished*)

These typescripts are in three volumes. These volumes represent the present editor's first attempt in 1945 or 46 to collect all the material in the MSS and edit the Epic. These typescripts and the Epic as edited in the present published volume are not basically different but the present edited volume has been enlarged to include material not available at the time, difficult to decipher (e. g. material in MSS volumes II and III) or difficult to fit in as the edition was first planned.

Sources of matter in published book but not in typescripts

Part I Book I Cantos I-VI and Part II Book II Cantos I-III have been adopted from loose sheet, Serial X, with some additional stanzas.

Part II Books IV and VI have been taken mostly from MSS Volumes II and III in the poet's own handwriting or MSS copies therefrom.

Other matter not in typed version have been taken from Appendix to the typescript or other MSS sources.

MSS LOOSE SHEETS MOSTLY IN THE HANDWRITING OF THE POET'S ELDER DAUGHTER (UNBOUND).

Serial No 10

MSS Loose Pages (Unbound)

Pages	1-14
"	15-33
"	34-51
"	52-62
"	63-66
"	67-79
"	80-90
"	91-133
"	134-164

Collected Poems Volume IV (*Published*)

Part I Book I Canto I

"	I	"	I	"	II
"	I	"	I	"	III
"	I	"	I	"	IV
"	I	"	I	"	V
"	I	"	I	"	VI
"	I	"	II	"	I
"	I	"	II	"	II
"	I	"	II	"	III

*The above MSS provide the source material of Collected Poems
Volume IV Part I Books I and II.*



APPENDIX

MSS LOOSE SHEETS CONTAINING PASSAGES COPIED FROM MSS VOLUMES II AND III, MOSTLY IN POET'S YOUNGER DAUGHTER'S HANDWRITING (UNBOUND)

Serial No 11

MSS—Unbound loose pages in passages

Passage V

Pages 95-115

Passage IV

Pages 81-94

Passage XII

Pages 95-123

Passage I

Pages 1-53

Passage XIII A

Pages 224-236

Passage XIII D

Pages 271-281

Passage XIII C

Pages 265-270

Passage XIII B

Pages 237-264

Passage XIII E

Pages 282-298

Passage III

Pages 66-80

Passage XIII F

Pages 299-319

Passage XIII G

Pages 320-335

Passage XIII H

Pages 336-354

Passage XIII I

Pages 355-363

Passage X

Pages 171-190

Passage X

Pages 191-196

Collected Poems Volume IV (*Published*)

Part I Book II Canto I (end) and Canto II (beginning)

Pages 90-104

Part I Book II Canto II

Pages 104-115

Part I Book II Canto II (whole)

Pages 92-115

Part II Book III Cantos I and II (Part)

Pages 141-166

Part II Book III Canto II

Pages 166-173

Part II Book III Canto III

Pages 174-179

Part II Book III Canto III

Pages 179-182

Part II Book III Canto IV

(*Only some stanzas correspond*)

Part II Book III Canto V

Pages 203-212

Part II Book IV Cantos I and II (Part)

Pages 219-227 (*With many variations*)

Part II Book V Canto I

Pages 269-280

Part II Book V Canto II

Pages 281-290

Part II Book V Canto III

Pages 289-301

Part II Book V Canto IV

Pages 302-307

Part II Book VI Canto II

Pages 312-325

Part II Book VI Canto II

Pages 326-330



ADAM ALARMED IN PARADISE

Passage VIII	Part II Book VI Canto II
Pages 131-145	Pages 330-341
Passage VIII	Part II Book VI Canto III
Pages 145-165	Pages 342-355
	(Last few stanzas not included in MSS)

The Contents of MSS of Books V and VI more or less tally with published book.

Passage II	<i>Not traceable in published book except</i>
Pages 55-65	<i>stray stanzas</i>
Passage VI	Part II Book V Canto II
Pages 116-118	Pages 284-286
Pages 118-124	<i>Does not tally with published book</i>
	<i>except stray stanzas</i>
Passage VII	<i>Not traceable in published book</i>
Pages 125-130	
Passage IX	Copied from MSS III Pages 1-29
Pages 166-171	<i>Not included in published book</i>
Passage XI	<i>Not included in published book</i>
Pages 176-194	

MSS PAGES IN PASSAGES NOT INCLUDED IN PUBLISHED BOOK,
COLLECTED POEMS VOLUME IV, BUT PAGES SERIALLY ARRANGED
IN PASSAGES SUBJECT-WISE (UNBOUND)

Serial No 12

MSS Loose pages in passages subject-wise

Passage I	Pages	1-9	Creation of Eve
"	II	" 10-31 (a)	Temptation of Eve
"	II	" 31 (b)-31 (t)	"
"	III	" 32-38	Angels comfort Eve
"	IV	" 39-50	Flight of Cain after killing Abel
"	V	" 51-65	Cain and the growth of war
"	VI	" 66-71	Burial of Cain
"	VII	" 72-96	Contribution of Greece, Rome, Israel and Christ to the perfection of man



APPENDIX

MSS UNSORTED LOOSE SHEETS IN PASSAGES NOT INCLUDED IN PUBLISHED BOOK, COLLECTED POEMS VOLUME IV.

Serial No 13

Loose pages in passages (unsorted)

Passage I	Pages 1-20
" II	" 21-32
" III	" 33-37
" IV	" 38-48

COLLECTED POEMS VOLUME IV

Adam Alarmed in Paradise as edited in present Volume

It should not be thought that because of the confusion created by the MSS the present edition of *Adam Alarmed in Paradise* does not follow the plan which the poet probably had in mind. When first conceived in 1919, as is shown by the MSS Volumes II and III which are in the poet's own handwriting, the poet was concerned with the paradox of the divine purpose which would allow the Kaiser, as it almost seemed, to be on the verge of attaining his desire of world conquest.

This, however, does not mean that the poem had not from the beginning been planned as in the present edition. MSS Volume III originally started with Book I, Part I though in a very condensed form, but this portion has been over-written by the poet himself and in the over-writing we find portions of Part II. Later both Parts I and II were considerably enlarged. In MSS Volume III we also find part of the Song of the Stars, Part III Book VII Canto II in which the stars trace the evolution of man from his first fawn-like beginning. Thus we see that the original form of the Epic which falls into the parts given below was already there. (1) The agony of Adam at man's defiance of God and his doubts about the perfectibility of man. (2) His conversation with God. (3) The Song of the Stars.

Some months before the poet's death an attempt was being made to finalise the poem but the work did not proceed very far. Part I was finalised as well as Part II Books III and V. Death intervened and we do not know which of the other passages would have been included and how